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BELL'S
LADIES' READER:

CLASS-BOOK OF POETRY FOR SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

WITH AN

Introduction on the Principles of Elocution.

BY

DAVID CHARLES BELL.

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A portion of the Introduction to this volume--the Theory of Inflection, &c.—is extracted from

“BELL’S STANDARD ELOCUTIONIST.

The Principles of Elocution and Relative Exercises, followed by an extensive collection of classified Extracts in Prose and Poetry, adapted for Reading and Recitation.”

New and Improved Edition, strongly half-bound, 3s. 6d.

This volume contains, besides a copious Introduction, nearly Five Hundred Extracts; and, as the selections in the present Class-book are entirely different, the two Volumes may be considered as forming the most comprehensive School Collections in the English language.

PREFACE.

THE Compiler of this Volume, in venturing it before the public, has had frequent occasion to regret that, in the various Collections published for the use of Schools, and the junior members of families, the extracts were either few in number, or deficient in the Poetry of Reflection and Imagination, abounding in passages, which, however excellent for Declamation, were unfitted for the study of Young Ladies, and of all who resort to poetry for the purpose of elevating the taste and improving the mind.

As an endeavour to supply this acknowledged defect, the present Volume has been compiled: very considerable attention has been paid not only to the selection, but to the arrangement and punctuation, of the extracts; while especial care has been taken to insert no composition that is not either innocently gay, morally good, or poetically beautiful.

He has also prefixed Outlines of the Principles of Elocution, which, it is hoped, will be found useful to impart instruction in an art that is daily increasing in reputation.

No extract that has appeared in any of Mr. Bell's publications, or in that recent popular collection, "The Standard Elocutionist," has been inserted here. The introduction of many lyrical gems may be considered a novelty. The poets and poetry of Ireland have not been forgotten.

To Authors and Publishers the Compiler feels that, on the part of his pupils, a debt of gratitude is due for permitting the insertion of several extracts from copy-right publications:—a permission, however, that will produce an advantageous re-action, by extending a taste for Poetical Literature.

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OUTLINE

OF THE

PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION.

The art of Reading and Speaking with *expressive distinctness*, constitutes what is now generally called ELOCUTION.

The Student should endeavour to acquire separate and consentaneous power over the various processes concerned with—

- I. THE MANAGEMENT OF THE BREATH.
- II. VOCALITY—THE MANAGEMENT OF THE VOICE.
- III. ARTICULATION AND ITS ORGANS.
- IV. SYLLABLES—WORDS—PRONUNCIATION.
- V. ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.
- VI. INFLEXION.
- VII. MODULATION.
- VIII. FORCE.
- IX. TIME—RHYTHMUS, AND RHETORICAL PUNCTUATION.
- X. GESTURE, AND EMOTIONAL EXPRESSION.

I.—THE MANAGEMENT OF THE BREATH.

1. For vocal purposes, the lungs must receive a volume of air greater than that for vital necessities: the inspirations must be full, regular, and noiseless; the expirations even, soft, and non-exhaustive. All speech is formed by *emission* of breath.

2. Let the chest be kept well raised, and, without effort, the breath will enter the lungs silently and instantaneously. The inhalation may take place either through the nostrils or through the mouth.

3. At long pauses, and whenever the lungs can be slowly filled, breathe through the nostrils, not necessarily by closing the mouth, but by applying the tongue to the palate. Short rapid inspirations are best made through the mouth.

4. Every pause, however slight, should be occupied in replenishing the lungs; and, as the ordinary marks of punctuation are not founded on any healthful principle, coinciding with the requirements of vital respiration or vocal expression, a different system (of Rhetorical Punctuation) must be adopted.

5. The expiratory processes should be regulated not so much by the descent or inward pressure of the thorax or walls of the chest, as by the ascent and upward pressure of the diaphragm or base of the chest.

6. The speaker should never allow himself to be "out of breath." The chest should never press inward on the lungs, but be kept well raised throughout the longest utterance, or the most vigorous declamation; and the lungs should be well supplied with air, even at the close of a sentence.

7. Power over the processes of expiration is greatly promoted by reading or speaking in a loud whisper; by declamation in the open air, by the sea side, or while walking up an ascent, &c., &c.

II.—VOCALITY, OR THE PRODUCTION OF VOICE.

8. VOCALITY considers the production of pure tone, and variety of expression by the voice.

9. A properly disciplined voice should possess the power of forming Three Series of Vocal Sounds; namely, the Natural Voice, the Orotund Voice, the Falsetto Voice. These different Voices are, however, all produced in the glottis, by vibrations caused by the passage of expired air.

10. The Voice is modified by increased or diminished aspiration—by the expansion, vibrations, and position of the chest—by directing the sound into the nasal passages, or into the integuments of the skull; on the palate, or through the mouth. The greater or less opening of the aperture of the glottis—the greater or less tension of its vibrating edges—the greater or less elevation of the larynx,—all produce new varieties of acuteness or gravity in the Voice.

11. A husky tone results from relaxation of the glottis; a guttural tone from contraction of the fauces; a dental tone from too close a position of the teeth; a labial tone from obstructive or overhanging lips.

12. LOUDNESS of voice depends on the issue of an increased quantity of breath. FORCE depends on the resistance given to the breath as it passes from the lungs. HEIGHT OF TONE is the result of elevation and consequent contraction of the vocal apparatus; DEPTH OF TONE, of its dilatation and abasement. DRAWLING is reading or speaking with insufficient force and prolonged time.

RULES FOR MANAGING AND IMPROVING THE VOICE.

13. Always endeavour to read and speak in a natural tone. When the ordinary amount of voice is insufficient, *extend* that tone by giving it a force and volume proportioned either to the place to be filled, or to the distance of the persons addressed : but at all times preserve the usual key of the *natural* tone. Passages requiring peculiar power should be delivered in that fuller expiratory resonant voice known as the Orotund. The Falsetto voice may be occasionally employed to give relief, or artistically to tone sound in making it “an echo to the sense.”

14. Chiefly cultivate the low tones, and endeavour to extend and improve the Natural Voice. For this purpose, read frequently aloud, in a low, strong key, passages which require a firm and dignified enunciation ; and gradually proceed to the most spirited and impassioned exercises. But remember that *force* is not a proper substitute for *feeling*. Bodily, gymnastic, and calisthenic exercises are of great advantage. Everything that tends to the improvement of the health has a correspondent influence on the voice.

15. Holding the breath—that is, preventing all wasteful expiration during the prolonged utterance of the vowel sounds—improves the clearness of the voice.

16. Intensity of voice is best attained by practising the *coup de la glotte*. This exercise consists in taking a full inspiration—firmly closing the glottis—and then suddenly expelling the confined air with instantaneous, loud, clear, variously-modulated sound. In this practice, endeavour not to raise the pitch, but increase the power. *Loudness* is not *intensity*.

17. Dialogistic and conversational passages are best adapted to destroy monotony or mannerism, and to facilitate an easy, natural use of the vocal organs.

18. Any undue stress on the glottis itself should be avoided : in fact, the organs should be kept as passive as possible, all the exertion being made by the muscles of the diaphragm in forcibly acting upwards on the lungs. The effort required in energetic delivery is thus thrown on those portions of the frame that are able to bear it, and not on its weakest and most delicate membranes. The organs of the throat should never be forced in the production of voice ; but, on the contrary, should be so managed that the soft, tender fibres forming the vocal chords, as well as the equally delicate structures of the soft palate and throat, may become more elastic, and be at liberty to express every variety of sentiment and feeling.

19. The frequent practice of declamation is highly serviceable. To maintain a harmony between all parts of the muscular system, endeavour to accompany energetic utterance by energetic action. The passions affect the *body* as well as the *mind*.

20. Avoid all excesses. Avoid vocal exercise at that period of youth when the voice is breaking. Do not practise immediately after meals, or when hoarse. There is no occasion to avoid the usual food, or, in moderation, its accompaniments. But "be temperate in all things." After injury or fatigue, silence is the best restorative; but, on the principle of exertion of the muscles, and passiveness of the lungs and glottis, no danger is likely to arise even from violent exercise.

21. The speaker must remember that his objects are three-fold, without all of which eminence cannot be attained: first, to be *heard*; secondly, to be *understood*; thirdly, to be *felt*.

The voice is best displayed by the fulness and clearness of

THE VOWEL SOUNDS.

22. In the English Language, as at present spoken, there are Thirteen Vowel Sounds, which naturally proceed in the following order:—

1. eel.	13. pŭll, pŭōl.
2. ill.	12. old, (o _u).
3. ale, (a _e).	11. ore.
4. ĕll, ĕre.	10. ōn, āll.
5. an.	9. ŭp, ŭrn.
6. ask.	8. her, carn.
	7.
	ah.

COMBINATIONS.

7.1. isle	7.13. owl.	10.1. oil.	y.13. use.
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III.—ARTICULATION AND ITS ORGANS.

23. Articulation is the correct formation, by the organs of speech, of certain approaches or contacts which add to VOCALITY literal and verbal UTTERANCE.

24. Distinct articulation depends on the clear enunciation of certain elements generally called Consonants. There are Four Modes of organic contact

or approach, namely: by the Lips—the Upper Teeth and Lower Lip—the tip of the Tongue and back of the Teeth, or fore part of the Hard Palate—the back of the Tongue and Soft Palate.

25. All articulations may be divided into Three Classes: first, those which are produced with breath alone (*atonics*), named here WHISPERED or BREATH CONSONANTS; secondly, those in which voice is heard (*sub-tonics*), named VOCALIZED or VOICE CONSONANTS, and in some cases having the clear vocality of the VOWELS (*tonics*); thirdly, when the breath, obstructed in the mouth, is directed through the nostrils, forming the NASAL CONSONANTS.

TABLE OF ARTICULATIONS.

	Whispered.	Vocalized.	Nasal.	Examples.
1, 2, 3	K	G	NG	call, gall, gong.
4		Y		yet.
5, 6	Sh	Zh		mission, vision.
7		R		far, rough.
8		L		light.
9, 10, 11	T	D	N	tame, dame, name.
12, 13	S	Z		seal, zeal.
14, 15	Th	Th		thigh, thy.
16, 17	F	V		fine, vine.
18, 19	Wh	W		whew, way.
20, 21, 22	P	B	M	pay, bay, may.

GENERAL REMARKS ON ARTICULATION.

26. The process of speech is threefold:—First, to breathe; secondly, to vocalize; thirdly, to articulate.

27. Every articulation consists of two parts, a *close position* and an *opening action*. Final articulations are not completed till the organs are *separated*.

28. Distinct and graceful utterance requires a downward action of the lower jaw. In other words, an opening of the mouth should *precede* consonant formation, and *accompany* vowel utterance.

29. During the pauses in speech, the processes of vocal action should be thus regulated:—

FIRST POSITION—A slight separation of the lips and teeth, accompanied by inhalation of breath.

SECOND POSITION—A more free opening of the mouth ; then return to

First Position, during utterance by means of expiration of breath.

The opening of the mouth places all the organs in readiness, and allows of an easy influx of air. This graceful preparation is the **NATURAL COMMENCEMENT OF ALL UTTERANCE**.

30. During the rests of speech, the lips should lie evenly in line with the teeth ; and, during speech, the lips should not be protruded. The lower lip only should move—upwards and downwards, not outwards ; and the upper lip remain almost quiescent. The labial organs, not made rigid by uniform articulative actions, are thus left free for their higher functions of expressiveness.

31. The tongue should never be depressed within the lower jaw, or protruded between the teeth. It should be held back and slightly elevated, so that it may occupy as small a space as possible in the mouth, and be perfectly independent of the action of the lower jaw. The tongue has no action against the lower teeth. It should never touch them in articulation.

32. The jaw should not hang behind the upper teeth, or be protruded beyond them ; but the two lines of teeth should be parallel. The downward motion of the jaw should be smooth, and without jerking, as if it merely fell by its own weight. The upward action should be light, and free from biting. The edges of the teeth should never come quite in contact.

33. In fluent speech, the actions of vocalization and articulation are almost simultaneous ; in defective speech, they are not consentaneous, but from behind, forwards ; instead of (theoretically) from before, backwards.

34. The articulations are not to be considered as stops of the vocal current, but rather as transient changes in the form of the passages through which the stream of breath should continuously issue.

35. The great cause of defective articulation is the encouragement given to children to pronounce, or rather *gabble*, any word, however difficult its combination of elementary sounds. At first, the simple vowels and articulations should be *taught* ; and then those which are compound and difficult should be attempted. In the beginning a very slow, distinct utterance should be chiefly aimed at. The important principle is, *to take time*.

IV.—SYLLABLES, WORDS, AND PRONUNCIATION.

36. A Syllable may consist of a vowel only, or of a vowel preceded or followed, or both preceded and followed, by any articulations or possible combination of them. The articulations L, M, N frequently constitute syllables without having vowels sounded ; as in *ripp(e)*, *chasm*, *heav(e)n*.

37. Every element in a syllable, and every syllable in a word, should receive its definite and exact sound, however rapid the pronunciation.

38. The terminating sound of one word should be distinctly separated from the initial sound of the following word ; not necessarily by any *hiatus*, but by a slight and rapid separation of the articulating organs. Double letters are used merely as orthographic expedients, and they should be pronounced as *one*.

39. Words are not to be read *singly*, but in *separate groups*. All words that are so intimately connected with each other as to form ONE IDEA, or a DEFINITE PART of an idea, are to be considered as making up so many ORATORICAL WORDS, and to be read connectedly, as *one polysyllabic utterance*.

40. PRONUNCIATION exhibits so many irregularities, that no series of rules which could be laid down would be of much advantage. The study of the subject under a competent instructor (aided by reference to standard orthoepical dictionaries), is the best guide to the student. The principle laid down by Pope is valuable here :—

“In words as fashions the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic whether new or old ;
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.”

V.—ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

41. ACCENT is that impulse, vocal or articulative, which gives phonic prominence to a certain *syllable* in a word. EMPHASIS is that superior stress or accent which indicates the principal *word* in a sentence, or in the group already mentioned as the “oratorical word.”

42. Every word of more than one syllable has an accented syllable ; and in some words of three syllables, and in all words of four or more syllables, a secondary accent is introduced in addition to the primary one. In oratorical words, also, as a general rule (liable to a few exceptions), every third or fourth syllable requires an accent, or a pause equal to the time that such would occupy. (The *verbal* accents are fixed by custom, and can be only acquired in the manner recommended under Pronunciation.—Par. 40.)

43. The accented syllables of words are generally the radical syllables ; and, in cases of contrasted words of which the accented syllables are the same, the accent is shifted to the syllable of difference—the new syllable.

44. Every ORATORICAL WORD has a principal *word* ; which should be rendered prominent by peculiar accent, stress, inflexion, or modulation.

45. Every sentence, or association of words making up a proposition, has a principal *idea*; the word expressive or suggestive of which should be primarily distinguished from the subordinate and accessary words.

46. All words that express ideas *new* to the context should be distinguished by emphatic accent; and all words that have been previously stated or implied should be unaccented.

47. Any word used in *expressed contrast* is to be rendered prominent by superior accent; and any word in *implied contrast* should be pronounced with peculiarly emphatic force to *suggest* the omitted antithesis.

48. A sentence consists of a Subject and Predicate—with or without Adjuncts, or explanatory or relative clauses. When the Subject and the Predicate are both new, each should be pronounced with distinctive accents. Where either Subject or Predicate has been previously stated or implied, the two members should be united, and only the new member accented.

STACCATO ACCENTUATION.

49. When words are *equally* accented, the effect is called Staccato,—an abrupt, pointed, and general emphasis on every word, or, it may be, on every syllable. This mode of pronunciation is most effective in expressing reproachful and acrimonious sentiments; but it may be used in connection with any feeling, to indicate a very weighty and momentous utterance.

VI.—INFLEXION.

50. Inflexions are tones of speech that *slide* from one note to another; they are distinguished from tones of song, which leap from note to note. Melody in song arises from *sound*; in speech, it is regulated by *sense*.

51. All notes of speech are either Continuative (Monotone), Acute, or Grave; or a combination of these latter qualities.

52. In natural utterance, all the tones are inflected; that is, each vocal impulse, however short, carries the voice higher or lower than the commencing pitch.

53. Inflexions are Simple when the voice proceeds directly upwards or downwards; and they are Compound, when the direction of the voice is changed on the same syllable from a rise to a fall, or from a fall to a rise.

54. The Simple Rising Inflexion carries on the attention of the hearer to what is to follow, or to something to be inferred; it thus denotes incompleteness of statement, or appeals to the *hearer's* will or knowledge; it is also the natural expression of continuity, doubt, appeal, and deference.

55. The Simple Falling Inflexion confines the attention of the hearer to what has been said; it thus denotes completeness of statement, or pre-

dicates the *speaker's* will or knowledge: it is the natural expression of conclusion, conviction, assertion, and command.

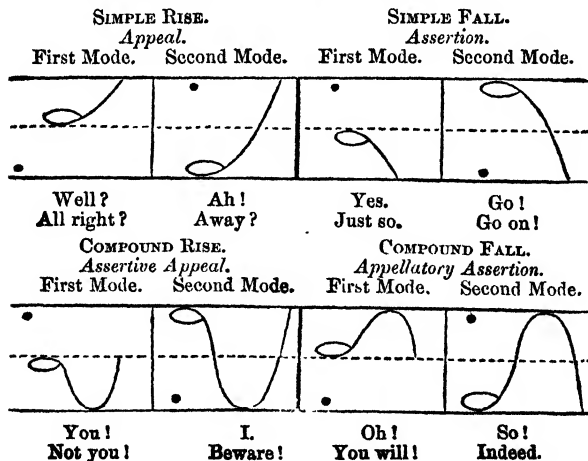
56. The Compound Rising Inflection consists of a falling (assertive) tone, followed by a rising (interrogative) tone; it blends assertion with inquiry,—or imperativeness with appeal,—or suggests antithesis to interrogation, or to an incomplete clause.

57. The Compound Falling Inflection consists of an accented rising tone, followed by an unaccented falling tone; it blends inquiry or surprise with assertiveness, or is suggestive of the antithesis to affirmation.

58. The accent of an Inflection is its commencement, which always coincides with the syllabic accent or with the emphasis.

59. Inflections may rise or fall through any of the musical intervals. Inflections limited to the interval of a semi-tone, or of a minor third (a tone and a half,) are plaintive; and those which range through the greater intervals of the major third, fourth, fifth, &c., express proportionate degrees of intensity.





60. Each Inflection has Two Modes, according as the accentual pitch is above or below the Middle Tone of the voice, or higher or lower than the pitch that precedes the accent. There are, therefore, Four Simple and Four Compound forms. These Inflections are *essential*, and may be perfectly mastered even by those who have not a musical ear.







61. Of each mode of Inflexion there are two degrees, according as the pre-accentual syllables are inflected towards or from the accentual pitch ; the former arrangement being the less, the latter the more emphatic.


62. There are thus Four Degrees of each of the Two Simple and of the Two Compound Inflexions, independent of the varieties of extent or interval through which the voice rises or falls. For the study of these, the student is referred to "Bell's Standard Elocutionist," or to Mr. A. Melville Bell's "Elocutionary Manual," Third (or subsequent) Edition.


NOTATION OF THE INFLEXIONS.

63. The inflexions are represented by the marks (   ) written above or below the inflected word, in accordance with the pitch of the tone above or below the middle of the voice. Thus :—

Simple Rise	()	{ First mode,—mark above the word. Second mode, „ below „
Simple Fall	()	{ First mode, „ below „ Second mode, „ above „
Compound Rise	()	{ First mode „ below „ Second mode „ above „
Compound Fall	()	{ First mode „ above „ Second mode „ below „

64. A Rising Double Wave, consisting of a compound falling accent with a rising termination, is occasionally employed. Sarcastic interrogation is the sentiment it conveys, or antithetic assertion with incompleteness.

“  One murder makes a villain :

 Millions a hero !

65. The melody of speech consists of contrasted tones. A rise precedes a fall, a fall precedes a rise.

66. To give smoothness and natural effect to the inflexions, the following logical formulas may be prefixed to words, in practice :

For the Simple Rise, “ Is it ____ ”
 For the Simple Fall, “ It is ____ ”
 For the Compound Rise, “ It is not ____ ”
 For the Compound Fall, “ But it is ____ ”

67. The formulas are to be pronounced softly, and in the opposite pitch

to that of the accented word,—high before a low accent, low before a high accent. Thus :

<i>First</i>	}	Sunday?	It is	It is not	Wednesday.
<i>Modes :</i>	}	Is it	Monday.	Tuesday.	But it is
<i>Second</i>	}	Is it	February.	March.	But it is
<i>Modes :</i>	}	January?	It is	It is not	April, &c.

68. The following antithetic sentences should be practised, with alternate rising and falling tones,—Simple and Compound. Thus:—

<i>First Modes :</i>	Not Sunday, but Monday.	Not Tuesday, but Wednesday.
<i>Second Modes :</i>	Not Thursday, but Friday.	Not Saturday, but Sunday.

APPLICATION OF THE INFLEXIONS TO SENTENCES.

69. All sentences belong to one of Three Classes:—(1) Assertive. (2) Interrogative. (3) Imperative.

70. Assertive sentences, when they affirm the Speaker's will or knowledge, take a falling termination; but when they do not imply absolute-ness, or do not communicate information, they take a rising termination, as in appeal to the Hearer's consciousness.

71. Interrogative sentences when they appeal for the Hearer's assent to or dissent from the proposition they contain, take a rising termination; but when they do not imply doubt or desire of assurance, they take a falling termination, as in assertion of what the Hearer's consciousness must affirm. (Interrogative sentences that cannot be answered by "yes" or "no" are of the nature of Imperative sentences, and follow the same law.)

72. Imperative sentences convey the Speaker's will or desire, with or without reference to the will of the Hearer. They take a falling termination when they are absolute and exclude appeal, as in command; and a rising termination where they imply appeal, and solicit rather than enjoin,—as in supplication.

73. The Reader must not be guided by the rhetorical forms of sentences; for Interrogative construction may be strongly assertive in meaning, and Declarative construction may be emphatically interrogative.

CONTINUATIVE TONE—MONOTONE.

74. The Continulative Tone is formed by avoiding any *marked* inflexion. It is used in the unemphatic pronunciation of the minor words in a sentence; in pronouncing those passages that are of little importance, or those with which the auditor may be supposed to be pre-acquainted. The Continulative Tone, however, does not proceed *without* inflexion; the vocal turns are merely subdued in subordination to the *accent*.

75. Monotone, in its exact definition, is a term which cannot be employed in Elocution; as there is, strictly speaking, no unvaried repetition of the same tone. What is called Monotone is an emphatic prolongation of the Continulative Tone—generally in the Orotund voice—in which the Inflexions are subdued as much as possible. These subdued Inflexions, judiciously introduced, serve as the lights or shades with which a skilful artist invests his principal objects.

76. Subdued inflexions may be used on any tone of voice. The Gut-tural Monotone is principally employed to express fear, terror, horror, or disgust. The Natural Monotone gives awe to descriptive passages. The Orotund Monotone should be used in solemn or sublime passages. The Falsetto Monotone gives expression to violent despair, affliction, or anguish: it is also employed to express distant voices or sounds.

VII.—MODULATION.

77. MODULATION consists in changing the pitch-note of the voice to a higher or lower degree of elevation.

78. As a general rule, high modulation makes prominent the speaker or the subject spoken, and is expressive of egotism, boldness, or importance; low modulation is retiring, solemn, or expulsive in effect.

79. The *principal* clauses of sentences should be read either in a higher or louder tone, or in a lower and stronger tone, than those which are in any way *subordinate*. Modulation has also an imitative or analogical expressiveness, making "the sound an echo to the sense."

80. All varieties of Emphasis, Inflexion, Force, Time, &c., may be given in any modulative pitch.

81. The following Five Degrees comprise the principal changes:—

5	_____	high—passionate.
4	_____	important.
3	_____	conversational.
2	_____	subordinate.
1	_____	low—solemn.

VIII.—FORCE.

82. Force considers sounds with respect to their degrees of loudness or softness: those sounds are called *loud*, which are made with greater respiratory and vocal effort than the ordinary tones of conversation; and those are called *soft*, which are made with less.

83. The following Table includes the five principal degrees of Force:

<i>v</i>	_____	vehement.
<i>e</i>	_____	energetic.
<i>t</i>	_____	temperate.
<i>f</i>	_____	feeble.
<i>p</i>	_____	piano.

84. No direction can be given for the regular employment of these various degrees: their use is dependent on the meaning of the words spoken—the situation of the supposed speaker—the relative positions and distances of the speaker and auditor—and, principally, on taste and judgement.

85. The reader is referred to previous directions for the management of the voice. He is again reminded that he can never speak naturally on an unnatural key. In public addresses, even in the largest edifice, he ought not to depart from that tone of voice which is usual to him, but simply add to it any necessary degree of force to make it audible. It is extremely difficult to change the pitch of a discourse from high to low, although the reverse may be done with facility. *Every sentence should be commenced and concluded on the NATURAL TONE of voice, strengthened to any audibility that circumstances may require.*

IX.—TIME.

86. Time treats of sounds with respect to their various degrees of rapidity or slowness. The following Five Degrees include the leading varieties:—

<i>r</i>	_____	rapid.
<i>q</i>	_____	quick.
<i>m</i>	_____	moderate.
<i>s</i>	_____	slow.
<i>a</i>	_____	adagio (very slow).

87. Solemn discourse requires a very slow movement. Simple narrative a medium rate of utterance. Animated description, as well as all language expressive of quick or sudden passion, a rapid rate of utterance, varying with the intensity of the emotion. Clauses or sentences which are very

emphatic, should be pronounced in small and distinct emphatic portions (*staccato*—sec. 49). Passages introductory to those which are slow or rapid, should be gradually introduced with the proper degrees of Time.

88. No reader should endeavour to *read* or *speak* more rapidly than an intelligent person, well informed on the subject, and prepared to communicate his thoughts, could *extemporize* the subject of discourse.

Note.—That division of Time which treats of Rhetorical Punctuation will be considered in a subsequent page—Sections 99–103.

RHYTHMUS—TIME OF POETRY.

89. In addition to the above varieties of Time, there is, in Poetry, and in Harmonious Prose, another variety, dependent on rhythmical structure. It is caused by an alternation of strong and weak impulses of voice, occurring at regular intervals, and distinguishing this species of composition from Ordinary Prose.

90. The following are the principal Dissyllabic and Trisyllabic Measures of Verse; each measure forming what in Prosody is called a *foot*.

<i>Dissyllables.</i>			<i>Trisyllables.</i>		
Trochee	—	—	lōvēly		Dactyle — — — prōbābly
Iambus	—	—	bēcāme		Amphibrach — — — dōmēstic
Spondee	—	—	vāin mān		Anapæst — — — mīsīnform
Pyrrhic	—	—	ōn ā (bank)		Tribrach — — — (com)fōrtābly

91. The leading kinds of verse are Iambic, Trochaic, Anapæstic, and Dactylic: the other measures being occasionally introduced to give variety.

92. Verses consist of different numbers of feet, namely:—

Heptameter,	a verse of seven feet.
Hexameter,	„ six feet.
Pentameter,	„ five feet.
Tetrameter,	„ four feet.
Trimeter,	„ three feet.
Dimeter,	„ two feet.

93. Not only do the prosodial names for the various measures of Verse convey no just idea of its structure, but the accentuation of the English language does not permit the division of its metres into long and short syllables. All English verse is constructed, and must be pronounced, with a regular succession and alternation of HEAVY and LIGHT syllables, in dissyllabic or trisyllabic measures. The *sense* always determines the accented syllable, and no *light* syllable should be made *heavy* merely for the sake of euphony. The principle of this rhythmical admeasurement may be thus explained.

94. No heavy sounds can successively follow each other without a slight intervening pause, the time of which *might* serve for the utterance of another syllable ;* thus—

	pain		pain		pain
	Δ ∴		Δ ∴		Δ ∴

An unaccented syllable might be inserted without adding to the time of the measure, and without requiring, in consecutive utterance, any intervening pause ; thus—

	painful		painful		painful
	Δ ∴		Δ ∴		Δ ∴

Or *two* unaccented syllables may be inserted, so that they occupy only the time of *one*, thus—

	painfully		painfully		painfully
	Δ . . .		Δ . . .		Δ . . .

95. The natural order of verse, and of its harmonious pronunciation, is from pulsation to remission—that is, from *heavy* to *light*. Every bar must be commenced with a heavy syllable ; and two heavy syllables cannot be contained in one measure.

Im		mortal		Nature		lifts her		changeful		form	
● ∴		Δ ∴		Δ ∴		Δ ∴		Δ ∴		Δ ○	

96. The number of measures in a line, either caused by *sound* or *pause*, is immaterial, so that the TIME of each is regularly preserved. The *prosodial* mode of scanning reduces all poetry to the same hum-drum canter ; whereas, the *accentual* mode constantly varies with, and accommodates itself to, the sense in every structure of verse, and is a certain mode of attaining a musical and expressive pronunciation. Based on the natural principle of pulsation and remission, which regulates all physical *motion* and *action*, it is applicable to all *speech* ; “and although it stops the finger of the foot-counting pedant, it satisfies the ear of the intelligent philosopher.”

97. By attention too to this accentual structure of verse, the monstrosities of prosody are removed, and language restored to its natural order and proper proportions. False accents, elisions, and contractions of words, may thus be avoided, and each syllable have its distinct proportionate musical

* The heavy syllable is marked thus (Δ) ; the light (∴), or when two light syllables occur (∴ ∴). The bar-measurer is denoted by a vertical line, thus (|), and is used to separate the various bars. An *omitted* heavy syllable is marked thus (●) ; an *omitted* light syllable thus (○).

sound. Such words as *th' Eternal*, for *the Eternal*; *dang'rous*, for *dangerous*; *t' inspect*, for *to inspect*; and all those crabbed expedients to which prosodians resort, will, by this inartificial process, disappear.

ON THE READING OF VERSE.

98. Verse, or metrical composition, consists of sense in connection with the music of rhythm, or the consouance of syllables. The reader's business is to express the sense—by uniting or separating words exactly as in reading prose. In strictly following the sense, there should be no discord between the reader's voice and the poet's rhythm. If any want of harmony exist, the poet is in fault. One rule is common to both poet and reader, "Make the sound an echo to the sense." The reader must often accommodate his pronunciation to suit the rhythmical necessities,—but he should never sacrifice the sense for the sake of ill-adapted melody.

RHETORICAL PUNCTUATION.

99. Grammatical Punctuation marks to the eye the different divisions which the construction requires: Rhetorical Punctuation subdivides for the judgment and the ear; considering pauses only as adjuncts to distinct and expressive delivery.

100. The principle of grouping into Oratorical words may be thus briefly comprehended:—No words should be united, between which a grammatical government or mutual relation, does not subsist; and no such grammatically related words should be separated (See pars. 39, 44).

101. The duration of pauses cannot be fixed by any rule; because the style of an author, his subject, and the particular expression which it requires; as well as the purport of the speaker, his acquired habits of utterance, the varying shades of passion or of emotion that he would portray—all materially contribute to vary the frequency and time of Rhetorical Punctuation: but, though the absolute quantity of every group is at the will of the speaker, there must at all times be a relative duration, partly dependent on the nature of the composition, and partly on the speaker's powers of conception and expression.

102. The following musical pauses may be introduced as guides to the student during his initiatory exercises.

The Quaver, or shortest pause, marked thus :	⏏
The Crotchet, or middle pause, "	⏏
The Minim, or long pause, "	—
The Semibreve, or longest pause, "	⏏

103. The shortest pause (⏏) is necessarily introduced at the end of

every oratorical word; the middle pause (✓) at the end of any distinct part of a proposition; the long pause (■) at the termination of a proposition; and the longest pause (■) at the termination of an important division of a discourse. The rhetorical sense, not the grammatical expression, determines the relative situation and length of each pause.

RULES FOR RHETORICAL PAUSES.

Pause and replenish the lungs with breath—

After the nominative, when it consists of several words, or of one important word. A pause after a pronoun in the nominative case is only admissible when it is emphatic.

Before and after all parenthetical, explanatory, and intermediate clauses.

After words in apposition or in opposition.

Before relative pronouns.

Before and after clauses introduced by prepositions.

Between the several members of a series.

Before all conjunctions; and after all conjunctions which introduce important words, clauses, or sentences.

After all nouns and pronouns that are nominatives to a verb, or that are governed by a verb; after all adjectives (except the last) which qualify a noun; and all adverbs (except the last) which qualify either verbs, adjectives, or adverbs.

Before the infinitive mood, when not preceded by a modifying word.

Wherever an ellipsis takes place.

Between the object and the modifying word in an inverted order.

Generally before and after emphatic words.

X. GESTURE AND GENERAL EMOTIONAL EXPRESSION.

104. It is not the province of this Introduction to enter on this comprehensive subject. For a brief yet extremely practical view, the student is referred to Bell's "Standard Elocutionist."

MISCELLANEOUS DIRECTIONS FOR READING.

105. Hold the book in the left hand, and use the right to turn the pages.

106. Keep the book flatly open, so as not to cover the face; and hold the book sufficiently high to secure perfect vision without any bending of the neck or body.

107. Open the mouth gently—raise the chest before beginning, and take breath silently at every pause.

08. Pronounce one thought at a time ; and do not run together clauses that have not a mutual reference.

109. When the sense is not clear, endeavour to ascertain it by mentally paraphrasing the passage.

110. The words expressive of each member of a sentence,—Subject, Predicate, or Circumstance,—should be accentually united, and the members themselves kept distinct.

111. Do not keep the eye constantly fixed on the page, but carry the words of a clause in your mind, and address the eye to your hearers.

112. Do not pronounce the last word or clause of a page, until you have turned over the leaf, lest you sever words connected in sense.

113. At all times read earnestly, but naturally. Read verse without monotony, chanting, or rhyming melody. Do not pause at the end of a line unless the sense requires it.

114. To a Speaker, the thought precedes and dictates the words ; and words or clauses are instinctively grouped and accented so as to express the thought. But to a Reader, the words precede and dictate the thought ; and constant care and discernment are necessary to discover precisely the thought intended to be expressed, and so to collocate the words as neither to separate those which should be accentually associated, nor to unite those which are unconnected in sense. The most important grammatical words are not necessarily the principal or emphatic words in a sentence.

MISCELLANEOUS DIRECTIONS FOR RECITATION.

115. In committing to memory, make yourself acquainted with the general bearing and grammatical structure of the whole passage : then mentally divide it into parts that have a logical sequence, or unity of time, place, or action. Afterwards, study each portion separately, learning the first sentence, then the second ; then going back to join the former to the latter, and so on to the end.

116. Do not stand up hurriedly, or consequentially, or be in haste to begin, but take your position with leisurely grace ; pause before commencing. A few deep inspirations, slowly taken, especially through the nostrils, will assist in subduing nervous agitation.

117. Surround yourself by the imagery of your subject, and take no further thought of your auditors until the close. Then leisurely retire.

118. Never turn your back to your hearers. Arrange your gesticulative pictures, as far as possible, neither behind you, nor directly in front, nor in the line of the shoulders, but to right and left of the centre before you.

PART FIRST.

AMUSING AND DIDACTIC POETRY

FOR

JUNIOR PUPILS.

[The *prosaic* mode of arrangement has been employed in printing many of the following extracts. This mode, first introduced by Mr. Bell, has been of late very extensively adopted for the purpose "of obviating the too rhythmical delivery which is often associated with metrically printed lines, and as an assistance to the habitual use of pauses and tones in strict accordance with the SENSE." Small figures are introduced to denote the order of the stanzas.]

1.—THE LITTLE MAIDEN AND THE LITTLE BIRD.—*Anon.*

"Little bird ! little bird ! come to me !
I have a green cage ready for thee,—
Beauty-bright flowers I'll bring anew,
And fresh ripe cherries, all wet with dew."

"Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care,—
But I love dearly the clear, cool air,
And my snug little nest in the old oak tree."
"Little bird ! little bird ! stay with me."

"Nay, little damsel ; away I'll fly
To greener fields and warmer sky ;
When spring returns with pattering rain,
You'll hear my merry song again."

"Little bird ! little bird ! who'll guide thee
Over the hills and over the sea ?
Foolish one ! come in the house to stay ;
For I'm very sure you'll lose your way."

"Ah, no, little maiden ! God guides me
Over the hills and over the sea :
I will be free as the rushing air,
And sing of Providence everywhere."

2.—THE MOON.—*Follen.*

O, look at the moon ! she is shining up there ;
 O ! mother, she looks like a lamp in the air.
 Last week she was smaller, and shaped like a bow ;
 But now she's grown bigger ; as round as an O.
 Pretty moon ! pretty moon ! how you shine on the door,
 And make everything bright on my nursery floor !
 You shine on my playthings, and show me their place ;
 And I love to look up at your pretty bright face.
 See, there is a star close by you ; and may-be
 That small twinkling star is your little baby !

3.—THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.—*Mrs. Gilman.*

¹Mother, mother, the winds are at play ; pr'ythee let me be idle to-day !
 Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie languidly under the bright blue sky.
 See how slowly the streamlet glides ; look how the violet roguishly hides ;
 even the butterfly rests on the rose, and scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.
²Poor Tray is asleep in the noon-day sun, and the flies go about him one
 by one ; and pussy sits near, with a sleepy grace, without ever thinking of
 washing her face. There flies a bird to a neighbouring tree, but very lazily
 flieth he ; and he sits and twitters a gentle note, that scarcely ruffles his
 little throat. ³You bid me be busy ; but, mother, hear how the hum-drum
 grasshopper soundeth near ; and the soft west wind is so light in its play,
 it scarcely moves a leaf on the spray. I wish, oh, I wish I was yonder
 cloud that sails about in its misty shroud ; books and work I no more
 should see—and I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee !

4.—THE BEGGAR-MAN.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

¹Around the fire, one wintry night, the Farmer's rosy children sat ;
 the fagot lent its blazing light, and jokes went round and careless chat.
²When, hark ! a gentle hand they hear, low-tapping at the bolted door ;
 and thus, to gain their willing ear, a feeble voice did aid implore :
³" Cold blows the blast across the moor, the sleet drives hissing in the
 wind ; yon toilsome mountain lies before,—a dreary, treeless waste behind.
⁴My eyes are weak and dim with age ; no road, no path, can I descry ;
 and these poor rags ill stand the rage of such a keen inclement sky. ⁵So
 faint I am, these tottering feet no more my feeble frame can bear ; my
 sinking heart forgets to beat, and drifting snows my tomb prepare.
⁶Open your hospitable door, and shield me from the biting blast : cold,
 cold it blows across the moor—the weary moor that I have passed !"

⁷ With hasty steps the Farmer ran ; and close beside the fire they place the poor half-frozen Beggar-man, with shaking limbs and pallid face. ⁸ The little children flocking came, and warmed his stiffening hands in theirs, while busily the good old Dame a comfortable meal prepares. ⁹ Their kindness cheered his drooping soul ; and slowly down his wrinkled cheek the big round tears were seen to roll—they told the thanks he could not speak. ¹⁰ The children, too, began to sigh, and all their merry chat was o'er ; and yet they felt, they knew not why, more glad than they had done before.

5.—THE CHILD AND THE PIPER—*W. Blake.*

Piping down the valleys wild, piping songs of pleasant glee,
On the sward I saw a child, and he, laughing, said to me,
“ Pipe a song about a lamb.” So I piped with merry cheer :
“ Piper, pipe that song again.” So I piped—he wept to hear.
“ Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe—sing thy songs of happy cheer.”
So I sang the same again, while he wept with joy to hear.
“ Piper, sit thee down and write in a book that all may read.”
So he vanished from my sight ; and I plucked a hollow reed,
And I made a rural pen, and I stained the water clear ;
And I wrote such happy songs every child may joy to hear.

6.—THE DOVE—*Moore.*

The bird let loose in Eastern skies, when hast'ning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies where idle warblers roam ;
But high she shoots through air and light, above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight, nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God ! from earthly care and stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air, to hold my course to Thee.
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay my Soul as home she springs ;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way—Thy freedom in her wings.

7.—THE VOICE OF SPRING.—*Mrs. Howitt.*

¹ I am coming, little Maiden, with the pleasant sunshine laden ; with the honey for the bee, with the blossom for the tree, with the flower and with the leaf :—till I come the time is brief. ² I am coming, I am coming ! Hark, the little bee is humming ; see, the lark is soaring high in the bright and sunny sky, and the gnats are on the wing ;—little Maiden, now is Spring ! ³ See the yellow catkins cover all the slender willows over ; and on mossy banks so green starlike primroses are seen ; and their clustering

leaves below, white and purple violets blow. ⁴Hark ! the little lambs are bleating ; and the cawing rooks are meeting in the elms,—a noisy crowd ! and all the birds are singing loud ; and the first white butterfly in the sun goes flitting by.

⁵Little Maiden, look around thee ! green and flowery fields surround thee ; every little stream is bright ; all the orchard trees are white ; and each small and waving shoot promises sweet flower or fruit. ⁶Turn thine eyes to earth and heaven !—God for thee the Spring has given, taught the birds their melodies, clothed the earth and cleared the skies, for thy pleasure or thy food ;—pour thy soul in gratitude ! So mayst thou 'mid blessings dwell,—Little Maiden, fare thee well !

8.—THE MOSS-ROSE.—*Translation from Krummacher.*

The Angel of the Flowers, one day, beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay ; that Spirit to whose charge 'tis given to bathe young buds in dews of heaven ;—awaking from his light repose, the Angel whispered to the Rose : “ O, fondest object of my care, still fairest found where all are fair ; for the sweet shade thou giv'st to me, ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee.” “ Then,” said the Rose, with deepened glow, “ on me another grace bestow.” The Spirit paused in silent thought,—what grace was there that flower had not ? 'Twas but a moment ;—o'er the Rose a veil of moss the Angel throws ; and, robed in Nature's simplest weed, could there a flower that Rose exceed ?

9.—PRIDE.—*Taylor.*

Pride, ugly Pride, sometimes is seen by haughty looks and lofty mien ; but oftener it is found that Pride loves deep within the heart to hide ; and, while the looks are mild and fair, it sits and does its mischief there.

Now, if you really wish to find if Pride is lurking in your mind, inquire—If you can bear a slight, or patiently give up your right ? Can you submissively consent to take reproof and punishment, and feel no angry temper start in any corner of your heart ? Can you at once confess a crime, and promise for another time ? or say you've been in a mistake, nor try some poor excuse to make ; but freely own that it was wrong to argue for your side so long ? Flat contradiction can you bear, when you are right, and know you are ? nor flatly contradict again, but wait, or modestly explain, and tell your reasons one by one, nor think of triumph when you've done ? Can you, in business or in play, give up your wishes or your way ? or do a thing against your will, for somebody that's younger still ? and never try to overbear, nor say a word that is not fair ? Does laughing at

you, in a joke, no anger or revenge provoke ; but can you laugh yourself, and be as merry as the company ? Or, when you find that you could do the harm to them they did to you, can you keep down the wicked thought, and do exactly as you ought ?...Put all these questions to your heart, and make it act an honest part ; and, when they've each been fairly tried, I think you'll own that you have Pride : some one will suit you as you go, and force your heart to tell you so ; but, if they all should be denied—then you're too proud to own your Pride !

10.—THE TEAR.—*Moore.*

On beds of snow the moonbeam slept, and chilly was the midnight gloom,
When, by the dampgrave, Ellen wept,—sweet maid ! it was her Lindor's tomb !
A warm tear gushed,—the wintry air congealed it as it flowed away :
All night it lay an ice-drop there,—at morn it glittered in the ray !
An Angel, wandering from her sphere, who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear, and hung it on her diadem !

11.—THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.—*Southey.*

“ And whesefore do the Poor complain ? ” the Rich Man asked of me,—
“ Come, walk abroad with me, ” I said, “ and I will answer thee. ”
’Twas evening, and the frozen streets were cheerless to behold ;
And we were wrapt and coated well,—but yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bareheaded Man, whose locks were few and white
I asked him what he did abroad in that cold winter's night.
’Twas bitter keen, indeed, he said ; but at home no fire had he,
And therefore he had come abroad to ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed Child, and she begged loud and bold ;
I asked her what she did abroad when the wild wind blew so cold.
She said her father was at home, and he lay sick in bed,
And therefore was it she was sent abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a Woman sitting down upon a stone to rest ;
She had a baby at her back, and another at her breast.
I asked her why she loitered there, when the bleak wind blew so chill :
She turned her head, and bade the child that screamed behind be still.

She told us that her husband served, a soldier, far away ;
And therefore to her parish she was begging back her way.

I turned me to the Rich Man then, for silently stood he ;

“ You asked me why the Poor complain,—and these have answered thee ! ”

12.—WHAT DO THE BIRDS SAY.—*Coleridge.*

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
 The linnet, and thrush, say, "I love," and "I love!"
 In the winter they're silent—the wind is so strong;
 What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
 But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
 And singing, and loving—all come back together.
 But the lark is so brim-full of gladness and love,—
 The green fields below him, the blue sky above—
 That he sings, and he sings, and for ever sings he,
 "I love my Love, and my Love loves me!"

13.—THE SKY-LARK.—*Mrs Hemans.*

¹The Sky-Lark, when the dews of morn hang tremulous on flower and thorn, and violets round his nest exhale their fragrance on the early gale; to the first sunbeam spreads his wings, buoyant with joy, and soars, and sings. ²He rests not on the leafy spray, to warble his exulting lay; but, high above the morning cloud, mounts in triumphant freedom proud; and swells, when nearest to the sky, his sweetest notes of ecstasy. ³Thus, my Creator! thus the more my spirit's wing to Thee can soar; the more she triumphs to behold thy love in all thy works unfold: and bids her hymns of rapture be most glad, when rising most to Thee.

14.—THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROPS.—*Carpenter.*

"Oh father, dear father, why pass they away,
 The dew-drops that sparkled at dawning of day,
 That glittered like stars by the light of the moon
 Oh, why are those dew-drops dissolving so soon?
 Does the sun, in his wrath, chase their brightness away,
 As though nothing that's lovely might live for a day?
 The moonlight has faded—the flowers still remain,
 But the dew has dried out of their petals again."

"My child," said the father, "look up to the skies,
 Behold yon bright rainbow, those beautiful dyes;
 There—there are the dew-drops, in glory re-set,
 'Mid the jewels of Heaven they are glittering yet."

Then are we not taught by each beautiful ray,
To mourn not for beauty though fleeting away?
For, though youth of its brightness and beauty be riven,
All that withers on Earth blooms more brightly in Heaven!"

Alas! for the father—how little knew he,
The words he had spoken prophetic could be;
That the beautiful child—the bright star of his day,
Was e'en then, like the dew-drops—dissolving away!
Oh! sad was the father, when lo! in the skies
The rainbow again spread its beauteous dyes;
And then he remembered the maxims he'd given,
And thought of his Child and the Dew-drops—in Heaven.

15.—VIOLETS.—*Moultrie.*

Under the green hedges after the snow,
There do the dear little violets grow;
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,
Down there do the dear little violets lie,
Hiding their heads where they scarce may be seen:—
By the leaves you may know where the violet hath been.

16.—THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.—*Gay.*

A Fox, in life's extreme decay, weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay; all appetite had left his maw, and age disarm'd his mumbling jaw. His numerous race around him stand, to learn their dying sire's command; he rais'd his head with whining moan, and thus was heard the feeble tone: "Ah, sons! from evil ways depart; my crimes lie heavy at my heart. See, see, the murder'd geese appear! Why are those bleeding turkeys here? Why all around this cackling train, who haunt my ears for chickens slain?" The hungry Foxes round them star'd, and for the promised feast prepar'd. "Where, sir, is all this dainty cheer? Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here. These are the phantoms of your brain; your children lick their lips in vain."

"O, gluttons," says the drooping sire, "restrain inordinate desire; your liquorish taste you shall deplore, when peace of conscience is no more. Does not the hound betray our pace, and gins and guns destroy our race? Thieves dread the searching eye of power, and never feel the quiet hour."

Old age (which few of us shall know) now puts a period to my woe. Would you true happiness attain, let honesty your passions rein ; so live in credit and esteem, and the good name you lost redeem." "The counsel's good," a son replies, "could we perform what you advise. Think what our ancestors have done,—a line of thieves from son to son. To us descends the long disgrace, and infamy hath marked our race. Though we like harmless sheep should feed, honest in thought, in word, in deed, whatever hen-roost is decreased, we shall be thought to share the feast. The change would never be believed :—a lost good name is ne'er retrieved."

"Nay, then," replies the feeble Fox,—“but hark, I hear a hen that clucks! go ; but be moderate in your food ; a chicken, too, might do me good.”

17.—EARLY RISING.—*Lady F. Hastings.*

Get up, little sister, the morning is bright,
And the birds are all singing to welcome the light ;
The buds are all opening, the dew's on the flower,—
If you shake but a branch, see there falls quite a shower.

The bee, I dare say, has been long on the wing
To get honey from every flower of Spring ;
For the bee never idles, but labours all day,
And thinks (wise little insect!) work better than play.

The lark's singing gaily ; it loves the bright sun,
And rejoices that now the gay Spring is begun ;
For the Spring is so cheerful, I think 'twould be wrong
If we did not feel happy to hear the lark's song.

Get up ; for when all things are merry and glad,
Good children should never be lazy or sad ;
For God gives us daylight, dear sister ! that we
May rejoice like the lark, and may work like the bee.

18.—THE COUNTRY IN MARCH.—*Wordsworth.*

¹The cock is crowing, the stream is flowing, the small birds twitter, the lake doth glitter, the green field sleeps in the sun ; the oldest and youngest are at work with the strongest ; the cattle are grazing, their heads never raising ; there are forty feeding like one ! ²Like an army defeated the snow hath retreated, and now it doth fare ill on the top of the bare hill ; the ploughboy is whooping anon ; there's joy in the mountains ; there's life in the fountains ; small clouds are sailing, blue sky prevailing ;—the chill rain is over and gone !

19.—THE LARK AND THE NIGHTINGALE.—*Hartley Coleridge.*

¹'Tis sweet to hear the merry Lark, that bids a blithe good-morrow ;
 but sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark, to the soothing song of sorrow.
²Oh Nightingale! What doth she ail? And is she sad or jolly? For
 ne'er on earth was sound of Mirth so like to Melancholy. ³The merry
 Lark, he soars on high,—no worldly thought o'ertakes him; he sings aloud
 to the clear blue sky, and the daylight that awakes him. ⁴As sweet a
 lay, as loud, as gay, the Nightingale is trilling; with feeling bliss no less
 than his, her little heart is thrilling. ⁵Yet ever and anon, a sigh peers
 through her lavish mirth; for the Lark's bold song is of the sky, and hers is
 of the earth. ⁶By night and day she tunes her lay, to drive away all sorrow;
 for bliss, alas! to-night must pass,—and woe may come to-morrow!

20.—THE MOTHER AND CHILD.—*Mrs. Wells.*

¹'Behold the little baby boy! a happy babe is he: his face how bright,
 his heart how light, his throne his mother's knee. ²Now, in her face
 with laughing eye I see him gaily peep; and now, at rest upon her breast,
 he gently sinks to sleep. ³His lips are red, his teeth like pearls,—the
 rogue! he has but two; his golden hair, how soft and fair; his eyes, how
 bright and blue! ⁴His tiny hands are white and plump; and, waking or
 asleep, beneath his clothes, his little toes, how cunningly they peep! ⁵Oh!
 many things are beautiful! the bird that sings and flies; the setting sun
 when day is done; the rainbow in the skies; ⁶my own pet lamb is inno-
 cent, and full of play is he; the violet, with dew-drops wet, is sweet and
 fair to see; ⁷but there is one more beautiful,—gay, tender, sweet, and
 mild,—a baby boy with heart of joy,—a loved and loving child!

21.—POOR DOG TRAY.—*Campbell.*

On the green banks of Shannon when Sheelah was nigh,
 No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
 No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
 And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
 She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart),
 Oh! remember your Sheelah when far, far away:
 And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind to be sure,
 And he constantly loved me although I was poor;
 When the sour-looking folk sent me heartless away,
 I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
 And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
 How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,
 And he lick'd me for kindness—my old dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant I remember'd his case,
 Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face ;
 But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
 And I play'd a lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind ?
 Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind ?
 To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
 I can never return with my poor dog Tray.

22.—INFANTINE INQUIRIES.—*Brown.*

“Tell me, O mother ! when I grow old,
 Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,
 Grow gray, as the old man's, weak and poor.
 Who ask'd for alms at our pillar'd door ?
 Shall I look as sad, shall I speak as slow
 As he, when he told us his tale of woe ?
 Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim ?
 Tell me, O mother ! shall I grow like him ?

“He said—but I knew not what he meant—
 That his aged heart with sorrow was rent.
 He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
 Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest ;
 And he told how his kindred there were laid,
 And the friends, with whom, in his youth, he play'd ;
 And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,
 And my sisters wept as they heard his tale !

“He spoke of a home, where, in childhood's glee,
 He chased from the wild flowers the singing bee ;
 And followed afar, with a heart as light
 As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight ;
 And pulled young flowers, where they grew 'neath the beams
 Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams ;—
 Yet he left all these through the world to roam !
 Why, O mother ! did he leave his home ?”

"Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child !
The fancies of youth and age are beguiled ;—
'Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn gray,
Time cannot steal the Soul's youth away !
There's a land, of which thou hast heard me speak,
Where age never wrinkles the dwellers' cheek ;
But in joy they live, fair child ! like thee—
It was there the old man long'd to be !

"Though ours is a pillared and lofty home,
Where Want, with his pale train, never may come,
Oh ! scorn not the poor with the scorner's jest,
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest ;
For HE, who hath made the poor, may soon
Darken the sky of our glowing noon ;
And leave us with woe, in the world's bleak wild—
Oh ! soften the griefs of the poor, my child !"

28.—THE FAIRIES.—*W. Allingham.*

Up the airy mountain, down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting for fear of little men ;
Wee folk, good folk, trooping all together ;
Green jacket, red cap, and white owl's feather !

Down along the rocky shore some make their home ;
They live on crispy pancakes of yellow tide-foam ;
Some in the reeds of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs, all night awake.

High on the hill-top the old King sits ;
He is now so old and grey he's nigh lost his wits.
He oft goes up with music on cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen of the gay Northern Lights.

By the craggy hill-side, through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees for pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring as dig one up in spite ?
He shall find the thornies set in his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain, down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting for fear of fairy men ;
Wee folk, good folk, trooping all together ;
Green jacket, red cap, and white owl's feather !

24.—THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOWWORM.—*Cowper.*

A Nightingale, that all day long had cheered the village with his song, —nor yet at eve his note suspended, nor yet when even-tide was ended, —began to feel, as well he might, the keen demands of appetite ; when, looking eagerly around, he spied, far off, upon the ground, a something shining in the dark,—and knew the Glowworm by his spark. So, stooping down from hawthorn top, he thought to put him in his crop. The Worm, aware of his intent, harangued him thus, right eloquent : “ Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he, “ as much as I your minstrelsy, you would abhor to do me wrong, as much as I to spoil your song ; for ’twas the self-same Power Divine taught you to sing and me to shine ; that you with music, I with light, might beautify and cheer the night.”—The songster heard this short oration ; and, warbling out his approbation, released him, as my story tells, and found his supper somewhere else.

25.—THOSE EVENING BELLS.—*Moore.*

Those evening bells ! those evening bells !
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours have passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so ’t will be when I am gone,—
That tuneful peal will still ring on ;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells !

26.—THE BABY’S BONNET.—*Mrs. Southey.*

Fairies ! guard the baby’s bonnet ! set a special watch upon it ! elfin people ! to your care I commit it, fresh and fair ; neat as neatness, white as snow,—see ye keep it ever so. Watch and ward set all about,—some within and some without ; over it with dainty hand, one her kirtle green expand ; two or three about the bow, vigilant concern bestow. A score, at least, on either side, ’gainst evil accident provide—fall, or jar, or overlay ; and so the precious charge convey through all the dangers of the way. But when these are battled through, fairies ! more remains to do ; ye must gift, before ye go, the bonnet and the babe also. Gift it to

protect her well, says ! from all malignant spell ; charms and seasons to defy, blighting wind and evil eye. And the bonny babe ! on her all your choicest gifts confer. Just as much of wit and sense, as may be hers without pretence ; just as much of grace and beauty, as shall not interfere with duty ; just as much of sprightliness, as shall companion gentleness ; just as much light-hearted cheer, as may be melted to a tear, by a word, a tone, a look—pity's touch, or love's rebuke. As much of frankness, bland and free, as may consort with modesty ; as much of feeling, as will bear of after-life the wear and tear ; as much of life—but, Fairies ! there ye vanish into thinnest air ! and with you parts the playful vein, that lov'd a light and trivial strain. Befits me better, babe ! for thee to ask Almighty agency,—Almighty love—Almighty power, to nurture up the human flower ; to cherish it with heavenly dew, sustain with earthly blessings too ; and, when the ripe full Time shall be, engraft it on Eternity.

27.—TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.—*Watts.*

¹Twinkle, twinkle, little star ! how I wonder what you are, up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky. ²When the blazing sun is gone, when he nothing shines upon, then you show your little light,—twinkle, twinkle all the night. ³Then the traveller in the dark thanks you for your tiny spark ; he could not see which way to go, if you did not twinkle so. ⁴In the dark blue sky you keep, while you through my curtains peep, and you never shut your eye till the sun is in the sky.

28.—ROBIN REDBREAST IN WINTER.—*W. Allingham.*

¹Good-bye, good-bye to Summer ! for Summer's nearly done ; the garden's smiling faintly, cool breezes chill the sun ; our thrushes now are silent, our swallows flown away,—but Robin's here in coat of brown, and scarlet breast-knot gay. Robin, Robin Redbreast, O Robin dear ! Robin sings so sweetly in the falling of the year. ²Bright-yellow, red, and orange, the leaves come down in hosts ; the trees are Indian princes, but soon they'll turn to ghosts ; the leathery pears and apples hang russet on the bough ; it's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late, 'twill soon be Winter now. Robin, Robin Redbreast, O Robin dear ! and what will this poor Robin do ? for pinching days are near. ³The fireside for the cricket, the wheatstack for the mouse, when trembling night-winds whistle, and moan all round the house. The frosty ways like iron, the branches plumed with snow,—alas ! in winter dead and dark where can poor Robin go ? Robin, Robin Redbreast, O Robin dear !—a crumb of bread for Robin, his little heart to cheer.

29.—THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.—*James Montgomery.*

Sow in the morn thy seed—at eve hold not thine hand;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed, broad-cast it o'er the land.
 The good, the fruitful ground, expect not here or there;
 O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found; go forth then, everywhere.
 Thou know'st not which may thrive, the late or early sown;
 Grace keeps the precious germs alive, when and wherever strown.
 And duly shall appear, in verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear—and the full corn at length.
 Thou canst not toil in vain: cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
 Shall foster and mature the grain, for garners in the sky.
 Thence, when the glorious end—the day of God—is come,
 The angel-reapers shall descend, and heaven cry—"Harvest home."

30.—THE BUSY BEE.—*Watts.*

How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour,
 And gather honey all the day from every opening flower.
 How skilfully she builds her cell! how neat she spreads the wax!
 And labours hard to store it well with the sweet food she makes.
 In works of labour or of skill I would be busy too;
 For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.
 In books, or work, or healthful play, let my first years be past;
 That I may give, for every day, some good account at last.

31.—A MOTHER'S LOVE.—*Miss Taylor.*

Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
 And counted the sands that under it be?
 Hast thou measured the height of heaven above?
 Then mayst thou mete a Mother's love!
 Hast thou talked with the bless'd of leading on
 To the throne of God some wandering son?
 Hast thou witnessed the angels' bright employ?
 Then mayst thou speak of a Mother's joy!
 Evening and morn hast thou watched the bee
 Go forth on her errands of industry?—
 The bee for herself hath gathered and toiled;
 But a Mother's cares are all for her child.

Hast thou gone with the traveller, Thought, afar.
 From pole to pole, and from star to star?—
 Thou hast;—but in ocean, earth, or sea,
 The heart of a Mother has gone with thee.

There is not a grand inspiring thought,
 There is not a truth by Wisdom taught,
 There is not a feeling pure and high,
 That may not be read in a Mother's eye.

And ever, since Earth began, that look
 Has been to the wise an open book;
 To win them back from the lore they prize
 To the holier love that edifies.

There are teachings in earth, in sky, and air—
 The heavens the glory of God declare;
 But, louder than voice beneath, above,
 He is heard to speak in a Mother's love!

32.—THE FOUNTAIN.—*Lgwell.*

Into the sunshine, full of the light,
 The Fountain is flashing from morn till night!
 Into the moonlight, whiter than snow,
 Waving so flower-like when the winds blow!
 Into the starlight, rushing in spray,
 Happy at midnight, happy by day!
 Ever in motion, blithesome and cheery,
 Still climbing heavenward, never a-weary.
 Full of a nature nothing can tame,
 Changed every moment—ever the same;
 Ceaseless aspiring, ceaseless content;
 Darkness or sunshine thy element.
 Glorious Fountain! let my heart be
 Fresh, changeful, constant, upward like thee!

33.—THE MOTHER'S CALL.—*A. Cunningham.*

Come, sweet ones, come to the fields with me; I hear the hum of the honey bee, I hear the call of the gray cuckoo, I hear the note of the shrill curlew; I hear the cry of the hunting hawk, the sound of the dove in our 'customed walk, the song of the lark, the tongue of the rill, the shepherds' shout on the pasture hill. My sweet ones, all come forth and play;

the air is balm, and I smell new hay; the smoke streams up, and the air is rife with joy, and all is light and life; and the beasts are glad, while man in song breaks out; for Rain has lorded long, and Earth has drunk more than her need, to fill her flowers and nurse her seed.

Now, now ye come, my little ones all, as the young doves come at their mother's call: one run to yon foxglove tall and see at his breakfast of balm the golden bee; another go hunt, from bud to bloom, the worm that flies with a painted plume; or see the doe solicitous lead her twin fawns forth to the odorous mead; or mark the nestlings newly flown, with their tender wings and their crests of down.

But stay, my children, ere ye run:—Who made the sky and yon glorious sun? Who framed the earth, and strewed it sweet with flowers, beneath your little feet? 'Twas ONE in heaven. Kneel down and lay your foreheads white to the grass, and pray; and render HIM praise, and strive to be pure, good, and modest—then come with me.

34.—THE EVENING HOUR.—*Anon.*

¹Sweet evening hour! Sweet evening hour! that calms the air and shuts the flower; that brings the wild bee to its nest, the infant to its mother's breast. ²Sweet hour! that bids the labourer cease; that gives the weary team release, and leads them home, and crowns them there with rest and shelter, food and care. ³O season of soft sounds and hues, of twilight walks among the dews, of feelings calm and converse sweet, and thoughts too shadowy to repeat! ⁴Yes, lovely hour! thou art the time when feelings flow and wishes climb; when timid souls begin to dare, and God receives and answers prayer. ⁵Then, trembling, through the dewy skies look out the stars; like thoughtful eyes of angels, calm reclining there, and gazing on the world of care. ⁶Sweet hour! for heavenly musing made—when Isaac walked, and Daniel prayed—when Abram's offering God did own—when Jesus loved to be alone.

35.—THE BEACON. — *Anon*

The scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it;
The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched sky
Looked pure as the spirit that made it.
The murmur arose, as I silently gazed
On the shadowy waves' playful motion;
From the dim distant isle till the beacon-fire blazed,
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
 Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers ;
 The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girded nest,
 The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.
 I sigh'd as I look'd from the hills' gentle slope ;
 All hush'd was the billows' commotion ;
 And I thought that the beacon looked lovely as Hope,—
 That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar ;
 Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
 Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
 That blazed on the breast of the billow.
 In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
 And Death stills the soul's last emotion,
 O then may the seraph of Mercy arise,
 Like a star on Eternity's ocean !

36.—THE LITTLE WHITE LILY.—*MacDonald.*

Little white Lily sat by a stone,
 Drooping and waiting till the sun shone.
 Little white Lily on sunshine has fed ;
 Little white Lily is lifting her head !

Little white Lily said, " It is good ;
 Sunshine is Lily's clothing and food."
 Little white Lily's drest like a bride !
 Shining with whiteness, and crownèd beside !

Little white Lily droopeth with pain,
 Waiting and waiting for the wet rain.
 Little white Lily holdeth her cup ;
 Rain is fast falling and filling it up.

Little white Lily said, " Good again,
 When I am thirsty to have nice rain ;
 Now I am stronger, now I am cool ;
 Heat cannot burn me, my veins are so full."

Little white Lily smells very sweet :
 On her head sunshine, rain at her feet.
 " Thanks to the sunshine, thanks to the rain,
 Little white Lily is happy again !"

87.—THE GARDEN OF ROSES.—*Moore.*

There's a garden of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
 And the nightingale sings round it all the day long ;
 In the time of my childhood, 'twas like a sweet dream
 To sit 'midst the roses, and hear the birds' song.
 That garden of roses I ne'er can forget ;
 But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
 I think—" Is the nightingale singing there yet ?
 Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer ?"
 No ! the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,
 But some blossoms were gathered, while freshly they shone ;
 And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
 All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.
 Thus Memory draws from Delight, ere it dies,
 An essence that breathes of it many a year ;
 Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer.

88.—TO A BEE.—*Southey.*

Thou wast out betimes, thou busy, busy Bee !—
 As abroad I took my early way,
 Before the cow from her resting-place
 Had risen up, and left her trace
 On the meadow, with dew so gray,
 Saw I thee, thou busy, busy Bee !
 Thou wast working late, thou busy, busy Bee !—
 After the fall of the cistus-flower,
 When the primrose of evening was ready to burst,
 I heard thee last, as I saw thee first :
 In the silence of the evening hour,
 Heard I thee, thou busy, busy Bee !
 Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy Bee .
 Late and early at employ ;
 Still on thy golden stores intent,
 Thy Summer in keeping and hoarding is spent
 What thy Winter will never enjoy ;—
 Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy Bee !

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy Bee,
 What is the end of thy toil.
 When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
 And all thy work for the year is done,
 Thy master comes for the spoil;
 Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy Bee!

39.—LITTLE CHILDREN.—*Mary Howitt.*

Sporting through the forest wide, playing by the waterside; wandering o'er the heathy fells, down within the woodland dells; all among the mountains wild dwelleth many a little child! ² In the baron's hall of pride, by the poor man's dull fireside; 'mid the mighty, 'mid the mean, little children may be seen,—like the flowers that spring up fair, bright and countless, everywhere! ³ In the far isles of the main; in the desert's lone domain; in the savage mountain glen, 'mong the tribes of swarthy men; wheresoe'er a foot hath gone; wheresoe'er the sun hath shone, on a league of peopled ground, little children may be found! ⁴ Blessings on them! they in me move a kind of sympathy, with their wishes, hopes, and fears; with their laughter and their tears; with their wonder so intense, and their small experience! ⁵ Little children, not alone on the wide earth are ye known. Free from sorrow, free from strife, in the world of love and life, where no sinful thing hath trod,—in the presence of your God,—spotless, blameless, glorified, little children, ye abide!

40.—THE ASS AND THE FLUTE.—*Priarte.*

You must know that this ditty, this little romance,
 Be it dull, be it witty, arose from—mere chance!
 Near a certain enclosure, not far from our manse,
 An ass with composure was passing—by chance!
 As he went along prying, with sober advance,
 A shepherd's flute lying, he found there—by chance!
 Our amateur started, and eyed it askance,
 Drew nearer, and snorted upon it—by chance!
 The breath of the brute, sir, drew music for once,
 It entered the flute, sir, and blew it—by chance!
 "Ah!" cried he, in wonder, "how comes this to pass?
 Who will now dare to slander the skill of an ass?"
 And asses in plenty I see at a glance,
 Who, one time in twenty, succeed by—mere chance!

41.—THE FLY.—*Bruce.*

¹Pr'ythee, little buzzing fly, eddying round my taper, why is it that its quivering light, dazzling, captivates your sight? Bright my taper is, 'tis true; trust me, 'tis too bright for you; 'tis a flame—vain thing, beware! 'tis a flame you cannot bear. ²Touch it, and 'tis instant fate; take my counsel ere too late: buzz no longer round and round, settle on the wall or ground: sleep till morn; at daybreak rise, danger then you may despise,—enjoying, in the sunny air, the life your caution now may spare. ³Lo! my counsel nought avails; round and round and round it sails; sails with idle unconcern,—pr'ythee, trifler, canst thou burn? Madly heedless as thou art, know thy danger and depart; why persist?—I plead in vain! singed it falls, and writhes in pain!.....⁴Is not this,—deny who can,—is not this a type of man? Like the fly, he rashly tries pleasure's burning sphere, and dies. Vain the friendly caution, still he rebels, alas! and will.—What I sing let all apply,—flies are weak, and man's a fly!

42.—REASONS FOR MIRTH.—*Miss Mitford.*

The sun is careering in glory and might
 'Mid the deep blue sky and the clouds so bright;
 The billow is tossing its foam on high,
 And the summer breezes go lightly by;
 The air and the water dance, glitter, and play,—
 And why should not I be as merry as they?

The linnet is singing the wild wood through,
 The fawn's bounding footsteps skim over the dew;
 The butterfly flits round the blossoming tree,
 And the cowslip and bluebell are bent by the bee:
 All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,
 And why should not I be as merry as they?

43.—THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.—*Emerson.*

The Mountain and the Squirrel had a quarrel; and the former called the latter "Little prig!"—Bun replied, "You are doubtless very big; but all sorts of things and weather must be taken-in together to make up a year, and a sphere. And I think it no disgrace to occupy my place. If I'm not so large as you, you are not so small as I, and not half so spry: I'll not deny you make a very pretty squirrel-track. Talents differ; all is well and wisely put; if I cannot carry forests on my back, neither can you crack a nut."

44.—PRINCIPLE AND PRACTICE.—*Cowper.*

A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,
 Had once his integrity put to the test :
 His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
 And asked him to go and assist in the job.

He was very much shocked, and answered : " Oh no !
 What ! rob our good neighbour ? I pray you, don't go ;
 Besides, the man's poor,—his orchard's his bread,—
 Then think of his children, for they must be fed."

" You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
 But apples we want, and apples we'll have ;
 If you will go with us, we'll give you a share ;
 If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom pondered : " I see they will go ;
 Poor man ! what a pity to injure him so ;
 Poor man ! I would save him his fruit if I could,
 But staying behind will do him no good.

" If this matter depended alone upon me,
 His apples might hang, till they dropped from the tree ;
 But since they will take them, I think I'll go too ;
 He will lose none by me, though I get a few."

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
 And went with his comrades the apples to seize ;
 He blamed, and protested—but joined in the plan ;
 He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man !

Conscience slumbered a while, but soon woke in his breast,
 And in language severe the delinquent addressed :
 " With such empty and selfish pretences away !
 By your actions you're judged, be your speech what it may."

45.—FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.—*Longfellow.*

¹When the hours of day are numbered, and the voices of the night
 wake the better soul that slumbered, to a holy, calm delight : ²then the
 forms of the Departed enter at the open door ; the beloved, the true-hearted,
 come to visit us once more. ³He, the young and strong, who cherished
 noble longings for the strife, by the roadside fell and perished, weary with
 the march of life. ⁴They, the holy ones and weakly, who the cross of

suffering bore, folded their pale hands so meekly,—spake with us on earth no more. ⁵ And with them the Being beauteous who unto my youth was given, more than all things else to love me,—and is now a saint in heaven. ⁶ With a slow and noiseless footstep comes that Messenger divine; takes the vacant chair beside me, lays her gentle hand in mine. ⁷ And she sits and gazes at me, with those deep and tender eyes, like the stars so still and saint-like, looking downward from the skies. ⁸ Uttered not, yet comprehended, is the Spirit's voiceless prayer; soft rebukes, in blessings ended, breathing from her lips of air. ⁹ O, though oft depressed and lonely, all my tears are laid aside, if I but remember only, such as these have lived and died.

46.—ALL'S FOR THE BEST.—*Tupper.*

All's for the best! Be sanguine and cheerful;
 Trouble and Sorrow are friends in disguise;
 Nothing but Folly grows faithless and fearful;
 Courage for ever is happy and wise:
 All's for the best!—if man would but know it,
 Providence wishes us all to be blest;
 This is no dream of the pundit or poet;
 Heaven is gracious, and—All's for the best!
 “All's for the best!” Set this on your standard,
 Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
 Who to the shores of Despair may have wander'd,
 A way-wearied swallow, or heart-stricken dove!
 “All's for the best!” Be the heart but confiding,
 Providence tenderly governs the rest;
 For He the frail bark of his creature is guiding
 Wisely and warily—All for the best!

47.—MY NATIVE VALE.—*Samuel Rogers.*

¹ Dear is my little native vale! The ring-dove builds and murmurs there; close to my cot she tells her tale to every passing villager. The squirrel leaps from tree to tree, and shells his nuts at liberty. ² In orange groves and myrtle bowers, that breathe a gale of fragrance round, I charm the fairy-footed hours with my loved lute's romantic sound; or crowns of living laurel weave, for those that win the race at eve. ³ The shepherd's horn at break of day, the ballet danced in twilight glade, the canzonet and roundelay sung in the silent green-wood shade,—these simple joys, that never fail, shall bind me to my native vale.

48.—THE MOUSE'S PETITION.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

Oh, hear a pensive prisoner's prayer, for liberty that sighs ;
 And never let thine heart be shut against a wretch's cries !
 For here forlorn and sad I sit, within the wiry grate ;
 And tremble at the approaching morn, which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glowed, and spurned a tyrant's chain,
 Let not thy strong oppressive force a free-born Mouse detain !
 Oh, do not stain with guiltless blood thy hospitable hearth !
 Nor triumph that thy wiles betrayed a prize so little worth.

The scattered gleanings of a feast my frugal meals supply ;
 But if thy unrelenting heart that slender boon deny,—
 The cheerful light, the vital air, are blessings widely given ;
 Let Nature's commoners enjoy the common gifts of Heaven.

So may thy hospitable board with health and peace be crowned,
 And every charm of heartfelt ease beneath thy roof be found.
 So when Destruction works unseen, which men, like mice, may share,—
 May some kind angel clear thy path, and break the hidden snare.

49.—THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.—*Lloyd.*

A forward Hare, of swiftness vain, the genius of the neighbouring plain, would oft deride the drudging crowd,—for geniuses are ever proud. He'd boast his flight 'twere vain to follow, for dog and horse he'd beat them hollow ; nay, if he put forth all his strength, outstrip his brethren half a length. A Tortoise heard his vain oration, and vented thus his indignation : " O puss ! it bodes thee dire disgrace when I defy thee to the race. Come, 'tis a match ; nay, no denial ; I lay my shell upon the trial." 'Twas " Done," and " Done," " All fair," " A bet,"—judges prepared,—and distance set. The scampering Hare outstripped the wind ; the creeping Tortoise lagged behind, and scarce had passed a single pole when puss had almost reached the goal. " Friend Tortoise," quoth the jeering Hare, " your burden's more than you can bear ; to help your speed it were as well that I should ease you of your shell ; jog on a little faster, pr'ythee : I'll take a nap and then be with thee." The Tortoise heard his taunting jeer, but still resolved to persevere ; on to the goal securely crept, while puss, unknowing, soundly slept. The bets were won, the Hare awoke, when thus the victor-Tortoise spoke : " Puss, though I own thy quicker parts, things are not always done by starts : you may deride my awkward pace, but—slow and steady wins the race."

50.—EVENING.—*Fletcher.*

Shepherds all, and maidens fair, fold your flocks up ; for the air 'gins to thicken, and the sun already his great course has run. See the dew-drops, how they kiss every little flower that is ; hanging on their velvet heads, like a rope of crystal beads. See the heavy clouds low falling, and bright Hesperus down-calling the dead Night from underground ; at whose rising, mists unsound, damps and vapours, fly apace, hovering o'er the wanton face of these pastures, where they come striking dead both bud and bloom. Therefore, from such danger, lock every one of his loved flock ; and let your dogs lie loose without,—lest the wolf come, as a scout from the mountain, and ere day bear a kid or lamb away ; or the crafty, thievish fox break upon your simple flocks. To secure yourself from these, be not too secure in ease. So shall you good shepherds prove, and deserve your Master's love. Now, good night ! may sweetest slumbers and soft silence fall in numbers on your eyelids ; so, farewell !—Thus I end my evening knell.

51.—HOW-D'YE-DO AND GOOD-BYE.—*Spencer.*

One day Good-bye met How-d'ye-do, too close to shun saluting ;
 But soon the rival sisters flew from kissing to disputing.
 " Away ! " says How-d'ye-do ; " your mien appals my cheerful nature :
 No name so sad as yours is seen in sorrow's nomenclature.
 " Ere How-d'ye-do has tuned each tongue to ' Hope's delighted measure,'
 Good-bye on Friendship's ear has rung the knell of parting pleasure !
 From sorrows past my chymic skill draws smiles of consolation ;
 While you, from present joys, distil the tears of separation."
 Good-bye replied, " Your statement's true, and well your cause you've
 pleaded ;
 But pray, who'd think of ' How-d'ye-do,' unless ' Good-bye' preceded ?
 How oft,—if at the court of love concealment is the fashion,—
 When ' How-d'ye-do' has fail'd to move, ' Good-bye' reveals the passion ?
 " How oft when Cupid's fires decline,—as every heart remembers,—
 One sigh of mine, and only mine, revives the dying embers ?
 Go, bid the timid lover choose, and I'll resign my charter,
 If he, for ten kind ' How-d'ye-do's, one kind ' Good-bye' would barter !
 " From Love and Friendship's kindred source we both derive existence ;
 And they would both lose half their force without our joint assistance.
 'Tis well the world our merit knows, since there is no denying
 One half in ' How-d'ye-doing' goes, and t'other in ' Good-byeing' ! "

52.—THE FOX AND THE CROW.—*Anon.*

The fox and the crow, in prose, I well know,
 Many good little girls can rehearse ;
 Perhaps it will tell pretty nearly as well,
 If we try the same fable in verse.

In a dairy, a crow having ventured to go,
 Some food for her young ones to seek,
 Flew up in the trees, with a large piece of cheese.
 Which she joyfully held in her beak.

A fox who lived by, to the tree saw her fly,
 And to share in the prize made a vow ;
 For having just dined, he for cheese felt inclined,—
 So he went and sat under the bough.

She was cunning, he knew, but so was he too,
 And with flattery adapted his plan ;
 For he knew if she'd speak, it must fall from her beak :
 So bowing politely, began :—

“ 'Tis a very fine day ; ”—not a word did she say ;—
 “ The wind, I believe, Ma'am, is south ;
 A fine harvest for peas ; ” he then look'd at the cheese,
 But the crow did not open her mouth.

Sly Renard, not tired, her plumage admired,
 “ How charming ! how brilliant your hue !
 The voice must be fine of a bird so divine,
 Ah, let me just hear it—pray do !

“ Believe me, I long to hear a sweet song.”
 The silly crow foolishly tries—
 And she scarce gave one squall, when the cheese she let fall,
 And the fox ran away with the prize !

53.—THE FOX AND THE CAT.—*Cunningham.*

The Fox and the Cat, as they travelled one day,
 With moral discourses cut shorter the way :
 “ 'Tis great,” says the Fox, “ to make justice our guide ! ”
 “ How god-like is mercy ! ” Grimalkin replied.
 Whilst thus they proceeded, a Wolf from the wood,
 Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,

Rush'd forth—as he saw the dull shepherd asleep—
 And seiz'd for his supper an innocent Sheep.
 "In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat,
 When mutton's at hand," says the Wolf, "I must eat."
 Grimalkin's astonish'd!—the Fox stood aghast,
 To see the fell beast at his bloody repast.
 "What a wretch!" says the Cat, "'tis the vilest of brutes!
 Does he feed upon flesh when there's herbage and roots?"
 Cries the Fox, "While oaks give us acorns so good,
 What a tyrant is this to spill innocent blood!"
 Well, onward they march'd, and they moraliz'd still,
 Till they came where some poultry pick'd chaff by a mill.
 Sly Reynard survey'd them with gluttonous eyes,
 And made, spite of morals, a pullet his prize.
 A Mouse, too, that chanc'd from her covert to stray,
 The greedy Grimalkin secured as her prey.
 A Spider that sat in her web on the wall,
 Perceiv'd the poor victims, and pitied their fall;
 She cried, "Of such murders, how guiltless am I!"
 So ran to regale on a new-taken Fly.

54.—BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.—*Mary Howitt.*

Buttercups and daisies—oh, the pretty flowers!
 Coming ere the Spring-time, to tell of sunny hours.
 While the trees are leafless, while the fields are bare,
 Buttercups and daisies spring up here and there!
 Ere the snow-drop peepeth, or the crocus bold;
 Ere the early primrose opens its paly gold,
 Somewhere on a sunny bank buttercups are bright;
 Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass peeps the daisy white.
 They are hardy flowers,—like to children poor,
 Playing in their sturdy health by their mother's door.
 Purple with the north-wind, yet alert and bold;
 Fearing not, and caring not, though they be a cold!
 What to them is weather! what are stormy showers!
 Buttercups and daisies are these human flowers!
 He who gave them hardships and a life of care,
 Gave them likewise hardy strength and patient hearts to bear.

55.—ELLEN'S SONG—THE LADY OF THE LAKE.—*Sir W. Scott.*

¹ Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, sleep the sleep that knows not breaking; dream of battle-fields no more, days of danger, nights of waking. In our isle's enchanted hall, hands unseen thy couch are strewing; fairy strains of music fall, every sense in slumber dawning. Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, sleep the sleep that knows not breaking; dream of battle-fields no more, morn of toil, nor night of waking. ² No rude sound shall reach thine ear, armour's clang, or war-steed champing; trump nor pibroch summon here mustering clan, or squadron tramping. Yet the lark's shrill fife may come at the daybreak from the fallow, and the bittern sound his drum, booming from the sedgy shallow. Ruder sounds shall none be near, guards nor warders challenge here; here's no war-steed's neigh and champing, shouting clans or squadrons stamping. ³ Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done; while our slumb'rous spells assail ye, dream not with the rising sun bugles here shall sound reveillé. Sleep! the deer is in his den; sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying; sleep! nor dream in yonder glen, how thy gallant steed lay dying. Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done; think not of the rising sun,—for at dawning to assail ye, here no bugle sounds reveillé.

56. THE FAIRY BOY.—*Samuel Lover.*

¹ A mother came when stars were paling, wailing round a lonely spring; thus she cried, while tears were falling, calling on the Fairy King: "Why with spells, my child caressing, courting him with fairy joy,—why destroy a mother's blessing? wherefore steal my baby boy?" ² O'er the mountain, through the wild wood, where his childhood loved to play; where the flowers are freshly springing, there I wander day by day. There I wander, growing fonder of the child that made my joy; on the echoes wildly calling to restore my fairy boy. ³ But in vain my plaintive calling, tears are falling all in vain; he now sports with fairy pleasure, he's the treasure of their train. Fare thee well, my child, for ever, in this world I've lost my joy; but in the next we ne'er shall sever—there I'll find my angel boy!"

57.—SOLILOQUY OF A WATER-WAGTAIL.—*Montgomery.*

"¹ Hear your sovereign's proclamation, all good subjects, young and old! I'm the Lord of the Creation,—I, a Water-wagtail bold; all around, and all you see,—all the world, was made for ME! ² Yonder sun, so proudly shining, rises when I leave my nest; and, behind the hills declining, sets when I retire to rest; morn and evening thus you see,—day and night,—were made for ME! ³ Vernal gales to love invite me; Summer sheds for me her beams; Autumn's genial scenes delight me; Winter

paves with ice my streams ; all the year is mine, you see,—seasons change like moons for ME ! ⁴ On the heads of giant mountains, or beneath the shady trees ; by the banks of warbling fountains, I enjoy myself at ease : hills and valleys, thus you see, groves and rivers, made for ME ! ⁵ Boundless are my vast dominions,—I can hop, or swim, or fly ; when I please, my towering pinions trace my empire through the sky : air and elements, you see,—heaven and earth,—were made for ME ! ⁶ Birds and insects, beasts and fishes, all their humble distance keep ; man, subservient to my wishes, sows the harvest which I reap : mighty man himself, you see,—all that breathe,—were made for ME ! ⁷ 'Twas for my accommodation Nature rose when I was born ; should I die, the whole creation back to nothing would return ! sun, moon, stars, the world, you see, sprung—exist—will fall with ME ! ”——⁸ Here the pretty prattler, ending, spread his wings to soar away ; but a cruel hawk, descending, pounced him up—a helpless prey. Could'st thou not, poor Wagtail, see that the hawk was made for THEE ?

58.—THE DEAD DOVE.—*Keats.*

I had a dove, and the sweet dove died ;
 And I have thought it died of grieving :
 O, what could it grieve for ? Its feet were tied
 With a silken thread of my own hands' weaving ;
 Sweet little red feet ! why should you die—
 Why would you leave me, sweet bird ! why ?
 You lived alone in the forest tree ;
 Why, pretty thing ! would you not live with me ?
 I kiss'd you oft and gave you white peas ;
 Why not live sweetly, as in the green trees ?

59.—MAY-DAY CAROL.—*Heber.*

¹ Queen of fresh flowers, whom vernal stars obey, bring the warm showers, bring thy genial ray. In Nature's greenest livery drest, descend on Earth's expectant breast, to Earth and Heaven a welcome guest, thou merry month of May ! ² Mark, how we meet thee at dawn of dewy day ! Hark ! how we greet thee with our roundelay ! While all the goodly things that be, in earth, and air, and ample sea, are waking up to welcome thee, thou merry month of May ! ³ Flocks on the mountains, and birds upon their spray, tree, turf, and fountains, all hold holiday. And Love, the life of living things, Love waves his torch, Love claps his wings, and loud and wide thy praises sings, thou merry month of May !

60.—THE IRISH MAIDEN'S SONG.—*Bernard Barton.*

Though lofty Scotia's mountains, where savage grandeur reigns;
 Though bright be England's fountains, and fertile be her plains;
 When 'mid their charms I wander, of thee I think the while,
 And seem of thee the fonder, my own Green Isle!

While many who have left thee, seem to forget thy name,
 Distance hath not bereft me of its endearing claim:
 Afar from thee sojourning, whether I sigh or smile,
 I call thee still, "Mavourneen," my own Green Isle!

Fair as the glittering waters thy emerald banks that lave,
 To me thy graceful daughters—thy generous sons as brave.
 Oh! there are hearts within thee which know not shame or guile,
 And such proud homage win thee, my own Green Isle!

For their dear sakes I love thee, Mavourneen, though unseen;
 Bright be the sky above thee, thy shamrock ever green;
 May evil ne'er distress thee, nor darken, nor defile;
 But heaven for ever bless thee, my own Green Isle!

61.—TO THE LINNET.—*Robert Nicoll.*

Some humble heart is sore and sick with grief,
 And straight thou comest with thy gentle song
 To wile the sufferer from his hate or wrong,
 By bringing Nature's love to his relief.
 Thou churмест by the sick child's window long,
 Till racking Pain itself be wooed to sleep;
 And when away have vanished flower and leaf,
 Thy lonely, wailing voice for them doth weep—
 Linnet! wild linnet!

God saw how much of woe, and grief, and care,
 Man's faults and follies on the earth would make;
 And thee, sweet singer, for his creatures' sake,
 He sent to warble wildly everywhere,
 And in our souls new love to wake.
 Oh! blessed wandering spirit! unto thee
 Pure hearts are knit, as unto things too fair,
 And good, and beautiful, of earth to be—
 Linnet! wild linnet!

62.—HOW KING COPHETUA LOVED THE BEGGAR MAID.—*Tennyson.*

Her arms across her breast she laid ; she was more fair than words can say ;
 Barefooted came the Beggar Maid before the King Cophetua.
 In robe and crown the King stept down, to meet and greet her on her way ;
 "It is no wonder," said the lords, "she is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies, she in her poor attire was seen :
 One praised her ankles, one her eyes, one her dark hair and lovesome mien.
 So sweet a face, such angel grace, in all that land had never been :
 Cophetua swore a royal oath : "This beggar maid shall be my queen."

63.—AN EPITAPH ON A ROBIN-REDBREAST —*Rogers.*

Tread lightly here ; for here, 'tis said,
 When piping winds are hush'd around,
 A small note wakes from underground,
 Where Robin's tiny bones are laid.

No more in lone or leafless groves,
 With ruffled wing and faded breast,
 His friendless, homeless spirit roves—
 Gone to the world where birds are blest !

Where never cat glides o'er the green,
 Or school-boy's giant form is seen ;
 But Love, and Joy, and smiling Spring
 Inspire their little souls to sing !

64.—THE SUNSHINE.—*Mary Howitt.*

I love the sunshine everywhere—in wood, and field, and glen ;
 I love it in the busy haunts of town-imprisoned men.
 I love it, when it streameth in the humble cottage door,
 And casts the chequered casement-shade upon the red-brick floor.

I love it on the breezy sea, to glance on sail and oar ;
 While the great waves, like molten glass, come leaping to the shore.
 I love it on the mountain-tops, where lies the thawless snow ;
 And half a kingdom, bathed in light, lies stretching out below.

Oh, yes ! I love the sunshine :—like kindness, or like mirth
 Upon a human countenance, is sunshine on the earth.
 Upon the earth—upon the sea—and through the crystal air
 Or piled-up clouds,—the gracious sun is glorious everywhere !

65.—THE DAFFODILS.—*Wordsworth.*

¹ I wandered lonely as a cloud, that floats on high o'er vales and hills, when all at once I saw a crowd, a host, of golden daffodils; beside a lake beneath the trees, fluttering and dancing in the breeze. ² Continuous as the stars that shine and twinkle on the Milky Way, they stretched in never-ending line along the margin of a bay; ten thousand saw I at a glance, tossing their heads in sprightly dance. ³ The waves beside them danced; but they outdid the sparkling waves in glee: a poet could not but be gay in such a jocund company. I gazed, and gazed, but little thought what wealth the show to me had brought. ⁴ For oft, when on my couch I lie in vacant or in pensive mood, they flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude; and then my heart with pleasure fills, and dances with the daffodils.

66.—A SUMMER EVENING.—*Watts.*

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run;
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain.
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretels a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian: his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way:
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

67.—THE MERRY HEART.—*Charles Lamb.*

¹ I would not from the wise require the number of their learned lore; nor would I from the rich desire a single counter of their store. For I have ease, and I have health, and I have spirits, light as air; and more than wisdom, more than wealth,—a merry heart that laughs at care. ² Like other mortals of my kind, I've struggled for dame Fortune's favour, and sometimes have been half inclined to rate her for her ill-behaviour. But life was short—I thought it folly to lose its moments in despair; so

slipp'd aside from melancholy, with merry heart that laugh'd at care.
³ And once, 'tis true, two 'witching eyes surprised me in a luckless season,
 turn'd all my mirth to lonely sighs, and quite subdued my better reason.
 Yet 'twas but love could make me grieve, and love you know's a reason
 fair; it much improved, as I believe, the merry heart that laugh'd at care.
⁴ So now from idle wishes clear, I make the good I may not find;
 adown the stream I gently steer, and shift my sail with every wind. And
 half by nature, half by reason, can still with pliant heart prepare my
 mind, attuned to every season, with merry heart that laughs at care. ⁵ Yet,
 wrap me in your sweetest dream, ye social feelings of the mind; give, some-
 times give your sunny gleam, and let the rest good-humour find. Yes,
 let me hail and welcome give to every joy my lot may share; and pleased
 and pleasing let me live, with merry heart that laughs at care.

68.—THE SANDS O' DEE.—*Kingsley.*

¹ "O Mary, go and call the cattle home, and call the cattle home, and
 call the cattle home, across the sands o' Dee!" The western wind was
 wild, and dank with foam, and all alone went she. ² The creeping tide
 came up along the sand, and o'er and o'er the sand, and round and round
 the sand, as far as eye could see; the blinding mist came down, and hid
 the land—and never home came she! ³ Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating
 hair?—A tress o' golden hair, o' drown'd maiden's hair, above the nets
 at sea. Was never salmon yet that shone so fair among the stakes on Dee.
⁴ They row'd her in across the rolling foam, the cruel crawling foam, the
 cruel hungry foam, to her grave beside the sea: but still the boatmen hear
 her call the cattle home, across the sands o' Dee.

69.—OLD SONGS.—*Eliza Cook.*

Old songs! old songs!—what heaps I knew, from "Chevy Chase" to
 "Black-eyed Sue." The tiny "Warbler" from the stall, the fluttering
 ballad on the wall, the gipsy's glee, the beggar's catch, the old wife's lay,
 the idiot's snatch, the schoolboy's chorus, rude and witty, the harvest
 strain, the carol ditty—I tax'd ye all, I stole from each, I spurned no teacher
 that could teach; though long my list, though great my store—I'd ever
 seek to add one more. Old songs! old songs!—my brain has lost much
 that it gain'd with pain and cost: I have forgotten all the rules of "Mur-
 ray's" books and "Trimmer's" schools; detested figures—how I hate the
 mere remembrance of a slate! How have I cast from woman's thought
 much goodly lore the girl was taught; but not a word has pass'd away
 of "Rest thee, Babe," or "Robin Gray." The ballad still is breathing

round, but other voices yield the sound ; strangers possess the household room ; the mother lieth in the tomb ; and the blithe boy that praised her song, now sleeps as soundly and as long. Old songs ! old songs !—I should not sigh—joys of the earth on earth must die ; but spectral forms will sometimes start within the caverns of the heart, haunting the lone and darken'd cell, where, warm in life, they used to dwell. Hope, youth, love, home—each human tie that binds, we know not how or why ;—all, all that to the soul belongs, is closely mingled with “ Old Songs !”

70.—THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.—*Leigh Hunt.*

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ; by the dusty roadside—on the sunny hill-side—close by the noisy brook—in every shady nook ; I come creeping, creeping everywhere. ² Here I come smiling, creeping everywhere ; all round the open door where sit the aged poor—here where the children play in the bright and merry May ; I come creeping, creeping everywhere. ³ I come creeping, creeping everywhere ; in the noisy city-street my pleasant face you'll meet—cheering the sick at heart, toiling his busy part ; silently, silently creeping everywhere. ⁴ Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ; you cannot see me coming, nor hear my low sweet humming ; for in the starry night and the glad morning light, I come quietly creeping, creeping everywhere. ⁵ Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ; more welcome than the flowers in summer's pleasant hours ; the gentle cow is glad, and the merry bird not sad, to see me creeping, creeping everywhere. ⁶ Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere. When you are numbered with the dead, in your still and narrow bed, in the happy Spring I'll come, and deck your silent home ; creeping silently, creeping everywhere. ⁷ Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ; my humble song of praise, most gratefully I raise to Him, at whose command I beautify the land—creeping, silently creeping everywhere !

71.—THE FABLE OF THE YOUNG MOUSE.—*Anon.*

In a crack near the cupboard, with dainties provided,
A certain young mouse with her mother resided.
So securely they lived on that fortunate spot,
Any mouse in the land might have envied their lot.

But one day the young mouse, who was given to roam,
Having made an excursion some way from her home,
On a sudden returned, with such joy in her eyes,
That her grey, sedate parent expressed some surprise.

"O Mother!" said she, "the good folks of this house,
I'm convinced, have not any ill-will to a mouse;
And those tales can't be true which you always are telling;
For they've been at such pains to construct us a dwelling!

"The floor is of wood, and the walls are of wires,
Exactly the size that one's comfort requires;
And I'm sure that we there should have nothing to fear,
If ten cats with their kittens at once should appear.

"And then they have made such nice holes in the wall,
One could slip in and out, with no trouble at all;
But forcing one's way through rough crannies like these,
Always gives one's poor ribs a most terrible squeeze.

"But the best of all is, they've provided us well
With a large piece of cheese of most exquisite smell;
'Twas so nice I had put in my head to go through,
When I thought it my duty to come and fetch you."

"Ah, child," said her mother, "believe, I entreat,
Both the cage and the cheese are a terrible cheat;
Do not think all that trouble they took for our good;
They would catch us, and kill us all there, if they could,
As they've caught and killed scores; and I never could learn
That a mouse, who once entered, did ever return!"

*Let the young people mind what the old people say,
And, when danger is near them, keep out of the way.*

72.—THE MARINER'S SONG.—*Allan Cunningham.*

¹A wet sheet and a flowing sea, a wind that follows fast, and fills the white and rustling sail, and bends the gallant mast; and bends the gallant mast, my boys, while, like the eagle free, away the good ship flies, and leaves Old England on the lee. ²"Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!" I heard a fair one cry; but give to me the snoring breeze, and white waves heaving high; and white waves heaving high, my boys, the good ship tight and free! the world of waters is our home, and merry men are we. ³There's tempest in yon hornèd moon, and lightning in yon cloud; and hark the music, mariners, the wind is piping loud; the wind is piping loud, my boys, the lightning flashing free—while the hollow oak our palace is, our heritage the sea!

73.—THE LONG AGO. — *W. M. Milnes.*

On that deep-retiring shore frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore fiercely beat and mounted high :
Sorrows that are sorrows still, lose the bitter taste of woe;
Nothing's altogether ill in the griefs of Long ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines, ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines, through the golden mist of years :
Death, to those who trust in good, vindicates his hardest blow ;
Oh ! we would not, if we could, wake the sleep of Long ago !

Though the doom of swift decay shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day lingers sad and over-long,
Still the weight will find a leaven, still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its heaven, and the past its Long ago.

74.—THE ROSE — *Cowper.*

The Rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed ;
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seemed, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned ;
And, swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !
I snapped it ;—it fell to the ground !

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind ;
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart .
Already to sorrow resigned.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner awhile ;
Thus, the tear that is wiped with a little address
May be followed, perhaps, by a smile.

76.—THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.—*Wordsworth.*

At the corner of Wood-street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud—it has sung there for years :
Poor Susan has pass'd by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment ; what ails her ? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripp'd with her pail ;
And a single small cottage—a nest like a dove's—
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves !

She looks, and her heart is in heaven ! but they fade—
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade ;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all pass'd away from her eyes !

76.—CHILDREN'S WISHES.—*Mrs. Gilman.*

Eliza. I wish I were a little bird, among the leaves to dwell
To scale the sky in gladness, or seek the lonely dell.
My matin-song should celebrate the glory of the earth,
And my vesper-hymn ring gladly with the thrill of careless mirth.

Caroline. I wish I were a flowret, to blossom in the grove ;
I'd spread my opening leaflets among the plants I love.
No hand should roughly cull me, and bid my odours fly ;
I silently would ope to life, and quietly would die.

Louisa. I wish I were a gold-fish, to seek the sunny wave,
To part the gentle ripple, and 'mid its coolness lave.
I'd glide through day delighted, beneath the azure sky ;
And when night came on in softness, seek the star-light's milder
eye.

Mother. Hush, hush, romantic prattlers ; you know not what you say,
When Soul, the crown of mortals, you would lightly throw away.
What is the songster's warble, and the flowret's blush refined,
To the noble thoughts of Deity, within youth's opening mind ?

77.—THE CONTENTED BIRD.—*Miss Gould.*

Oh! what will become of thee, poor little bird?
 The muttering storm in the distance is heard;
 The rough winds are waking, the clouds growing black,
 They'll soon scatter snow-flakes all over thy back!
 From what sunny clime hast thou wandered away?
 And what art thou doing this cold winter day?
 "I'm picking the gum from the old peach-tree;
 The storm doesn't trouble me. Pee! dee! dee!"

But what makes thee seem so unconscious of care?
 The brown earth is frozen, the branches are bare:
 And how canst thou be so light-hearted and free,
 As if danger and suffering thou never shouldst see?
 When no place is near for thy evening nest,
 No leaf for thy screen, for thy bosom no rest?
 "Because the same Hand is a shelter for me
 That took off the summer leaves. Pee! dee! dee!"

But man feels a burden of care and of grief,
 While plucking the cluster and binding the sheaf.
 In the summer we faint, in the winter we're chilled,
 With a void in our hearts that is yet to be filled.
 We take from the ocean, the earth, and the air,
 Yet all their rich gifts do not silence our care.
 "A very small portion sufficient will be,
 If sweetened with gratitude. Pee! dee! dee!"

But soon the chill ice will weigh down the light bough,
 On which thou art fitting so playfully now;
 And though there's a vesture well-fitted and warm,
 Protecting the rest of thy delicate form,
 What then wilt thou do with thy bare little feet,
 To save them from pain, 'mid the frost and the sleet?
 "I can draw them right up in my feathers, you see,
 To warm them and fly away. Pee! dee! dee!"

78.—THE REAPER.—*Wordsworth.*

¹Behold her single in the field, yon solitary Highland Lass! reaping
 and singing by herself; stop here, or gently pass! Alone she cuts and
 binds the grain, and sings a melancholy strain; O listen! for the vale
 profound is overflowing with the sound. ²No nightingale did ever chaunt

more welcome notes to weary bands of travellers in some shady haunt, among Arabian sands: no sweeter voice was ever heard in spring-time from the cuckoo-bird, breaking the silence of the seas among the farthest Hebrides. ³Will no one tell me what she sings? perhaps the plaintive numbers flow for old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago: or is it some more humble lay, familiar matter of to-day? some natural sorrow, loss, or pain, that has been, and may be again! ⁴Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang as if her song could have no ending; I saw her singing at her work, and o'er the sickle bending; I listen'd till I had my fill; and as I mounted up the hill, the music in my heart I bore long after it was heard no more.

79.—HUNTING SONG.—*Str. Walter Scott.*

¹Waken, lords and ladies gay! on the mountain dawns the day; all the jolly chase is here, with hawk and horse and hunting-spear; hounds are in their couples yelling, hawks are whistling, horns are knelling; merrily, merrily mingle they, "waken, lords and ladies gay!" ²Waken, lords and ladies gay! the mist has left the mountain gray; springlets in the dawn are streaming, diamonds on the brake are gleaming, and foresters have busy been, to track the buck in thicket green; now we come to chant our lay, "waken, lords and ladies gay!" ³Waken, lords and ladies gay, to the greenwood haste away; we can show you where he lies, fleet of foot and tall of size; we can show the marks he made, when 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd; you shall see him brought to bay; waken, lords and ladies gay! ⁴Louder, louder chant the lay! waken, lords and ladies gay! Tell them, youth and mirth and glee run a course as well as we; Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk?—staunch as hound and fleet as hawk! Think of this and rise with day, gentle lords and ladies gay!

80.—TRY AGAIN.—*Palmer.*

¹'Tis a lesson you should heed—try, try again! If at first you don't succeed, try, try again! Thus your courage should appear; for if you will persevere, you will conquer, never fear:—try, try again! ²Once or twice though you should fail, try, try again! If you would at last prevail, try, try again! If we strive, 'tis no disgrace though we may not win the race; what should you do in the case?—try, try again! ³If you find your task is hard, try, try again! Time will bring you your reward; try, try again! All that other folks can do, why, with patience, should not you? only keep this rule in view—TRY, TRY AGAIN!

81.—GAFFER GRAY.—*Holcroft.*

"¹ Ho ! why dost thou shiver and shake, Gaffer Gray ? and why does thy nose look so blue ?" " 'Tis the weather that's cold—'tis I'm grown very old, and my doublet is not very new ; well-a-day !" "² Then line thy old doublet with ale, Gaffer Gray, and warm thy old heart with a glass !" . . . "Nay, but credit I've none, and my money's all gone ; then say, how may that come to pass ? well-a-day !" "³ Hie away to the house on the brow, Gaffer Gray, and knock at the jolly Priest's door." . . . "The priest often preaches against worldly riches, but ne'er gives a mite to the poor, well-a-day !" "⁴ The Lawyer lives under the hill, Gaffer Gray ; warmly fenced both in back and in front." . . . "He will fasten his locks ; and threaten the stocks, should he ever more find me in want ; well-a-day !" "⁵ The Squire has fat beeves and brown ale, Gaffer Gray ; and the season will welcome you there." . . . "His fat beeves, and his beer, and his merry new year, are all for the flush and the fair,—well-a-day !" "⁶ My keg is but low, I confess, Gaffer Gray ; what then ? while it lasts, man, we'll live !" . . . The poor man alone, when he hears the poor moan, of his morsel a morsel will give,—well-a-day !

82.—JOHN BROWN.—*Mackay.*

I've a guinea I can spend, I've a wife, and I've a friend,
And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown ;
I've a cottage of my own, with the ivy overgrown,
And a chamber with a view of the sea, John Brown ;
I can stand at my door by my shady sycamore,
Large at heart, though of very small estate, John Brown ,
So come and talk a bit in my arbour as you sit,
And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate, John Brown.

I love the song of birds, and the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown ;
And I hate a false pretence, and a want of common sense,
An arrogance, and fawning, and deceit, John Brown ;
I love the meadow flowers, and the brier in the bowers,
And I love an open face without guile, John Brown ;
And I hate a selfish knave, and a proud contented slave,
And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toil, John Brown.

I love a simple song that awakes emotion strong,
And the word of hope that raises him who faints, John Brown ;

And I hate the constant whine of the foolish who repine,
 And turn their good to evil by complaints, John Brown ;
 But even when I hate, if I seek my garden gate,
 And survey the world around me and above, John Brown ;
 The hatred flies my mind, and I sigh for human kind,
 And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John Brown.

So if you like my ways, and the comfort of my days,
 I can tell you how I live so unvex'd, John Brown ;
 I never scorn my health—nor sell my soul for wealth—
 Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next, John Brown ;
 I've parted with my pride, I take the sunny side,
 For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown ;
 I keep my conscience clear—I've a hundred pounds a year—
 And I manage to exist and be glad, John Brown !

83.—NONGTONGPAW.—*Dibdin.*

¹ John Bull for pastime took a prance, some time ago, to peep at France; to talk of sciences and arts, and knowledge gain'd in foreign parts. Monsieur, obsequious, heard him speak,—and answer'd John in heathen Greek: to all he ask'd, 'bout all he saw, 'twas, "Monsieur, je vous n'entends pas." ² John, to the Palais-Royal come, its splendour almost struck him dumb. "I say, whose house is that 'ere here?" "House! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur." "What, Nongtongpaw again!" cries John; "this fellow is some mighty Don: no doubt he's plenty for the maw,—I'll breakfast with this Nongtongpaw!" ³ John saw Versailles from Marli's height, and cried, astonish'd at the sight, "Whose fine estate is that 'ere here?" "State! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur." "His? what! the land and houses too? the fellow's richer than a Jew: on everything he lays his claw! I'd like to dine with Nongtongpaw!" ⁴ Next tripping came a courtly fair; John cried, enchanted with her air, "What lovely wench is that 'ere here?" "Vench! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur." "What, he again? Upon my life! a palace, lands, and then a wife an artist might delight to draw: I'd like to sup with Nongtongpaw!" ⁵ But hold! whose funeral's that?" cries John. "Je vous n'entends pas."—"What, is he gone? wealth, fame, and beauty could not save poor Nongtongpaw, then, from the grave! his race is run, his game is up!—I'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup; but since he chooses to withdraw, good night t' ye, Mounseer Nongtongpaw."

SELECTIONS FROM THE IRISH MELODIES

FOR

JUNIOR PUPILS.

1.—THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.—*Moore.*

The harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls as if that soul were fled.
 So sleeps the pride of former days,—so glory's thrill is o'er;
 And hearts, that once beat high for praise, now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright the harp of Tara swells:
 The chord alone, that breaks at night, its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes, the only throb she gives
 Is—when some heart indignant breaks, to show that still she lives!

2.—OH, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME!—*Moore.*

Oh, breathe not his name! let it sleep in the shade,
 Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid;
 Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

3.—I SAW FROM THE BEACH.—*Moore.*

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
 I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining—
 The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
 Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night:—
 Give me back—give me back the wild freshness of Morning;
 Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
 When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
 And his soul—like the wood that grows precious in burning—
 Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

4.—THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.—*Moore.*

'Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred, no rosebud, is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed
 Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle the gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie wither'd, and fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

5.—LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.—*Moore.*

¹ Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright my heart's chain wove;
 when my dream of life from morn till night was Love, still Love! New
 hope may bloom, and days may come of milder, calmer beam; but there's
 nothing half so sweet in life as Love's young dream: no, there's nothing
 half so sweet in life as Love's young dream. ² Though the bard to purer
 fame may soar, when wild youth's past; though he win the wise, who
 frown'd before, to smile at last; he'll never meet a joy so sweet, in all his
 noon of fame, as when first he sung to woman's ear his soul-felt flame,
 and, at every close, she blush'd to hear the one loved name. ³ No!—that
 hallow'd form is ne'er forgot which first love traced; still it lingering
 haunts the greenest spot on memory's waste. 'Twas odour fled, as soon
 as shed; 'twas morning's wing'd dream; 'twas a light that ne'er can shine
 again on life's dull stream: Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again on
 life's dull stream.

6.—RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.—*Moore.*

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore ;
But, oh ! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

" Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way ?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold ? "

" Sir Knight ! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm :
For, though they love beauty and golden store,
Sir Knight ! they love honour and virtue more. "

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle ;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride !

7.—SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.—*Moore.*

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing ;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking ;—
Ah ! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his Love,—for his Country he died !
They were all that to life had entwined him ;
Nor soon shall the tears of his Country be dried,
Nor long will his Love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West—
From her own loved Island of Sorrow !

8.—BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.—*Moore.*

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will ;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear ;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close :
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

9.—GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.—*Moore.*

¹ Go where glory waits thee ! but, while fame elates thee, oh ! still remember me. When the praise thou meetest to thine ear is sweetest, oh ! then remember me. Other arms may press thee, dearer friends caress thee, all the joys that bless thee sweeter far may be ; but, when friends are nearest, and when joys are dearest, oh, then, remember me. ² When, at eve, thou rovest by the Star thou lovest, oh ! then remember me. Think, when home returning, bright we've seen it burning ; oh ! thus remember me. Oft as Summer closes, when thine eye reposes on its ling'ring roses, once so lov'd by thee, think of her who wove them,—her who made thee love them ;—oh, then, remember me. ³ When, around thee dying, autumn leaves are lying, oh ! then remember me. And, at night, when gazing on the gay hearth blazing, oh ! still remember me. Then should Music, stealing all the soul of feeling, to thy heart appealing, draw one tear from thee ; then let Memory bring thee, strains I used to sing thee,—oh, then, remember me !

10.—THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.—*Moore.*

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet !
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal, and brightest of green ;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh ! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear ;
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts—like thy waters—be mingled in peace !

11.—THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.—*Moore.*

Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water !
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness furled ?
When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world ?
Sadly, O Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away ;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love ?—
When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above ?

12.—MUSIC.—*Moore.*

¹When through life unblest we rove, losing all that made life dear,
should some notes we used to love in days of boyhood, meet our ear,—
oh ! how welcome breathes the strain ! wakening thoughts that long have
slept ; kindling former smiles again, in faded eyes that long have wept !
²Like the gale that sighs along beds of oriental flowers, is the grateful
voice of song that once was heard in happier hours ; filled with balm,
the gale sighs on, though the flowers have sunk in death ; so, when
Pleasure's dream is gone, its memory lives in Music's breath. ³Music !

Oh, how faint, how weak,—language fades before thy spell! why should
Feeling ever speak, when thou canst breathe her soul so well? Friend-
ship's balmy words may feign; Love's are e'en more false than they; oh!
'tis only Music's strain can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

13.—THE MINSTREL-BOY.—*Moore.*

The Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"
The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again—
For he tore its cords asunder!
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

14—DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.—*Moore.*

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee;
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.
Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers;
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine.
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine:
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS POETRY

FOR

JUNIOR PUPILS.

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1.—CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.—*Mrs. Optie.*

The morning bright, with rosy light, has waked me from my sleep !  
 Father, I own, Thy love alone Thy little one doth keep.  
 All through the day, I humbly pray, be Thou my guard and guide ;  
 My sins forgive, and let me live, blest Jesus ! near Thy side.  
 O, make Thy rest within my breast, Great Spirit of all grace ;  
 Make me like Thee,—then shall I be prepared to see Thy face.

2.—CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.—*Anon.*

Now darkness shades the distant hill,  
 The little birds are hid and still ;  
 And I my quiet sleep may take,  
 Since my Creator is awake.

How sweet, upon my little bed,  
 To think my Saviour guards my head ;  
 And He a helpless child can keep  
 Through all the hours of silent sleep !

3.—THE BEAUTIES OF CREATION—*Heber.*

I praised the Earth, in beauty seen  
 With garlands gay of various green ;  
 I praised the Sea, whose ample field  
 Shone glorious as a silver shield ;  
 And Earth and Ocean seemed to say,  
 " Our beauties are but for a day ! "

I praised the Sun, whose chariot rolled  
 On wheels of amber and of gold ;  
 I praised the Moon, whose softer eye  
 Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky ;  
 And Moon and Sun in answer said,  
 " Our days of light are numbered ! "

O God! O good beyond compare!  
 If thus Thy meaner works are fair;  
 If thus Thy bounties gild the span  
 Of ruined earth and sinful man—  
 How glorious must the mansion be  
 Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee!

4.—LIFT THE HEART AND BEND THE KNEE.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

<sup>1</sup> Child, amidst the flowers at play, while the red light fades away;—  
 Mother, with thy earnest eye ever following silently;—Father, by the  
 breeze of eve called thy harvest-work to leave;—pray!—ere yet the dark  
 hours be; “lift the heart and bend the knee.” <sup>2</sup> Traveller, in the stranger’s  
 land, far from thine own household band;—Mourner, haunted by the  
 tone of a voice from this world gone;—Captive, in whose narrow cell  
 sunshine hath not leave to dwell;—Sailor, on the darkening sea; “lift  
 the heart and bend the knee.” <sup>3</sup> Warrior, that, from battle won, breathest  
 now at set of sun;—Woman, o’er the lowly slain weeping on his burial  
 plain!—ye that triumph, ye that sigh, kindred by one holy tie;—heaven’s  
 first star alike ye see:—“lift the heart and bend the knee.”

5.—HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.—*Beattie.*

“’Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;  
 I mourn! but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you.  
 For morn is approaching your charms to restore,  
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance and glittering with dew.  
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,  
 Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save;  
 But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn?  
 Oh! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?”  
 ’Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,  
 That leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind,  
 My thoughts wont to roam from shade onward to shade,  
 Destruction before me, and Sorrow behind.  
 “O pity, great Father of light,” then I cried,  
 “Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee;  
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:  
 From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst free.”  
 And darkness and doubt are now flying away,  
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn;—  
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,  
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.

Sec Truth, Love, and Mercy in triumph descending,  
 And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !  
 On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,  
 And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

6.—THE TEACHING OF THE BIRDS.—*Heber.*

<sup>1</sup> Lo, the lilies of the field, how their leaves instruction yield ; hark to Nature's lesson, given by the blessèd birds of heaven ! Every bush and tufted tree warbles sweet philosophy ; " Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow ; God provideth for the morrow ! " <sup>2</sup> Say, with richer crimson glows the kingly mantle than the rose ? Say, have kings more wholesome fare than we, poor citizens of air ? Barns nor hoarded grain have we, yet we carol merrily :—Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow ; God provideth for the morrow ! <sup>3</sup> One there lives, whose guardian eye guides our humble destiny ; one there lives, who, Lord of all, keeps our feathers lest they fall. Pass we blithely then the time, fearless of the snare and lime—free from doubt and faithless sorrow : God provideth for the morrow ! "

7.—TO GOD, IN SICKNESS.—*Herriek.*

What though my harp and viol be  
 Both hung upon the willow-tree ?  
 What though my bed be now my grave,  
 And for my house I darkness have ?  
 What though my healthful days are fled,  
 And I lie number'd with the dead ?  
 Yet I have hope, by God's great power,  
 To spring—though now a wither'd flower !

8.—MISSIONARY HYMN.—*Heber.*

From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand ;  
 From many an ancient river, from many a palmy plain,—  
 They call us to deliver their land from error's chain.  
 What though the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;  
 Though every prospect pleases, and only man is vile ?  
 In vain, with lavish kindness, the gifts of God are strewn ;  
 The heathen, in his blindness, bows down to wood and stone.  
 Can we, whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high,  
 Can we to man benighted the lamp of life deny ?  
 Salvation ! oh, salvation ! The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till each remotest nation has learned Messiah's name !

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story ; and you, ye waters, roll ;  
 Till, like a sea of glory, it spreads from pole to pole ;  
 Till, o'er our ransomed nature, the Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator, in bliss return to reign !

9.—OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.—*Montgomery.*

<sup>1</sup> Above, below, where'er I gaze, Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,  
 traced in the midnight planet's blaze, or glistening in the morning dew :  
 whate'er is beautiful or fair is but Thine own reflection there. <sup>2</sup> I hear  
 Thee, in the stormy wind that turns the ocean-wave to foam ; nor less  
 Thy wondrous power I find, when summer airs around me roam ; the  
 tempest and the calm declare Thyself, for Thou art everywhere. <sup>3</sup> I find  
 Thee in the depth of night, I read Thy name in every star ; and when the  
 radiant orb of light with gold hath tipped the hills afar, that ray of  
 glory, bright and fair, is but Thy living shadow there. <sup>4</sup> Thine are the silent  
 moon of night, the twilight eve, the dewy morn ; whate'er is beautiful and  
 bright, Thy hand hath fashioned to adorn :—Thy glory walks in every  
 sphere, and all things whisper " God is here !"

10.—HYMN TO THE SEASONS.—*Heber.*

When spring unlocks the flowers, to paint the laughing soil ;  
 When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil ;  
 When winter binds, in frosty chains, the fallow and the flood,—  
 In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns its Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade ;  
 The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy glade ;  
 The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,  
 The moon, and stars,—their Maker's name in silent pomp display

Shall Man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,—  
 Shall Man alone, unthankful, his little praise deny ?  
 No,—let the year forsake its course, the seasons cease to be,  
 Thee, Master, must we always love, and, Saviour, honour Thee !

The flowers of spring may wither,—the hope of summer fade,—  
 The autumn droop in winter,—the birds forsake the shade,—  
 The winds be lulled,—the sun and moon forget their old decree ;—  
 But we, in Nature's latest hour, O Lord ! will cling to thee.

11.—THE GOODNESS OF PROVIDENCE.—*Addison.*

<sup>1</sup>The Lord my pasture shall prepare, and feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, and guard me with a watchful eye; my noon-day walks He shall attend, and all my midnight hours defend. <sup>2</sup>When in the sultry glebe I faint, or on the thirsty mountains pant, to fertile vales and dewy meads my weary wandering steps He leads; where peaceful rivers, soft and slow, amid the verdant landscape flow. <sup>3</sup>Though in the paths of death I tread, with gloomy horrors overspread, my steadfast heart shall fear no ill; for Thou, O Lord, art with me still: Thy friendly crook shall give me aid, and guide me through the dreadful shade. <sup>4</sup>Though in a bare and rugged way, through devious lonely wilds I stray, Thy bounty shall my pains beguile; the barren wilderness shall smile—with sudden greens and herbage crown'd, and streams shall murmur all around.

12.—“AS THY DAYS SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE.”—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

<sup>1</sup>When adverse winds and waves arise, and in my heart despondence sighs; when life her throng of care reveals, and weakness o'er my spirit steals; grateful I hear the kind decree, that “As my day, my strength shall be.” <sup>2</sup>When with sad footstep Memory roves 'mid smitten joys and buried loves; when Sleep my tearful pillow flies, and dewy Morning drinks my sighs; still to thy promise, Lord, I flee, that, “As my day, my strength shall be.” <sup>3</sup>One trial more must yet be pass'd,—one pang, the keenest, and the last! and when, with brow convulsed and pale, my feeble, quivering heart-strings fail, Redeemer, grant my soul to see, that “As her day, her strength shall be.”

13.—CHRISTIAN LIGHT AND HOPE.—*Bowring.*

<sup>1</sup>If all our hopes and all our fears were prisoned in life's narrow bound; if, travellers through this vale of tears, we saw no better world beyond; oh, what could check the rising sigh? what earthly thing could pleasure give? oh, who would venture then to die? oh, who could then endure to live? <sup>2</sup>Were Life a dark and desert moor, where mists and clouds eternal spread their gloomy veil behind, before, and tempests thunder over-head; where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom, and not a flowret smiles beneath; who could exist in such a tomb? who dwell in darkness and in death? <sup>3</sup>And such were Life, without the ray from our divine Religion given; 'tis this that makes our darkness day; 'tis this that makes our earth a heaven. Bright is the golden sun above, and beautiful the flowers that bloom · and all is joy, and all is love, reflected from a world to come.

14.—TEACHING FROM THE STARS.—*Jane Taylor.*

<sup>1</sup> Stars, that on your wondrous way travel through the evening sky, is there nothing you can say to such a little child as I? Tell me, for I long to know, who has made you sparkle so? <sup>2</sup> Yes, methinks I hear you say, "Child of mortal race, attend; while we run our wondrous way, listen; we would be your friend; teaching you that Name Divine, by whose mighty word we shine." <sup>3</sup> Child, as truly as we roll through the dark and distant sky, you have an immortal soul; born to live, when we shall die! Suns and planets pass away; spirits never can decay. <sup>4</sup> When some thousand years at most, all their little time have spent, one by one our sparkling host shall forsake the firmament. We shall from our glory fall; you must live beyond us all. <sup>5</sup> Yes; and God, who bade us roll,—God, who hung us in the sky,—stoops to watch an infant's soul with a condescending eye; and esteems it dearer far, more in value, than a star! <sup>6</sup> Oh, then, while your breath is given, let it rise in fervent prayer; and beseech the God of heaven to receive your spirit there;—like a living star, to blaze ever to your Saviour's praise!"

15.—DIFFERENCE OF COLOUR.—*Anon.*

God gave to Afric's sons a brow of sable dye,  
And spread the country for their birth beneath a burning sky:  
And with a cheek of olive, made the little Hindoo child;  
And darkly stained the forest tribes that roam the western wild.

To me he gave a form of fairer, whiter clay;  
But am I, therefore, in His sight respected more than they?  
No,—'tis the hue of deeds and thoughts He traces in His book;  
'Tis the complexion of the heart on which He deigns to look.

Not by the tinted cheek that fades away so fast,  
But by the colour of the soul we shall be tried at last;  
And God, the Judge, will look at me with anger in His eyes,  
If I my brother's darker brow should ever dare despise.

16.—MOTHER, WHAT IS DEATH.—*Gilman.*

"Mother, how still the baby lies! I cannot hear his breath;  
I cannot see his laughing eyes;—they tell me this is death.  
My little work I thought to bring, and sat down by his bed,  
And pleasantly I tried to sing;—they hushed me—he is dead!  
They say that he again will rise, more beautiful than now;  
That God will bless him in the skies—oh, mother tell me how!"

"Daughter, do you remember, dear, the cold, dark thing you brought,  
And laid upon the casement here—a withered worm, you thought?  
I told you, that Almighty power could break that withered shell,  
And show you, in a future hour, something would please you well.  
Look at the chrysalis, my love,—an empty shell it lies;  
Now raise your wondering glance above, to where yon insect flies!"

"Oh, yes, mamma! how very gay its wings of starry gold!  
And see! it lightly flies away beyond my gentle hold.  
Oh, mother, now I now full well, if God that worm can change,  
And draw it from this broken cell on golden wings to range;  
How beautiful will brother be, when God shall give *him* wings,  
Above this dying world to flee, and live with heavenly things!"

17.—THE SPIRIT IS EVERYWHERE.—*Anon.*

In our dreams of heaven, whate'er they be,  
Of golden vista or moonlight sea,  
Where the stars are borne on fiery wings,  
And space with celestial cadence rings;  
In the earnest breathings of nightly prayer,  
The Spirit of God is there, is there!

In the coral reefs of the wild South Sea,—  
In the small green leaves of the amber tree,—  
Where the journeying air to the wind-flower sighs  
Of unfading bloom in Paradise;—  
Where gems are sparkling in beauty rare;—  
The Spirit of God is there, is there!

As the dew that falls on the twilight bough,  
We know not where, and we know not how;  
As cherished tones round the heart which play,  
Of one belov'd in our life's sweet May;  
As viewless music in viewless air,—  
The Spirit of God is everywhere!

18.—THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

"Oh! call my brother back to me! I cannot play alone.  
The summer comes with flower and bee; where is my brother gone?  
The butterfly is glancing bright across the sunbeam's track;  
I care not now to chase its flight—oh! call my brother back."



"He would not hear thy voice, fair child; he may not come to thee!  
The face that once like spring-time smiled, on earth no more thou'lt see.  
A rose's brief bright life of joy, such unto him was given:  
Go, thou must play alone, my boy; thy brother is in heaven."

"And has he left his birds and flowers? and must I call in vain?  
And through the long, long summer hours, will he not come again?  
And by the brook and in the glade are all our wanderings o'er? . . .  
Oh! while my brother with me played, would I had loved him more!"

19.—SONG OF THE STARS.—*Bryant.*

When the radiant morn of creation broke,  
And the world in the smile of God awoke,  
And the empty realms of Darkness and Death  
Were moved through their depths by His mighty breath;  
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,  
From the void abyss by myriads came;  
In the joy of youth, as they darted away,  
Through the widening wastes of space to play,  
Their silver voices in chorus rung,  
And this was the song the Bright Ones sung:

"Away, away, through the wide, wide sky—  
The fair blue fields that before us lie:  
Each sun with the worlds that round us roll,  
Each planet poised on her turning pole,  
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,  
And her waters that lie like fluid light.  
For the Source of Glory uncovers His face,  
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space;  
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides,  
In our ruddy air, and our blooming sides;  
Lo, yonder the Living Splendours play!  
Away! on our joyous path, away!"

20.—HARVEST HYMN.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

<sup>1</sup> Now Autumn strews, on every plain, his mellow fruits and fertile grain;  
and laughing Plenty, crowned with sheaves, with purple grapes and spreading  
leaves, in rich profusion pours around her flowing treasures on the ground.  
Oh! mark the great, the liberal Hand, that scatters blessings o'er the  
land; and, to the God of Nature, raise the grateful song, the Hymn of

Praise. <sup>2</sup>The infant corn, in vernal hours, He nurtured with His gentle showers ; and bade the summer clouds diffuse their balmy store of genial dews. He marked the tender stem arise, till ripened by the glowing skies ; and now, matured, his work behold !—the cheering harvest waves in gold. To Nature's God with joy we raise the grateful song, the Hymn of Praise. <sup>3</sup>The valleys echo to the strains of blooming maids and village swains ;—to Him they tune the lay sincere, whose bounty crowns the smiling year. The sounds from every woodland borne, the sighing winds that bend the corn, the yellow fields around, proclaim His mighty, everlasting name. To Nature's God, united raise the grateful song, the Hymn of Praise.

21.—THE DEATH-BED.—*T. Hood.*

We watch'd her breathing through the night—her breathing soft and low ;  
As in her breast the wave of life kept heaving to and fro.  
So silently we seem'd to speak, so slowly moved about,  
As we had lent her half our powers to eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears, our fears our hopes belied—  
We thought her dying—when she slept, and sleeping—when she died !  
For when the Morn came dim and sad, and chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed ;—she had another Morn than ours !

22.—HEAR OUR SOLEMN LITANY.—*Grant.*

<sup>1</sup> Saviour ! when in dust to Thee low we bow the adoring knee ; when, repentant, to the skies scarce we lift our streaming eyes ; O ! by all the pains and woe, suffered once for man below, bending from Thy throne on high—hear our solemn litany ! <sup>2</sup> By Thy helpless infant years, by Thy life of wants and tears, by Thy days of sore distress in the savage wilderness ; by the dread permitted hour of the insulting Tempter's power ; turn, O, turn a pitying eye—hear our solemn litany ! <sup>3</sup> By the sacred grief that wept o'er the grave where Lazarus slept ; by the boding tears that flowed over Salem's loved abode ; by the anguished words that told treachery lurked within Thy fold ; from Thy seat above the sky—hear our solemn litany ! <sup>4</sup> By Thine hour of dire despair, by Thine agony of prayer, by the cross, the nail, the thorn ; piercing spear, and torturing scorn ; by the gloom that veiled the skies o'er that dreadful sacrifice, listen to our humble cry—hear our solemn litany ! <sup>5</sup> By the deep expiring groan, by the sad sepulchral stone, by the vault whose dark abode held in vain the rising God ; O ! from earth to heaven restored, mighty re-ascended Lord, listen, listen to our cry—hear our solemn litany !

22.—A DIRGE.—*Croly.*

<sup>1</sup> "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!" Here the evil and the just, here the youthful and the old, here the fearful and the bold, here the matron and the maid, in one silent bed are laid; here the vassal and the king, side by side, lie withering; here the sword and sceptre rust:—"earth to earth, and dust to dust!" <sup>2</sup> Age on age shall roll along, o'er this pale and mighty throng; those that wept them, those that weep, all shall with these sleepers sleep; brothers, sisters of the worm! summer's sun, or winter's storm, song of peace, or battle's roar, ne'er shall break their slumbers more; Death shall keep his sullen trust:—"earth to earth, and dust to dust!" <sup>3</sup> But a day is coming fast,—Earth, thy mightiest and thy last! it shall come in fear and wonder, heralded by trump and thunder: it shall come in strife and toil; it shall come in blood and spoil; it shall come in empires' groans, burning temples, trampled thrones: then, Ambition, rue thy lust:—"earth to earth, and dust to dust!" <sup>4</sup> Then shall come the Judgment sign; in the east, the King shall shine; flashing from heaven's golden gate, thousand-thousands round his state, spirits with the crown and plume; tremble then, thou solemn tomb! Heaven shall open on our sight; Earth be turned to living light, kingdom of the ransomed just! "earth to earth, and dust to dust!" <sup>5</sup> Then thy mount, Jerusalem, shall be gorgeous as a gem: then shall in the desert rise fruits of more than paradise; earth by angel feet be trod, one great garden of her God! till are dried the martyrs' tears through a thousand glorious years:—now in hope of Him we trust "earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

24.—TIME AND ETERNITY.—*Bonar.*

<sup>1</sup> It is not Time that flies—'tis we, 'tis we are flying; it is not Life that dies—'tis we, 'tis we are dying. Time and eternity are one, time is eternity begun; life changes, yet without decay—'tis we alone who pass away. <sup>2</sup> It is not truth that flies—'tis we, 'tis we are flying; it is not Faith that dies—'tis we, 'tis we are dying. Oh! ever-during Faith and Truth, whose youth is age, whose age is youth: twin stars of immortality, ye cannot perish from our sky. <sup>3</sup> It is not Hope that flies—'tis we, 'tis we are flying; it is not Love that dies—'tis we, 'tis we are dying! Twin streams that have in heaven your birth, ye glide in gentle joy through earth; we fade, like flowers beside you sown; ye are still flowing, flowing on! <sup>4</sup> Yet we but die to live! it is from death we're flying; for ever lives our life—for us there is no dying. We die but as the spring-bud dies, in summer's golden glow to rise: these be our days of April bloom—our July is beyond the tomb!

25.—THE CROSS OF CHRIST.—*Sir Henry Wotton.*

Rise, O my soul, with thy desires, to heaven,  
 And with divinest contemplation use  
 Thy time, where time's eternity is given,  
 And let *vain* thoughts no more thy thoughts abuse ;  
 But down in midnight darkness let them lie :—  
 So live thy better, let thy worse thoughts 'die.

And still, my soul, inspired with holy flame,  
 View and re-view, with most regardful eye,  
 That holy Cross, whence thy salvation came,  
 On which thy Saviour and thy sin did die ;  
 For in that sacred object is much pleasure,  
 And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

To Thee, O Jesu ! I direct mine eyes,  
 To Thee my hands, to Thee my humble knees ;  
 To Thee my heart shall offer sacrifice,  
 To Thee my thoughts, who my thoughts even sees ;  
 To Thee myself—myself and all, I give ;  
 To Thee I die, to Thee I only live.

26.—THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.—*Heber.*

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee.  
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;  
 Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,  
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,  
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side ;  
 But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,  
 And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave, and, its mansion forsaking,  
 Perhaps thy tried spirit in fear lingered long ;  
 But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,  
 And the sound which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,  
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide ;  
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,  
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour hath died.

27.—MEDITATION AND PRAYER.—*Herrick.*

<sup>1</sup> I'll hope no more for things that will not come ; and if they do, they prove but cumbersome : wealth brings much woe ; and since it fortunes so, 'tis better to be poor than so to abound, as to be drown'd or overwhelm'd with store. <sup>2</sup> Pale Care, avaunt ! I'll learn to be content with that small stock God's bounty gave or lent. What may conduce to my most healthful use, Almighty God ! me grant ; but that, or this, that hurtful is, deny Thy suppliant.

28.—GOD'S OMNIPRESENCE.—*Taylor.*

<sup>1</sup> Among the deepest shades of night, can there be one who sees my way ? Yes ; God is like a shining light, that turns the darkness into day. <sup>2</sup> When every eye around me sleeps, may I not sin without control ? No ; for a constant watch He keeps on every thought of every soul. <sup>3</sup> If I could find some cave unknown, where human feet had never trod, yet there I could not be alone ; on every side there would be God. <sup>4</sup> He smiles in heaven ; He frowns in hell ; He fills the air, the earth, the sea ; I must within His presence dwell ; I cannot from His anger flee. <sup>5</sup> Yet I may flee—He shows me where : to JESUS CHRIST He bids me fly ; and while I seek for pardon there, there's only mercy in His eye !

29.—AFFLICTION.—*Grant.*

<sup>1</sup> When gathering clouds around I view, and days are dark, and friends are few ; on Him I lean, who, not in vain, experienced every human pain. He sees my griefs, allays my fears, and counts and treasures up my tears. <sup>2</sup> If aught should tempt my soul to stray from heavenly wisdom's narrow way, to fly the good I would pursue, or do the thing I should not do ; still He, who felt temptation's power, shall guard me in that dangerous hour. <sup>3</sup> If wounded love my bosom swell, despised by those I prized too well ; He shall his pitying aid bestow, who felt on earth severer woe ; at once betrayed, denied, or fled, by those who shared his daily bread. <sup>4</sup> When vexing thoughts within me rise, and, sore dismayed, my spirit dies ; yet He who once vouchsafed to bear the sickening anguish of despair, shall sweetly soothe—shall gently dry the throbbing heart, the streaming eye. <sup>5</sup> When, mourning, o'er some stone I bend, which covers all that was a friend, and from his voice, his hand, his smile, divides me for a little while, Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed—for Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead. <sup>6</sup> And O ! when I have safely passed through every conflict but the last ; still, still unchanging, watch beside my painful bed—for Thou hast died ! Then point to realms of cloudless day, and wipe the latest tears away.

80.—EVENING SONG.—*Thomas Miller.*

<sup>1</sup> How many days with mute adieu have gone down yon untrodden sky ! and still it looks as clear and blue as when it first was hung on high. The rolling sun, the frowning cloud that drew the lightning in its rear, the thunder tramping deep and loud, have left no foot-mark there. <sup>2</sup> The village-bells, with silver chime, come soften'd by the distant shore ; though I have heard them many a time, they never rung so sweet before. A silence rests upon the hill, a listening awe pervades the air ; the very flowers are shut and still, and bow'd as if in prayer. <sup>3</sup> And in this hush'd and breathless close, o'er earth and air and sky and sea, a still low voice in silence goes, which speaks alone, great God, of Thee. The whispering leaves, the far-off brook, the linnet's warble fainter grown, the hive-bound bee, the building rook,—all these their Maker own. <sup>4</sup> Now Nature sinks in soft repose, a living semblance of the grave ; the dew steals noiseless on the rose, the boughs have almost ceased to wave ; the silent sky, the sleeping earth, tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod—all tell from whom they had their birth, and cry, " Behold a God ! "

81.—THE WORLD AND RELIGION RECONCILED.—*Keble.*

Ye hermits blest, ye holy maids,  
 The nearest heaven on earth,  
 Who talk with God in shadowy glades,  
 Free from rude care and mirth ;  
 To whom some viewless teacher brings  
 The secret lore of rural things,  
 The moral of each fleeting cloud and gale,  
 The whispers from above, that haunt the twilight vale :  
 Say, when in pity ye have gazed  
 On the wreathed smoke afar,  
 That o'er some town, like mist upraised,  
 Hung hiding sun and star ;  
 Then as ye turned your weary eye  
 To the green earth and open sky,  
 Were ye not fain to doubt how Faith could dwell  
 Amid that dreary glare in this world's citadel ?  
 But Love's a flower that will not die  
 For lack of leafy screen ;  
 And Christian Hope can cheer the eye  
 That ne'er saw vernal green :

Then be ye sure that Love can bless  
 Even in this crowded loneliness,  
 Where ever-moving myriads seem to say,  
 "Go!—thou art nought to us, nor we to thee:—away!"  
 There are, in this loud stunning tide  
 Of human care and crime,  
 With whom the melodies abide  
 Of the everlasting chime;  
 Who carry music in their heart  
 Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,  
 Plying their daily task with busier feet—  
 Because their secret souls God's holy strains repeat.  
 His gracious word sheds Gospel light  
 On Mammon's gloomiest cells;  
 As on some city's cheerless night  
 The tide of sunrise swells,  
 Till tower, and dome, and bridge-way proud  
 Are mantled with a golden cloud,  
 And to wise hearts this certain hope is given;  
 "No mist that man may raise, shall hide the eye, of Heaven."  
 And oh! if even on Babel shine  
 Such gleams of Paradise,  
 Should not their peace be peace divine  
 Who day by day arise  
 To look on clearer heavens, and scan  
 The work of God untouched by man?...  
 Shame on us, who about us Babel bear,  
 And live in Paradise, as if God was not there!

32.—ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW.—*Campbell.*

<sup>1</sup> On Horeb's rock Elijah stood—the Lord before him passed; a hurricane in angry mood swept by him strong and fast; the forest fell before its force, the rocks were shivered in its course: God was not in the *blast*; announcing danger, wreck, and death, 'twas but the whirlwind of His breath. <sup>2</sup> It ceased. The air grew mute—a cloud came muffing up the sun; when, through the mountain, deep and loud an earthquake thundered on;—the frightened eagle sprang in air, the wolf ran howling from his lair: God was not in the *storm*; 'twas but the rolling of His car, the trampling of His steeds from far. <sup>3</sup> 'Twas still again, and Nature stood

and calmed her ruffled frame : when swift from heaven a fiery flood to earth devouring came : down to the depth the ocean fled ; the sickening sun looked wan and dead ; yet God filled not the *flame*,—'twas but the terror of His eye that lightened through the troubled sky. <sup>4</sup> At last a Voice all still and small rose sweetly on the ear ; yet rose so shrill and clear, that all in heaven and earth might hear : it spoke of peace, it spoke of love, it spoke as angels speak above,—and God Himself was there ; for oh ! it was a Father's voice, that bade the trembling world rejoice !

### 33.—JACOB'S PRAYER.—*Doddridge.*

O God of Bethel ! by whose hand Thy people still are fed ;  
Who, through this weary pilgrimage, hast all our fathers led :  
Our vows, our prayers, we now present before Thy throne of grace .  
God of our fathers ! be the God of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life our wand'ring footsteps guide ;  
Give us each day our daily bread, and raiment fit provide.  
O, spread Thy covering wings around, till all our wand'rings cease,  
And, at our Father's loved abode, our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand our humble prayers implore ,  
And Thou shalt be our chosen God and Portion evermore.

### 34.—SUNDAY.—*Herbert.*

<sup>1</sup> O day most calm, most bright ! the fruit of this, the next world's bud,  
the indorsement of supreme delight, writ by a Friend, and with His blood ;  
the couch of time, care's balm and bay ; the week were dark but for thy  
light :—thy torch doth show the way. <sup>2</sup> The other days and thou make  
up one man ; whose face thou art, knocking at heav'n with thy brow : the  
worky-days are the back-part ; the burthen of the week lies there, making  
the whole to stoop and bow—till thy release appear <sup>3</sup> Man had straight  
forward 'gone to endless death : but thou dost pull and turn us round to  
look on One, whom, if we were not very dull, we could not choose but look  
on still ; since there is no place so lone, the which He doth not fill.  
<sup>4</sup> Sundays the pillars are, on which Heaven's Palace archèd lies : the other  
days fill up the spare and hollow room with vanities. They are the fruit-  
ful bed and borders in God's rich garden : that is bare, which parts their  
ranks and orders. <sup>5</sup> The Sundays of Man's life, threaded together on  
Time's string, make bracelets to adorn the wife of the eternal glorious King.  
On Sunday Heaven's gate stands ope , blessings are plentiful and rife,  
more plentiful than hope.



35.—ALL SAINTS' DAY.—*Keble.*

Why blow'st thou not, thou wintry wind,  
 Now every leaf is brown and sere,  
 And idly droops, to thee resigned,  
 The fading chaplet of the year ?  
 Yet wears the pure aerial sky  
 Her summer veil, half drawn on high,  
 Of silvery haze ; and dark and still  
 The shadows sleep on every slanting hill.

How quiet shows the woodland scene !  
 Each flower and tree, its duty done,  
 Reposing in decay serene,  
 Like weary men when age is won :  
 Such calm old age as conscience pure  
 And self-commanding hearts ensure,  
 Waiting their summons to the sky,  
 Content to live, but not afraid to die !

36.—JACOB'S LAMENTATION.—*Watts.*

Naked as from the earth we came, and entered life at first,  
 Naked we to the earth return, and mix with kindred dust.  
 Whate'er we fondly call our own belongs to heaven's great Lord ;  
 The blessings lent us for a day are soon to be restored.

'Tis God that lifts our comforts high, or sinks them in the grave ;  
 He gives ; and when He takes away, He takes but what He gave.  
 Then ever blessèd be His name ! His goodness swelled our store ;  
 His justice but resumes its own : 'tis ours still to adore !

37.—THE EXCELLENCE OF WISDOM.—*Logan.*

O happy is the man who hears Instruction's warning voice ;  
 And who celestial Wisdom makes his early, only choice.  
 For she has treasures greater far than East or West unfold ;  
 And her rewards more precious are than all their stores of gold.

In her right hand, she holds to view a length of happy days ;  
 Riches, with splendid honours joined, are what her left displays.  
 She guides the young, with innocence, in pleasure's paths to tread,  
 A crown of glory she bestows upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise, so her rewards increase ;  
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

38.—GOD MY REFUGE.—*Davidson.*

Hear, O Lord and God! my cries; mark my foes' unjust abusing;  
 And illuminate mine eyes, heavenly beams in them infusing;  
 Lest my woes, too great to bear, and too infinite in number,  
 Rock me soon, 'twixt hope and fear, into death's eternal slumber.

Lest my foes their boasting make, "spite of right on him we trample;"  
 And a pride in mischief take, hearten'd by my sad example.  
 As for me, I'll ride secure at Thy mercy's sacred anchor,  
 And undaunted will endure fiercest storms of wrong and rancour.

These black clouds will overblow, sunshine shall have his returning,  
 And my grief-wrung heart, I know, into mirth shall change his mourning.  
 Therefore I'll rejoice, and sing hymns to God in sacred measure,  
 Who to happy pass will bring my just hopes, at His good pleasure.

39.—PREPARATION FOR DEATH.—*Watts.*

<sup>1</sup> As long as life its term extends, hope's blest dominion never ends;  
 for while the lamp holds-on to burn, the greatest sinner may return.  
<sup>2</sup> Life is the season God hath given to fly from hell, and rise to heaven;  
 that day of grace fleets fast away, and none its rapid course can stay.  
<sup>3</sup> The living know that they must die, but all the dead forgotten lie: their  
 memory and their name is gone, alike unknowing and unknown. <sup>4</sup> Their  
 hatred and their love is lost, their envy buried in the dust; they have no  
 share in all that's done beneath the circuit of the sun. <sup>5</sup> Then, what thy  
 thoughts design to do, still let thy hands with might pursue; since no  
 device nor work is found, nor wisdom, underneath the ground. <sup>6</sup> In the  
 cold grave to which we haste, there are no acts of pardon pass'd; but fixed  
 the doom of all remains, and everlasting silence reigns.

40.—PIETY IN YOUTH.—*Blacklock.*

In life's gay morn, when sprightly youth with vital ardour glows,  
 And shines in all the fairest charms which beauty can disclose;  
 Deep on thy soul—before its powers are yet by vice enslaved—  
 Be thy Creator's glorious name and character engraved:

For soon the shades of grief shall cloud the sunshine of thy days;  
 And cares and toils, in endless round, encompass all thy ways.  
 Soon shall thy heart the woes of age in mournful groans deplore,  
 And sadly muse on former joys, that now return no more.

41.—THE PRODIGAL SON.—*Watts.*

The wretched Prodigal behold, in misery lying low,  
Whom vice had sunk from high estate, and plung'd in want and woe.  
"While I, despis'd and scorn'd," he cries, "starve in a foreign land,  
The meanest in my father's house is fed with bounteous hand:  
I'll go, and, with a mourning voice, fall down before his face:  
'Father! I've sinned 'gainst Heav'n and thee, nor can deserve thy grace.'"

He said, and hasten'd to his home, to seek his father's love:  
The father sees him from afar, and all his bowels move.  
He ran, and fell upon his neck, embrac'd and kiss'd his son;  
The grieving Prodigal bewailed the follies he had done.  
"No more, my father, can I hope to find paternal grace;  
My utmost wish is, to obtain a servant's humble place."

"Bring forth the fairest robe for him," the joyful father said;  
"To him each mark of grace be shown, and every honour paid.  
A day of feasting I ordain; let mirth and song abound;  
My son was dead, and lives again, was lost, and now is found!"  
—Thus joy abounds in Paradise among the hosts of heaven,  
Soon as the sinner quits his sins, repents, and is forgiven.

42.—THE CREATION.—*Adison.*

<sup>1</sup> The spacious firmament on high, with all the blue ethereal sky, and spangled heavens, a shining frame, their great Original proclaim. The unwearied Sun, from day to day does his Creator's power display, and publishes to every land the work of an Almighty hand. <sup>2</sup> Soon as the evening shades prevail, the Moon takes up the wondrous tale, and, nightly, to the listening Earth repeats the story of her birth; while all the Stars that round her burn, and all the Planets in their turn, confirm the tidings as they roll, and spread the truth from pole to pole. <sup>3</sup> What though in solemn silence all move round this dark terrestrial ball? What though no real voice nor sound, amid their radiant orbs be found? in Reason's ear they all rejoice, and utter forth a glorious voice, for ever singing as they shine, "The hand that made us is divine."

3.—RESIGNATION IN DEATH.—*Logan.*

<sup>1</sup> The hour of my departure's come; I hear the voice that calls me home; at last, O Lord! let trouble cease, and let thy servant die in peace. The race appointed I have run, the combat's o'er, the prize is won; and now my witness is on high, and now my record's in the sky. <sup>2</sup> Not in mine

innocence I trust; I bow before Thee in the dust; and through my Saviour's blood alone, I look for mercy at Thy throne. I leave the world without a tear, say for the friends I held so dear:—to heal their sorrows, Lord, descend, and to the friendless prove a friend. <sup>3</sup> I come! I come at Thy command; I give my spirit to thy hand; stretch forth Thine everlasting arms, and shield me in the last alarms. The hour of my departure's come, I hear the voice that calls me home; now, O my God! let trouble cease; now let Thy servant die in peace!

44.—THE BETTER LAND.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

<sup>1</sup> "I hear thee speak of the Better Land; thou call'st its children a happy band; mother! oh, where is that radiant shore? shall we not seek it, and weep no more? Is it where the flower of the orange blows, and the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"—"Not there, not there, my child!" <sup>2</sup> "Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise, and the date grows ripe under sunny skies? or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas, where fragrant forests perfume the breeze; and strange bright birds, on their starry wings, bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"—"Not there, not there, my child!" <sup>3</sup> "Is it far away, in some region old, where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold, where the burning rays of the ruby shine, and the diamond lights up the secret mine, and the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand? Is it there, sweet mother, that Better Land?"—"Not there, not there, my child!" <sup>4</sup> Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy! ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy; dreams cannot picture a world so fair,—Sorrow and Death may not enter there; Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom; for, beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb—it is there, it is there, my child!"

45.—THE BUILDERS.—*Longfellow.*

All are architects of fate working in these walls of time;  
Some with massive deeds and great, some with ornaments of rhyme.  
Nothing useless is or low, each thing in its place is best;  
And what seems but idle show strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise, time is with materials filled;  
Our To-days and Yesterdays are the blocks with which we build.  
Truly shape and fashion these—leave no yawning gaps between:  
Think not because no man sees, such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art, builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part; for the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well, both the unseen and the seen ;  
 Make the house, where Gods may dwell, beautiful, entire, and clean.  
 Else our lives are incomplete, standing in these walls of Time—  
 Broken stairways, where the feet stumble as they seek to climb.

Build To-day, then, strong and sure, with a firm and ample base,  
 And ascending and secure shall To-morrow find its place.  
 Thus alone can we attain to those turrets, where the eye  
 Sees the world as one vast plain, and one boundless reach of sky.

46.—THE NEW EDEN.—*Whittier.*

One morning of the first sad Fall, poor Adam and his bride  
 Sat in the shade of Eden's wall—but on the outer side.  
 They heard the air above them fanned—a light step on the sward !  
 And, lo ! they saw before them stand the Angel of the Lord.  
 Behind them, smiling in the morn their forfeit Garden lay ;  
 Before them, wild with rock and thorn, the Desert stretched away.  
 She—blushing in her fig-leaf suit for the chaste garb of old ;  
 He—sighing o'er his bitter fruit for Eden's drupes of gold.  
 " Arise ! " he said, " why look behind when hope is all before,  
 And patient hand and willing mind your loss may yet restore ?  
 I leave with you a spell whose power can make the desert glad,  
 And call around you fruit and flower as fair as Eden had.  
 I clothe your hands with power to lift the curse from off your soil ;  
 Your very doom shall seem a gift, your loss a gain—through Toil.  
 Go, cheerful as yon humming-bees, to labour as to play."  
 Then, gleaming over Eden's trees, the Angel passed away.  
 The pilgrims of the world went forth, obedient to the word,  
 And found, where'er they tilled, the Earth a garden of the Lord !  
 Once more, oh ! white-winged Angel, stand, where man still pines  
 and grieves,  
 And lead, through toil, to Eden land, new Adams and new Eves !

47.—THE STARS.—*B. Cornwall.*

<sup>1</sup> The stars glide on their endless way, for ever calm, for ever bright ;  
 no blind hurry, no delay, mark the daughters of the Night : they follow in  
 the track of Day, in divine delight. <sup>2</sup> Shine on, sweet orbèd Souls, for aye,  
 for ever calm, for ever bright : we ask not whither lies your way, nor  
 whence ye came, nor what your light. Be still a dream throughout the  
 day,—a blessing through the night !

## PART SECOND.

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### MISCELLANEOUS POETRY

FOR

### SENIOR PUPILS.

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1.—LUCY GRAY.—*Wordsworth.*

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray : and, when I crossed the wild,  
I chanced to see at break of day the solitary child.  
No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ; she dwelt on a wide moor—  
The sweetest thing that ever grew beside a human door !  
You yet may spy the fawn at play, the hare upon the green ;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night—you to the town must go ;  
And take a lantern, child, to light your mother through the snow.”  
“That, Father, will I gladly do ! ’tis scarcely after noon—  
The minster-clock has just struck two, and yonder is the moon !”  
At this the Father raised his hook, and snapped a faggot-band ;  
He plied his work ; and Lucy took the lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :—with many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powdery snow, that rises up like smoke.  
The storm came on before its time : she wandered up and down ;  
And many a hill did Lucy climb,...but never reached the town !

The wretched parents all that night went shouting far and wide ;  
But there was neither sound nor sight to serve them for a guide.  
At day-break on a hill they stood that overlooked the moor :  
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,—a furlong from the door.  
They wept, and, turning homeward, cried, “In heaven we all shall meet !”  
When in the snow the mother spied the print of Lucy’s feet.  
Then downward from the steep hill’s edge they tracked the footmarks small ;  
And through the broken hawthorn hedge, and by the long stone wall ;

And then an open field they crossed ; the marks were still the same ;  
They tracked them on, nor ever lost, and to the bridge they came.  
They followed from the snowy bank those footmarks, one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank ; and farther there were none !

Yet some maintain ~~that to this day~~ she is a living child—  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray upon the lonesome wild.  
O'er rough and smooth she trips along, and never looks behind ;  
And sings a solitary song that whistles in the wind.

## 2.—THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.—*Dobell*

<sup>1</sup> Ho, sailor of the sea ! How's my boy—my boy ? “ What's your boy's name, good wife, and in what good ship sail'd he ? ” <sup>2</sup> My boy, John—he that went to sea ; what care I for the ship, sailor ? my boy's my boy to me. <sup>3</sup> You come back from sea and not know my John ? I might as well have asked some landsman, yonder down in the town. There's not an ass in all the parish but he knows my John. <sup>4</sup> How's my boy—my boy ? and unless you let me know, I'll swear you are no sailor,—blue jacket or no,—brass button or no, sailor,—anchor and crown or no ! Sure his ship was the *Jolly Briton*——“ Speak low, woman, speak low ! ” <sup>5</sup> And why should I speak low, sailor, about my own boy, John ? If I was loud as I am proud, I'd sing him over the town ! Why should I speak low, sailor ?——“ That good ship went down. ” <sup>6</sup> How's my boy—my boy ? What care I for the ship, sailor ? I never was aboard her. Be she afloat, or be she aground, sinking or swimming, I'll be bound her owners can afford her ! I say, how's my John ?——“ Every man on board went down, every man aboard her. ” <sup>7</sup> How's my boy—my boy ? What care I for the men, sailor ? I'm not their mother—how's my boy—my boy ? tell me of him and no other ! how's my boy—my boy ?

## 3.—THE MILKMAID.—*Lloyd*

Once on a time a rustic dame (no matter for the lady's name), wrapt up in deep imagination, indulg'd her pleasing contemplation ; while on a bench she took her seat, and plac'd the milk-pail at her feet. Oft in her hand she chink'd the pence—the profits which arose from thence ; while fond ideas fill'd her brain of layings up, and monstrous gain, till every penny which she told, creative fancy turn'd to gold ; and reasoning thus from computation, she spoke aloud her meditation :——“ Please heaven but to preserve my health, no doubt I shall have store of wealth : it must of consequence ensue I shall have store of lovers too. O, how I'll break

their stubborn hearts with all the pride of female arts! What suitors then will kneel before me! Lords, Earls, and Viscounts shall adore me. When in my gilded coach I ride,—“my lady!” at his Lordship’s side,—how will I laugh at all I meet clattering in pattens down the street! and Lobbin then I’ll mind no more, howe’er I lov’d him heretofore; or, if he talks of plighted truth, I will not hear the simple youth, but rise indignant from my seat, and spurn the lubber from my feet.” Action, alas!—the speaker’s grace,—ne’er came in more improper place; for in the tossing forth her shoe, what fancied bliss the maid o’erthrew! while down at once, with hideous fall, came lovers—wealth—and milk—and all!

#### 4.—SONG OF THE BROOK.—*Tennyson.*

I come from haunts of coot and hern, I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern, to bicker down a valley.  
By thirty hills I hurry down, or slip between the ridges;  
By twenty thorps—a little town—and half a hundred bridges.  
Till last through woody dale I flow, to join the brimming river;  
For men may come, and men may go—but I go on for ever!

I chatter over stony ways in little sharps and trebles;  
I bubble into eddying bays, I babble on the pebbles.  
With many a curve my bank I fret by many a field and fallow;  
And many a fairy foreland set with willow-weed and mallow.  
I chatter, chatter, as I flow to join the brimming river;  
For men may come and men may go,—but I go on for ever!

I wind about, and in and out, with here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout, and here and there a grayling,  
And here and there a foamy flake upon me as I travel,  
With many a silvery waterbreak, above the golden gravel;  
And draw them all along, and flow to join the brimming river;  
For men may come, and men may go,—but I go on for ever!

I steal by lawns and grassy plots, I slide by hazel covers;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots that grow for happy lovers.  
I slip, I slide, I loom, I glance, among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance against my sandy shallows.  
I murmur under moon and stars in brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by my shingly bars; I loiter round my cresses;  
And out again I curve and flow to join the brimming river  
For men may come, and men may go,—but I go on for ever!



5.—LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.—*Keats*.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight ! alone and palely loitering ?  
 The sedge is wither'd from the lake, and no birds sing.  
 Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight, so haggard and so woe-begone ?  
 The squirrel's granary is full, and the harvest's done.  
 I see a lily on thy brow, with anguish moist and fever-dew ;  
 And on thy cheek, a fading rose fast withereth too.

" I met a lady in the meads, full beautiful,—a fairy's child ;  
 Her hair was long, her foot was light, and her eyes were wild.  
 I set her on my pacing steed, and nothing else saw all day long ;  
 For sideways would she lean, and sing a fairy song.  
 I made a garland for her head, and bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;  
 She look'd at me as she did love, and made sweet moan.  
 She found me roots of relish sweet, and honey wild and manna dew ;  
 And, sure, in language strange she said, ' I love thee true !'  
 She took me to her elfin grot, and there she gazed and sigh'd deep,  
 And there I shut her wild sad eyes,—so, kissed to sleep !  
 And there we slumber'd on the moss ; and there I dream'd, ah, woe betide,  
 The latest dream I ever dream'd, on the cold hill-side !  
 I saw pale kings, and princes too, pale warriors,—death-pale were they all ;  
 Who cried, ' La belle Dame sans merci hath thee in thrall !'  
 I saw their starved lips in the gloom with horrid warnings gaping wide,—  
 And I woke and found me here, on the cold hill-side !  
 And this is why I sojourn here, alone and palely loitering,  
 Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake, and no birds sing !"

6.—DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.—*Collins*.

<sup>1</sup> To fair Fidele's grassy tomb, soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
 each opening sweet of earliest bloom, and rife all the breathing Spring.  
<sup>2</sup> No wailing ghost shall dare appear to vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;  
 but shepherd lads assemble here, and melting virgins own their love.  
<sup>3</sup> No wither'd witch shall here be seen ; no goblins lead their nightly crew ;  
 but female fays shall haunt the green, and dress thy grave with pearly dew.  
<sup>4</sup> The redbreast oft, at evening hours, shall kindly lend his little aid, with  
 toary moss and gather'd flowers, to deck the ground where thou art laid.  
<sup>5</sup> When howling winds and beating rain in tempests shake the sylvan cell,  
 or 'midst the chase, on every plain—the tender thought on thee shall dwell.  
<sup>6</sup> Each lonely scene shall thee restore ; for thee the tear be duly shed ;  
 belov'd, till life can charm no more,—and mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead !

7.—FROM "THE TRAVELLER."—*Goldsmith.*

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,  
 Or by the lazy Schelde, or wandering Po ;  
 Or onward where the rude Carinthian boor  
 Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;  
 Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,  
 A weary waste expanding to the skies ;  
 Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
 My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee :  
 Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,  
 And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,  
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend :  
 Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire  
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;  
 Blest that abode where want and pain repair,  
 And every stranger finds a ready chair :  
 Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd !  
 Where all the ruddy family around  
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,  
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;  
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,  
 My prime of life in wandering spent, and care ;  
 Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue  
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;  
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;  
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,  
 And find no spot of all the world my own.  
 Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,  
 I sit me down, a pensive hour to spend ;  
 And, plac'd on high, above the storm's career,  
 Look downward where an hundred realms appear :  
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,  
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.  
 When thus creation's charms around combine,  
 Amidst the store should thankless pride repine ?

Say, should the philosophic mind disdain  
 That good which makes each humbler bosom vain ?  
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,  
 These little things are great to little man ;  
 And wiser he whose sympathetic mind  
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.  
 Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd ;  
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round ;  
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale ;  
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale,—  
 For me your tributary stores combine :  
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,  
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;  
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,  
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still ;—  
 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,  
 Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man supplies.  
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,  
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;  
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find  
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd,  
 Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,  
 May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

8.—ELEGY.—*Pope.*

What can atone (O ever injur'd shade !)  
 Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid ?  
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear  
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier ;  
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,  
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,  
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,  
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.  
 What though no friends in sable weeds appear,  
 Grieve for an hour perhaps, then mourn a year,  
 And bear about the mockery of woe  
 To midnight dances, and the public show ?  
 What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,  
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ?

What though no sacred earth allow thee room,  
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?  
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,  
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:  
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,  
 There the first roses of the year shall blow;  
 While angels with their silver wings o'ershade  
 The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,  
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.  
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,  
 To whom related, or by whom begot;  
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee;  
 'Tis all thou art—and all the proud shall be!

### 9.—THE POET.—*Cooper.*

Nature, exerting an unwearied power,  
 Forms, opens, and gives scent to every flower;  
 Spreads the fresh verdure of the field, and leads  
 The dancing Naiads through the dewy meads:  
 She fills profuse ten thousand little throats  
 With music, modulating all their notes;  
 And charms the woodland scenes and wilds unknown,  
 With artless airs and concerts of her own;  
 But seldom (as if fearful of expense)  
 Vouchsafes to man a Poet's just pretence:—  
 Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought,  
 Harmony, strength, words exquisitely sought;  
 Fancy, that from the bow that spans the sky  
 Brings colours, dipped in Heaven, that never die;  
 A soul exalted above earth, a mind  
 Skill'd in the characters that form mankind;  
 And,—as the sun in rising beauty dress'd  
 Looks to the westward from the dappled east,  
 And marks, whatever clouds may interpose,  
 Ere yet his race begins, its glorious goal,—  
 An eye like his to catch the distant goal;  
 Or, ere the wheels of verse begin to roll,  
 Like his to shed illuminating rays  
 On every scene and subject it surveys:

Thus grac'd, the man asserts a Poet's name,  
 And the world cheerfully admits the claim.  
 —Pity Religion has so seldom found  
 A skilful guide into poetic ground !  
 The flowers would spring where'er she deign'd to stray,  
 And every Muse attend her in her way.  
 Virtue, indeed, meets many a rhyming friend,  
 And many a compliment politely penn'd ;  
 But, unattir'd in that becoming vest  
 Religion weaves for her, and half undress'd,  
 Stands in the desert, shivering and forlorn,  
 A wintry figure, like a wither'd thorn.  
 The shelves are full, all other themes are sped ;  
 Hackney'd, and worn to the last flimsy thread,  
 Satire has long since done his best ; and curst  
 And loathsome Ribaldry has done his worst ;  
 Fancy has sported all her powers away,  
 In tales, in trifles, and in children's play ;  
 And 'tis the sad complaint, and almost true,  
 Whate'er we write, we bring forth nothing new.  
 'Twere new indeed to see a bard all fire,  
 Touch'd with a coal from heaven, assume the lyre,  
 And tell the world, still kindling as he sung,  
 With more than mortal music on his tongue,  
 That He who died below, and reigns above,  
 Inspires the song, and that His Name is Love.

10.—TO A LITTLE GIRL.—*Phillips.*

Timely blossom, infant fair, fondling of a happy pair ! every morn and  
 every night their solicitous delight ; sleeping, waking, still at ease ; pleasing,  
 without skill to please ; little gossip, blithe and hale, tattling many a broken  
 tale, singing many a tuneless song, lavish of a heedless tongue : simple  
 maiden, void of art, babbling out the very heart ; yet abandon'd to thy  
 will, yet imagining no ill, yet too innocent to blush ; like the linnet in the  
 bush, to the mother linnet's note moduling her slender throat, chirping  
 forth thy petty joys : wanton in the change of toys ; like the linnet green,  
 in May, flitting to each bloomy spray ; wearied then and glad of rest, like  
 the linnet in the nest : this, thy present happy lot, this in time will be forgot :  
 other pleasures, other cares, ever-busy Time prepares ; and thou shalt in  
 thy daughter see this picture once resembled thee.

11.—BEAUTY AND THE BUTTERFLY—A COMPARISON.—*Byron.*

As rising on its purple wing, the insect-queen of Eastern spring, o'er emerald meadows of Cashmeer invites the young pursuer near, and leads him on from flower to flower a weary chase and wasted hour; then leaves him, as it soars on high, with panting heart and tearful eye;—so Beauty lures the full-grown child, with hue as bright, and wing as wild: a chase of idle hopes and fears, begun in folly—closed in tears! If won, to equal ills betray'd; woe waits the insect and the maid: a life of pain, the loss of peace, from infant's play, and man's caprice. The lovely toy, so fiercely sought, hath lost its charm—by being caught! for every touch that wooed its stay hath brush'd its brightest hues away; till charm, and hue, and beauty gone, 'tis left to fly, or fall—alone! With wounded wing, or bleeding breast, ah! where shall either victim rest? Can this, with faded pinion, soar from rose to tulip as before? Or Beauty, blighted in an hour, find joy within her broken bower? No: gayer insects fluttering by, ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die; and lovelier things have mercy shown to every failing but their own; and every woe a tear can claim, except an erring sister's shame!

12.—MY NEIGHBOUR.—*Mackay.*

<sup>1</sup> He was prudent, brave, and gentle, living as a man should do; kept a conscience, did his duty, loved his fellows—served them too. Modest, virtuous, self-reliant, rich and learned, wise and true. <sup>2</sup> He had faults—perhaps had many,—but one fault above them all lay like heavy lead upon him; tyrant of a patient thrall—tyrant seen, confessed, and hated, banished only to recall. <sup>3</sup> “Oh! he drank?” “His drink was water!” “Gambled?” “No! he hated play.” “Then, perchance, a tenderer failing led his heart and head astray?” “No! both honour and religion kept him in the purer way.” <sup>4</sup> “Then, he scorned Life's mathematics, could not reckon up a score—pay his debts—or be persuaded two and two were always four.” “No! he was exact as Euclid, prompt and punctual—no one more.” <sup>5</sup> “Oh! a miser?” “No!”—“Too lavish?” “Worst of guessers, guess again!” “No! I'm weary hunting failures; was he seen of mortal ken, paragon of marble virtues, quite a model man of men?” <sup>6</sup> “At his birth an evil spirit charms and spells around him flung, and, with well-concocted malice, laid a curse upon his tongue; curse that daily made him wretched—earth's most wretched sons among!” <sup>7</sup> He could plead, expound, and argue; fire with wit, with wisdom glow; but one word for ever failed him—source of all his pain and woe; luckless wight! he could not say it—could not—dared not answer, No!”

13.—THE SUNBEAM.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall :  
 A joy thou art, and a wealth to all !  
 A bearer of hope unto land and sea—  
 Sunbeam ! what gift hath the world like thee ?

Thou art walking the billows—and Ocean smiles ;  
 Thou hast touch'd with glory his thousand isles ;  
 Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,  
 And gladden'd the sailor, like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades,  
 Thou art streaming-on through their green arcades ;  
 And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,  
 Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I look'd to the mountains—a vapour lay  
 Folding their heights in its dark array :  
 Thou brokest forth—and the mist became  
 A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot—  
 Something of sadness had wrapt the spot ;  
 But a gleam of thee on its lattice fell,  
 And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,  
 Flushing the waste like the rose's heart ;  
 And thou scornest not from thy pomp, to shed  
 A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st through the dim church-aisles thy way,  
 And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day :  
 And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,  
 Are bath'd in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,  
 Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave :  
 Thou scatter'st its gloom like the dreams of rest—  
 Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer ! oh ! what is like thee,  
 Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea ?  
 One thing is like thee to mortals given—  
 The Faith touching all things with hues of heaven !

14.—THE BIRDS' WEDDING ANTICIPATED.—*Cowper.*

It chanced, upon a winter's day,—but warm, and bright, and calm as May,—the birds, conceiving a design to forestal sweet St. Valentine, in many an orchard, copse and grove, assembled on affairs of love; and with much twitter and much chatter, began to agitate the matter. At length a Bullfinch, who could boast more years and wisdom than the most, entreated, opening wide his beak, a moment's liberty to speak; and, silence publicly enjoin'd, deliver'd briefly thus his mind:—"My friends! be cautious how ye treat the subject upon which we meet; I fear we shall have winter yet." A Finch, whose tongue knew no control, with golden wing and satin poll,—a last year's bird, who ne'er had tried what marriage means,—thus pert replied: "Methinks the gentleman," quoth she, "opposite, in the apple-tree, by his good will would keep us single till yonder heaven and earth shall mingle; or (which is likelier to befall) till Death exterminate us all. I marry without more ado; my dear Dick Redcap, what say you?" . . . Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling, turning short round, strutting, and sideling, attested glad his approbation of an immediate conjugation. Their sentiments so well express'd, had wondrous influence on the rest; all pair'd and each pair built a nest. But, though the birds were thus in haste, the leaves came on not quite so fast; and Destiny, that sometimes bears an aspect stern on Man's affairs, not altogether smiled on theirs. The wind, of late breath'd gently forth, now shifted east, and east-by-north; bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know, could shelter them from rain and snow: stepping into their nests, they paddled; themselves were chill'd, their eggs were addled. Soon every father-bird and mother grew quarrelsome, and peck'd each other—parted without the least regret, except that they had ever met; and learn'd in future to be wiser than to neglect a good adviser!...Misses! the tale that I relate this lesson seems to carry:—Choose not alone a proper mate, but proper time to marry.

15.—THE UNGRATEFUL CUPID.—*Hughes.*

At dead of night, when mortals lose their various cares in soft repose, I heard a knocking at my door: "Who's that," said I, "at this late hour disturbs my rest?" It sobb'd and cried, and thus in mournful tone replied: "A poor unhappy child am I, that's come to beg your charity; let Cupid in. You need not fear; I mean no harm, I vow and swear; but, wet and cold, crave shelter here; betray'd by night, and led astray, I've lost, alas! I've lost my way." Moved with this little tale of fate, I took a lamp, and oped the gate: when, see! a naked boy before the threshold; at his back he wore a pair of wings, and by his side a crooked bow and quiver



tied. "My pretty angel! Come," said I, "come to the fire, and do not cry." I stroked his neck and shoulders bare, and squeezed the water from his hair; then chafed his little hands in mine, and cheer'd him with a draught of wine. Recover'd thus, says he, "I'd know, whether the rain has spoilt my bow; let's try"—then shot me with a dart. The venom throbb'd, did ache and smart, as if a bee had stung my heart. "Are these your thanks, ungrateful child! are these your thanks?" The impostor smiled. "Farewell, my loving host," says he, "all's well; my bow's unhurt, I see; but what a wretch I've made of thee!"

16.—TO THE CUCKOO.—*Wordsworth.*

O blithe new-comer! I have heard, I hear thee, and rejoice;  
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird, or but a wandering voice?  
While I am lying on the grass thy twofold shout I hear,  
That seems to fill the whole air's space, as loud far off as near.

Though babbling only to the vale of sunshine and of flowers,  
Thou bringest unto me a tale of visionary hours.  
Thrice welcome! darling of the Spring! even yet thou art to me  
No bird; but an invisible thing, a voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my schoolboy days I listen'd to; that cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways in bush, and tree, and sky.  
To seek thee I did often rove through woods, and on the green;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love,—still long'd for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet, can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget that golden time again.  
O blessed bird! the earth we pace again appears to be  
An unsubstantial fairy place, that is fit home for thee!

17.—AUTUMN—A DIRGE.—*Shelley.*

<sup>1</sup> The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing, the bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying; and the Year—on the earth, her death-bed,—in a shroud of leaves dead, is lying. Come, Months, come away, from November to May, in your saddest array,—follow the bier of the dead cold Year, and like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre! <sup>2</sup> The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is crawling, the rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling for the Year; the blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone to his dwelling. Come, Months, come away; put on white, black, and gray;—let your light Sisters play; ye follow the bier of the dead cold Year, and make her grave green with tear on tear.

18.—THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.—*Spencer.*

And is there care in Heaven? And is there love  
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,  
 That may compassion of their evils move?  
 There is:—else much more wretched were the case  
 Of men than beasts. But O! the exceeding grace  
 Of highest God, that loves His creatures so,  
 And all His works with mercy doth embrace,  
 That blessed angels He sends to and fro,  
 To serve to wicked man—to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,  
 To come to succour us that succour want!  
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
 The fitting skies, like flying pursuivant,  
 Against foul fiends to aid us militant!  
 They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,  
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant;  
 And all for love, and nothing for reward:—  
 O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard!

19.—LIFE.—*Tucker.*

Days of my youth! ye have glided away;  
 Hairs of my youth! ye are frosted and gray;  
 Eyes of my youth! your keen sight is no more;  
 Cheeks of my youth! ye are furrow'd all o'er;  
 Strength of my youth! all your vigour is gone;  
 Thoughts of my youth! your gay visions are flown.  
 —Days of my youth! I wish not your recall;  
 Hairs of my youth! I'm content you should fall;  
 Eyes of my youth! ye much evil have seen;  
 Cheeks of my youth! bath'd in tears have ye been;  
 Thoughts of my youth! ye have led me astray;  
 Strength of my youth! why lament your decay?...  
 Days of my age! ye will shortly be past;  
 Pains of my age! but a while can ye last;  
 Joys of my age! in true wisdom delight;  
 Eyes of my age! be religion your light;  
 Thoughts of my age! dread ye not the cold sod;  
 Hopes of my age! be you fix'd on your God!

20.—MINSTREL'S SONG IN ELLA.—*Chatterton.*

<sup>1</sup> O sing unto my roundelay! O drop the briny tear with me! Dance no more at holiday; like a running river be:—My love is dead, gone to his death-bed, all under the willow-tree! <sup>2</sup> Black his hair as the winter night; white his neck as summer snow; ruddy his face as the morning light;—cold he lies in the grave below. <sup>3</sup> Sweet his tongue as throstle's note, quick in dance as thought can be; deft his tabor, cudgel stout; O, he lies by the willow-tree! <sup>4</sup> Hark! the raven flaps his wing in the brier'd dell below; Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing to the night-mares as they go. <sup>5</sup> See, the white moon shines on high! whiter is my true love's shroud; whiter than the morning sky, whiter than the evening cloud. My love is dead, gone to his death-bed, all under the willow-tree!

21.—SUMMER BIRDS.—*Mary Howitt.*

<sup>1</sup> How pleasant the life of a bird must be, flitting about in each leafy tree; in the leafy trees so broad and tall, like a green and beautiful palace-hall, with its airy chambers, light and boon, that ope to the sun, and stars, and moon; that open unto the bright blue sky, and the frolicsome winds as they wander by! <sup>2</sup> They have left their nests in the forest bough,—those homes of delight they need not now and the young and the old may wander out, and traverse the green world round about; and, hark! at the top of this leafy hall, how, one to the other, they lovingly call:—"Come up, come up!" they seem to say, "where the topmost twigs in the breezes play!" <sup>3</sup> Come up, come up, for the world is fair, where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!" And the birds below give back the cry, "We come, we come, to the branches high!" How pleasant the life of the birds must be, living in love in a leafy tree; and away through the air what joy to go, and to look on the green bright earth below! <sup>4</sup> How pleasant the life of a bird must be, skimming about on the breezy sea, cresting the billows like silvery foam, and then wheeling away to its cliff-built home! What joy it must be to sail upborne by a strong free wing, through the rosy morn; to meet the young sun, face to face, and pierce like a shaft the boundless space; <sup>5</sup> to pass through the bowers of the silver cloud, and to sing in the thunder's halls aloud; to spread out the wings for a wild free flight with the upper cloud-winds,—oh, what delight! Oh, what would I give, like a bird to go right on through the arch of the sunlit bow, and to see how the water-drops are kissed, into green, and yellow, and amethyst! <sup>6</sup> How pleasant the life of a bird must be, wherever it listeth there to flee; to go when a joyful fancy calls, dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls; then wheeling about, with its mates at play, above and

below, and among the spray; hither and thither, with screams as wild as the laughing mirth of a rosy child! 'Tis what a joy it must be, like a living breeze to flutter about 'mong the flowering trees; lightly to soar, and to see beneath the wastes of the blossoming purple heath; and the yellow furze, like fields of gold that gladden some fairy region old...On mountain tops, on the billowy sea, on the leafy stems of the forest tree, how pleasant the life of a bird must be!

22.—THE NEGLECTED CHILD.—*T. H. Bayley.*

I never was a favourite; my mother never smiled  
On me with half the tenderness that bless'd her fairer child.  
I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek, while fondled on her knee;  
I've turned away to hide my tears;—there was no kiss for me!

And yet I strove to please, with all my little store of sense;  
I strove to please—and infancy can rarely give offence!  
But when my artless efforts met a cold ungentle check,  
I did not dare to throw myself in tears upon her neck.

How bless'd are the beautiful! love watches o'er their birth.  
Oh, Beauty! in my misery I learn'd to know thy worth.  
For even then I often felt forsaken and forlorn;  
And wished—for others wished it too!—I never had been born!

I'm sure I was affectionate; but in my sister's face  
There was a look of love that claim'd a smile or an embrace.  
But when I raised my lips to meet the pressure children prize,  
None knew the feelings of my heart—they spoke not in my eyes.

But oh! that heart too keenly felt the anguish of neglect;  
I saw my sister's lovely form with gems and roses deck'd.  
I did not covet them, but oft, when wantonly reprov'd,  
I envied her the privilege of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came—a time of sorrow too!  
For sickness o'er my sister's form her venom'd mantle threw;  
The features once so beautiful now wore the hue of death,  
And former friends shrank fearfully from her infectious breath.

'Twas then, unwearied, day and night, I watch'd beside her bed;  
And fearlessly upon my breast I pillowed her poor head.  
She liv'd!—she lov'd me for my care; my grief was at an end.  
I was a lonely being once; but now—I have a friend!

23.—THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.—*Tennyson.*

<sup>1</sup> Full knee-deep lies the winter snow, and the winter winds are wearily sighing : toll ye the church-bell sad and slow, and tread softly and speak low, for the old year lies a-dying. Old year, you must not die ; you came to us so readily, you lived with us so steadily, old year, you shall not die. <sup>2</sup> He lieth still : he doth not move : he will not see the dawn of day. He hath no other life above. He gave me a friend, and a true true-love, and the New-year will take 'em away. Old year, you must not go ; so long as you have been with us, such joy as you have seen with us, old year, you shall not go. <sup>3</sup> He froth'd his bumpers to the brim : a jollier year we shall not see. But though his eyes are waxing dim, and though his foes speak ill of him, he was a friend to me. Old year, you shall not die ; we did so laugh and cry with you, I've half a mind to die with you, old year, if you must die. <sup>4</sup> He was full of joke and jest, but all his merry quips are o'er. To see him die, across the waste his son and heir doth ride post-haste, but he'll be dead before. Every one for his own. The night is starry and cold, my friend ; and the New-year blithe and bold, my friend, comes up to take his own. <sup>5</sup> How hard he breathes ! over the snow I heard just now the crowing cock. The shadows flicker to and fro : the cricket chirps : the light burns low : 'tis nearly twelve o'clock. Shake hands, before you die. Old year, we'll dearly rue for you : what is it we can do for you ? Speak out before you die. <sup>6</sup> His face is growing sharp and thin. ... Alack ! our friend is gone. Close up his eyes : tie up his chin : step from the corpse, and let Him in that standeth there alone, and waiteth at the door. There's a new foot on the floor, my friend, and a new face at the door, my friend, a new face at the door.

24.—THE PAPER KITE.—*Newton.*

Once on a time, a Paper Kite had mounted to a wondrous height, where, giddy with its elevation, it thus express'd self-admiration :—" See, how yon crowds of gazing people admire my flight above the steeple ! How would they wonder, if they knew all that a Kite like me can do ! Were I but free, I'd take a flight, and pierce the clouds beyond their sight : but, ah ! like a poor prisoner bound, my string confines me near the ground : I'd brave the eagle's towering wing, might I but fly without a string." It tugg'd and pull'd, while thus it spoke, to break the string—at last it broke. Depriv'd at once of all its stay, in vain it tried to soar away ; unable its own weight to bear, it fluttered downwards through the air : unable its own course to guide, the winds soon plunged it in the tide. Ah ! foolish Kite ; thou hadst no wing ! how couldst thou fly without a string ? ... My

heart replied : " O Lord, I see how much this kite resembles me ! Forgetful that by Thee I stand, impatient of Thy ruling hand, how oft I've wish'd to break the lines Thy wisdom to my lot assigns ! How oft indulged a vain desire for something more, or something higher ! And, but for Grace, and Love Divine, a fate thus dreadful had been mine."

25.—THE LION AND THE CUB.—*Gay.*

A lion cub of sordid mind, avoided all the lion kind ; fond of applause, he sought the feasts of vulgar and ignoble beasts ; with Asses all his time he spent—their club's perpetual president. He caught their manners, looks, and airs ; an Ass in everything but ears ! If e'er his Highness meant a joke, they grin'd applause before he spoke ; but at each word, what shouts of praise :—" Goodness ! how natural he brays !" Elate with flattery and conceit, he seeks his royal Sire's retreat ; forward and fond to show his parts, his Highness brays—the lion starts. " Puppy ! that curs'd vociferation betrays thy life and conversation : coxcombs, an ever-noisy race, are trumpets of their own disgrace." " Why so severe ?" the cub replies ; " our senate always held me wise !" " How weak is pride," returns the sire ; " all fools are vain when fools admire ! but know, what stupid asses prize, lions and noble beasts despise."

26.—THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.—*Gay.*

Friendship, like love, is but a name, unless to few you stint the flame. The child whom many fathers share, hath seldom known a father's care. 'Tis thus in friendships ; who depend on many, rarely find a friend. A Hare who, in a civil way, complied with everything, (like Gay), was known by all the bestial train that haunt the wood, or graze the plain : her care was never to offend, and every creature was her friend. As forth she went at early dawn, to taste the dew-besprinkled lawn, behind she hears the hunter's cries, and from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies. She starts, she stops, she pants for breath ; she hears the near advance of death ; she doubles to mislead the hound, and measures back her mazy ground ; till, fainting in the public way, half dead with fear she gasping lay. What transport in her bosom grew, when first the Horse appear'd in view ! " Let me," says she, " your back ascend, and owe my safety to a friend. You know my feet betray my flight ; to friendship every burden's light." The Horse replied, " Poor honest Puss, it grieves my heart to see thee thus : be comforted, relief is near, for all your friends are in the rear." She next the stately Bull implor'd ; and thus replied the mighty lord : " Since every beast alive can tell that I sincerely wish you well, I may without offence

pretend to take the freedom of a friend: love calls me hence; a favourite Cow expects me near yon barley-mow; and, where a lady's in the case, you know, all other things give place. To leave you thus would seem unkind; but see, the Goat is just behind." The Goat remark'd her pulse was high, her languid head, her heavy eye; "My back," says he, "may do you harm; the Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm." The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd, his sides a load of wool sustain'd; said he was slow, confess'd his fears; "for hounds eat sheep as well as hares." She now the trotting Calf address'd, to save from death a friend distress'd. "Shall I," says he, "of tender age, in this important case engage? Older and abler pass'd you by; how strong are those! how weak am I! Should I presume to bear you hence, those friends of mine may take offence. Excuse me, then; you know my heart; but dearest friends, alas! must part! How shall we all lament! Adieu! for see, the hounds are just in view!"

27.—UNIVERSAL LOVE.—*Whittier.*

Oh, brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;  
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;  
To worship rightly is to love each other—  
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow, with reverent steps, the great example  
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good;"  
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's Temple—  
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall: the stormy clangour  
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease:  
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of Anger,  
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace!

28.—A HAPPY LIFE.—*Wotton.*

How happy is he born and taught, that serveth not another's will;  
Whose armour is his honest thought, and simple truth his utmost skill!  
Whose passions not his masters are, whose soul is still prepared for death;  
Not tied unto the world, with care of public fame or private breath!  
Who hath his life from rumours freed, whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed, nor ruin make oppressors great!  
Who God doth late, and early, pray more of His grace than gifts to lend:  
And entertains the harmless day with a well-chosen book or friend!  
This man is freed from servile bands of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands; and, having nothing, yet hath all.

29.—THE PERFECT WOMAN.—*Wordsworth.*

<sup>1</sup> She was a phantom of delight when first she gleam'd upon my sight ; a lovely apparition, sent to be a moment's ornament ; her eyes, as stars of twilight fair ; like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ; but all things else about her drawn from May-time and the cheerful dawn—a dancing shape, an image gay, to haunt, to startle, and waylay. <sup>2</sup> I saw her upon nearer view, a Spirit—yet a Woman too ! her household motions light and free, and steps of virgin liberty ; a countenance in which did meet sweet records, promises as sweet ; a creature not too bright or good for human nature's daily food, for transient sorrows, simple wiles, praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. <sup>3</sup> And now I see with eye serene the very pulse of the machine ; a being breathing thoughtful breath, a traveller between Life and Death ; the reason firm, the temperate will, endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ; a Perfect Woman, nobly plann'd to warn, to comfort, and command ; and yet a Spirit still, and bright with something of an Angel light !

30.—LOVE.—*Southey.*

They sin who tell us Love can die : with life all other passions fly— all others are but vanity ! In heaven Ambition cannot dwell, nor Avarice in the vaults of hell : earthly these passions, as of earth ; they perish where they have their birth. But Love is indestructible ; its holy flame for ever burneth, from heaven it came, to heaven returneth : too oft on earth a troubled guest, at times deceiv'd, at times oppress'd, it here is tried and purified, then hath in heaven its perfect rest : it soweth here with toil and care, but the harvest-time of Love is there ! Oh ! when a mother meets on high the babe she lost in infancy, hath she not then, for pains and fears, the day of woe, the watchful night, for all her sorrows, all her tears,— an over-payment of delight ?

31.—THE QUIET LIFE.—*Pope.*

<sup>1</sup> Happy the man, whose wish and care a few paternal acres bound ; content to breathe his native air in his own ground. <sup>2</sup> Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, whose flocks supply him with attire ; whose trees in summer yield him shade, in winter, fire. <sup>3</sup> Blest, who can unconcern'dly find hours, days, and years slide soft away—in health of body, peace of mind ; quiet by day, <sup>4</sup> sound sleep by night ; study and ease together mix'd ; sweet recreation ; and innocence, which most does please, with meditation. <sup>5</sup> Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ; thus unlamented let me die ; steal from the world, and not a stone tell where I lie.



32.—THE LESSON OF THE FLOWER.—*Waller.*

<sup>1</sup> Go, lovely Rose! tell her, that wastes her time and me, that now she knows, when I resemble her to thee, how sweet and fair she seems to be. <sup>2</sup> Tell her that's young and shuns to have her graces spied, that, hadst thou sprung in deserts, where no creatures 'bide, thou must have uncommended died. <sup>3</sup> Small is the worth of Beauty from the light retired: bid her come forth, suffer herself to be desired, and not blush so to be admired. <sup>4</sup> Then—die! that she the common fate of all things rare may read in thee:—How small a part of Time they share, that are so wondrous sweet and fair!

33.—TO BLOSSOMS.—*Herrick.*

<sup>1</sup> Fair pledges of a fruitful tree, why do ye fall so fast? your date is not so past, but you may stay yet here awhile to blush and gently smile—and go at last! <sup>2</sup> What! were ye born to be an hour or half's delight, and so to bid good night? 'Twas pity Nature brought you forth merely to show your worth—and lose you quite! <sup>3</sup> But you are lovely leaves, where we may read how soon things have their end, though ne'er so brave: and after they have shown their pride, like you, awhile, they glide into the grave!

34.—TO DAFFODILS.—*Herrick.*

Fair Daffodils! we weep to see you haste away so soon: as yet the early-rising Sun has not attain'd his noon. Stay, stay, until the hasting day has run but to the even-song; and, having pray'd together, we will go with you along. <sup>2</sup> We have short time to stay as you; we have as short a Spring; as quick a growth to meet decay as you or any thing. We die, as your hours do, and dry away like to the Summer's rain; or as the pearls of morning's dew—ne'er to be found again!

35.—THE NIGHTS.—*Barry Cornwall.*

<sup>1</sup> Oh, the Summer night has a smile of light, and she sits on a sapphire throne; whilst the sweet winds load her with garlands of odour, from the bud to the rose o'er-blown! <sup>2</sup> But the Autumn Night has a piercing sight, and a step both strong and free; and a voice for wonder, like the wrath of the thunder, when he shouts to the stormy sea! <sup>3</sup> And the Winter Night is all cold and white, and she singeth a song of pain; till the wild bee hummeth, and the warm Spring cometh—when she dies in a dream of rain! <sup>4</sup> Oh, the Nights bring sleep to the greenwoods deep; to the bird of the air its nest; to care, soft hours—to life, new powers—to the sick and the weary, rest!

86.—THE LOVED ONE.—*Hartley Coleridge.*

<sup>1</sup> She is not fair to outward view, as many maidens be; her loveliness I never knew, until she smiled on me. O then I saw her eye was bright—a well of love, a spring of light. <sup>2</sup> But now, her looks are coy and cold, to mine they ne'er reply; and yet I cease not to behold the love-light in her eye: her very frowns are fairer far than smiles of other maidens are.

87.—MARIANA.—*Tennyson.*

<sup>1</sup> With blackest moss the flower-plots were thickly crusted, one and all: the rusted nails fell from the knots that held the peach to the garden-wall. The broken sheds look'd sad and strange: unlifted was the clinking latch; weeded and worn the ancient thatch upon the lonely moated grange. She only said, "My life is dreary, he cometh not," she said; she said, "I am aweary, aweary! I would that I were dead!" <sup>2</sup> Her tears fell with the dews at even—her tears fell ere the dews were dried; she could not look on the sweet heaven, either at morn or eventide. After the fitting of the bats, when thickest dark did trance the sky, she drew her casement-curtain by, and glanced athwart the glooming flats. She only said, "The night is dreary, he cometh not," she said; she said, "I am aweary, aweary! I would that I were dead!" <sup>3</sup> Upon the middle of the night, waking she heard the night-fowl crow: the cock sung out an hour ere light: from the dark fen the oxen's low came to her without hope of change, in sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn, till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn about the lonely moated grange. She only said, "The day is dreary, he cometh not," she said; she said, "I am aweary, aweary! I would that I were dead!" <sup>4</sup> About a stone-cast from the wall a sluice with blacken'd waters slept, and o'er it many, round and small, the cluster'd marish-mosses crept. Hard by a poplar shook alway, all silver-green with gnarled bark: for leagues no other tree did mark the level waste, the rounding gray. She only said, "My life is dreary, he cometh not," she said; she said, "I am aweary, aweary! I would that I were dead!" <sup>5</sup> And ever when the moon was low, and the shrill winds were up and away, in the white curtain, to and fro, she saw the gusty shadow sway. But when the moon was very low, and wild winds bound within their cell, the shadow of the poplar fell upon her bed, across her brow. She only said, "The night is dreary, he cometh not," she said; she said, "I am aweary, aweary! I would that I were dead!" <sup>6</sup> All day within the dreamy house, the doors upon their hinges creak'd; the blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd, or from the crevice peer'd about. Old faces glimmer'd through the doors, old footsteps trod the

upper floors, old voices called her from without. She only said, "My life is dreary, he cometh not," she said; she said, "I am weary, weary! I would that I were dead!" <sup>7</sup> The sparrow's chirrup on the roof, the slow clock ticking, and the sound which to the wooing wind aloof the poplar made, did all confound her sense; but most she loathed the hour when the thick-moted sunbeam lay athwart the chambers, and the day was sloping toward his western bower. Then said she, "I am very dreary, he will not come," she said; she wept, "I am weary, weary! oh God, that I were dead!"

38.—HESTER.—*Lamb.*

<sup>1</sup> When maidens such as Hester die, their place ye may not well supply, though ye among a thousand try with vain endeavour. A month or more hath she been dead—yet cannot I by force be led to think upon the wormy bed and her together. <sup>2</sup> A springy motion in her gait, a rising step, did indicate of pride and joy no common rate that flush'd her spirit: I know not by what name beside I shall it call: if 'twas not pride, it was a joy to that allied she did inherit. <sup>3</sup> Her parents held the Quaker rule, which doth the human feeling cool; but she was train'd in Nature's school—Nature had blest her! A waking eye—a prying mind—a heart that stirs—is hard to bind; a hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind—ye could not Hester. <sup>4</sup> My sprightly neighbour! gone before, to that unknown and silent shore; shall we not meet, as heretofore, some summer morning—when from thy cheerful eyes a ray hath struck a bliss upon the day, a bliss that would not go away—a sweet fore-warning?

39.—THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.—*Bayley.*

Upon the hill he turn'd to take a last fond look  
Of the valley, and the village church, and the cottage by the brook:—  
He listen'd to the sounds so familiar to his ear,  
And the Soldier lean'd upon his sword, and wiped away a tear!  
Beside that cottage-porch a girl was on her knees;  
She held aloft a snowy scarf that flutter'd in the breeze;  
She breathed a prayer for him—a prayer he could not hear,  
—But he paused to bless her as she knelt, and wiped away a tear!  
He turn'd and left the spot. Oh! do not deem him weak,  
For dauntless was the Soldier's heart, though tears were on his cheek!  
—Go, watch the foremost ranks in danger's dark career:  
Be sure the hand most daring there, has wiped away a tear!

40.—TO THE SKYLARK.—*Wordsworth.*

Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !  
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?  
 Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?  
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
 Mount, daring warbler !—that love-prompted strain  
 —'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—  
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :  
 Yet mightst thou seem (proud privilege !) to sing  
 All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;  
 A privacy of glorious light is thine,  
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;  
 Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—  
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !

41.—LIGHT FOR ALL.—*Gillilan.*

You cannot pay with money the million sons of toil—  
 The sailor on the ocean, the peasant on the soil,  
 The labourer in the quarry, the hewer of the coal ;—  
 Your money pays the hand, but it cannot pay the soul.

While viewing the cathedral, whose turrets meet the sky,  
 Remember the foundations that in earth and darkness lie :  
 For, were not those foundations so darkly resting there,  
 Yon towers could never soar so proudly in the air.

The workshop must be crowded that the palace may be bright .  
 If the ploughman did not plough, the poet could not write.  
 Then let every toil be hallowed, that man performs for man ;  
 And have its share of honour, as part of one great plan.

See, light darts down from heaven, and enters where it may ;  
 The eyes of all earth's people are cheer'd with one bright day.  
 And let the Mind's true sunshine be spread o'er earth as free,  
 And fill the souls of men as the waters fill the sea.

42.—THE JOURNEY ONWARDS.—*Moore.*

As slow our ship her foamy track against the wind was cleaving,  
 Her trembling pennant still look'd back to that dear isle 'twas leaving.  
 So loth we part from all we love, from all the links that bind us ;  
 So turn our hearts, as on we rove, to those we've left behind us !

When round the board, of vanish'd years we talk with joyous seeming—  
 With smiles that might as well be tears, so faint, so sad their beaming ;  
 While memory brings us back again each early tie that twined us,  
 O, sweet's the cup that circles then to those we've left behind us !

And when in other climes we meet some isle or vale enchanting,  
 Where all looks flowery wild and sweet, and nought but love is wanting ;  
 We think how great had been our bliss if Heaven had but assign'd us  
 To live and die in scenes like this, with some we've left behind us !

As travellers oft look back at eve when eastward darkly going,  
 To gaze upon that light they leave still faint behind them glowing ;  
 So, when the close of pleasure's day to gloom hath near consign'd us,  
 We turn to catch one fading ray of joy that's left behind us.

43.—THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.—*Gay.*

As in the sunshine of the morn a Butterfly, but newly born, sat proudly  
 perking on a rose, with pert conceit his bosom glows ; his wings, all glorious  
 to behold, bedropt with azure, jet, and gold, wide he displays ; the spangled  
 dew reflects his eyes and various hue. His now-forgotten friend, a Snail,  
 beneath his house, with slimy trail, crawls o'er the grass, whom when he  
 spies, in wrath he to the Gardener cries : " What means yon peasant's  
 daily toil, from choking weeds to rid the soil? why wake you to the  
 morning's care? why with new arts correct the year? why grows the  
 peach's crimson hue? and why the plum's inviting blue? were they to  
 feast *his* taste design'd, that vermin of voracious kind? Crush then the  
 slow, the pilfering race,—so purge thy garden from disgrace." " What  
 arrogance !" the Snail replied ; " how insolent is upstart pride ! Hadst thou  
 not thus, with insult vain, provok'd my patience to complain, I had conceal'd  
 thy meaner birth, nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth ; for scarce  
 nine suns have wak'd the hours, to swell the fruit, and paint the flowers,  
 since I thy humbler life survey'd, in base, in sordid guise array'd. I own  
 my humble life, good friend ; Snail was I born and Snail shall end. And  
 what's a Butterfly? At best he's but a caterpillar dress'd ; and all thy  
 race (a numerous seed) shall prove of caterpillar breed."

44.—THE PATRIOT'S MOURNERS.—*Collins.*

<sup>1</sup> How sleep the Brave who sink to rest by all their Country's wishes blest ! When Spring, with dewy fingers cold, returns to deck their hal-low'd mould, she there shall dress a sweeter sod than Fancy's feet have ever trod. <sup>2</sup> By fairy hands their knell is rung, by forms unseen their dirge is sung : there Honour comes, a pilgrim gray, to bless the turf that wraps their clay ; and Freedom shall awhile repair to dwell a weeping hermit there !

45.—HOME.—*Goldsmith.*

Where shall we find the happiest spot below ?  
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?  
 The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone  
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,—  
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,  
 And his long nights of revelry and ease :  
 The naked negro, panting at the line,  
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,  
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,  
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.  
 Such is the Patriot's boast where'er we roam ;  
 His first, best country, ever is at home.  
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,  
 And estimate the blessings which they share—  
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find  
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind ;  
 As different good, by art or nature given  
 To different nations, makes their blessings even.

46.—THE SNAIL.—*Cowper.*

<sup>1</sup> To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall, the snail sticks close, nor fears to fall ; as if he grew there, house and all—together. <sup>2</sup> Within that house secure he hides, when danger imminent betides of storm, or other harm besides—of weather. <sup>3</sup> Give but his horns the slightest touch, his self-collecting power is such, he shrinks into his house with much—dis-pleasure. <sup>4</sup> Wherein he dwells he dwells alone ; except himself has chattels none ; well satisfied to be his own—whole treasure. <sup>5</sup> Thus hermit-like his life he leads, nor partner of his banquet needs, and, if he meets one, only feeds—the faster. <sup>6</sup> Who seeks him must be worse than blind, (he and his house are so combined), if, finding it, he fails to find—its master !

47.—THE SCHOLAR.—*Southey.*

<sup>1</sup> My days among the Dead are past ; around me I behold, where'er these casual eyes are cast, the mighty minds of old ; my never-failing friends are they, with whom I converse day by day. <sup>2</sup> With them I take delight in weal, and seek relief in woe ; and while I understand and feel how much to them I owe, my cheeks have often been bedew'd with tears of thoughtful gratitude. <sup>3</sup> My thoughts are with the Dead ; with them I live in long-past years ; their virtues love, their faults condemn, partake their hopes and fears, and from their lessons seek and find instruction with an humble mind. <sup>4</sup> My hopes are with the Dead ; anon my place with them will be, and I with them shall travel on through all Futurity ; yet leaving here a name, I trust, that will not perish in the dust.

48.—IT SNOWS.—*Mrs. Hale.*

<sup>1</sup> "It snows!" cries the School-boy, "Hurrah!" and his shout is ringing through parlour and hall ; while swift as the wing of a swallow, he's out, and his playmates have answered his call. It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy ; proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow, like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy, as he gathers his treasures of snow. Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs, while health, and the riches of nature, are theirs. <sup>2</sup> "It snows!" sighs the Imbecile, "Ah!" and his breath comes heavy, as clogged with a weight ; while, from the pale aspect of nature in death, he turns to the blaze of his grate ; and nearer and nearer, his soft-cushioned chair is wheeled toward the life-giving flame ; he dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air, lest it wither his delicate frame. Oh ! small is the pleasure existence can give, when the fear we shall die only proves that we live ! <sup>3</sup> "It snows!" cries the Traveller, "Ho !" and the word has quickened his steed's lagging pace ; the wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard—unfelt the sharp drift in his face ; for bright through the tempest his own home appeared—ay, though leagues intervened, he can see : there's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared, and his wife with her babes at her knee ! Blest thought ! how it lightens the grief-laden hour, that those we love dearest are safe from its power ! <sup>4</sup> "It snows!" cries the Belle, "Dear, how lucky !" and turns from her mirror to watch the flakes fall ; like the first rose of summer, her dimpled cheek burns, while musing on concert and ball ; there are visions of conquests, of splendour, and mirth, floating over each drear winter's day ; but the tintings of Hope, on this storm-beaten earth, will melt like the snowflakes away. Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss ; that world has a pure fount ne'er opened in this. <sup>5</sup> "It

snows!" cries the Widow, "Oh God!" and her sighs have stifled the voice of her prayer; its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes, on her cheek sunk with fasting and care. 'Tis night, and her fatherless ask her for bread; but "He gives the young ravens their food;" and she trusts, till her dark hearth adds horror to dread, and she lays on her last chip of wood. Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows; 'tis a most bitter lot to be poor—when it snows!

49.—THE HERMIT.—*Beattie.*

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;  
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove,  
 'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain reclin'd,  
 A Hermit his nightly complaint thus began;  
 Though mournful his numbers, his soul was resign'd—  
 He thought as a sage, but he felt as a man!  
 "Ah! why thus, abandon'd to darkness and woe,  
 Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?  
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,  
 And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain:  
 Yet if pity inspire thee, oh! cease not the lay:  
 Mourn, sweetest companion! man calls thee to mourn:  
 Oh! soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass away—  
 Full quickly they pass, but they never return!  
 "'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:  
 I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;  
 For morn is approaching your charms to restore,  
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.  
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,  
 Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save;  
 But when shall spring visit the mould'ring urn?  
 Oh! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?"

50.—A LAMENT.—*Shelley.*

1 O World! O Life! O Time! on whose last steps I climb, trembling  
 at that where I had stood before; when will return the glory of your prime?  
 No more—O never more! 2 Out of the day and night a joy has taken  
 flight; fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar, move my faint heart  
 with grief, but with delight no more!—O never more!



51.—LIFE.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

Life ! I know not what thou art, but know that thou and I must part !  
and when, or how, or where we met, I own to me's a secret yet. Life ;  
we've been long together, through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;  
'tis hard to part when friends are dear, perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear :  
then, steal away—give little warning—choose thine own time ; say not  
Good Night—but, in some brighter clime, bid me Good Morning.

52.—FEATS OF DEATH.—*Mrs. Davidson.*

I have passed o'er the earth in the darkness of night,  
I have walked the wild winds in the morning's broad light ;  
I have paused o'er the bower where the infant lay sleeping,  
And I've left the fond mother in sorrow and weeping.

My pinion was spread ; and the cold dew of night,  
Which withers and moulders the flowers in its light,  
Fell silently o'er the warm cheek in its glow,  
And I left it there blighted, and wasted, and low.

I paused o'er the valley ; the glad sounds of joy  
Rose soft through the mist, and ascended on high ;  
The fairest were there, and I paused in my flight,  
And the deep cry of wailing broke wildly that night.

I stay not to gather the lone one to earth,  
I spare not the young in their gay dance of mirth,  
But I sweep them all on to their home in the grave,  
I stop not to pity—I stay not to save.

53.—THE EXILE OF CLOUDLAND.—*Mackay.*

<sup>1</sup> When I was a dweller in Cloudland, I dwelt in a rich and proud land ;  
I was lord of the clime, I was king of the time ; and the sun and the  
shower, the leaf and the flower, all came to my bidding in Cloudland. <sup>2</sup> I  
was monarch supreme in my Cloudland, I was master of fate in that proud  
land ; I would not endure that a grief without cure, a love that could end,  
or a false-hearted friend, should dwell for an instant in Cloudland. <sup>3</sup> My  
Cloudland, my beautiful Cloudland ! I made thee a great and a proud  
land ; with skies ever bright, and with hearts ever light ; neither sorrow  
nor sin found a harbour within, and Love was the law of my Cloudland.  
<sup>4</sup> But, alas for myself and my proud land ! there came Revolution in Cloud-  
land ; my people, untrue, broke my sceptre in two ; and, false to their

vow, took the crown from my brow, and banished me far from my Cloudland. <sup>5</sup> My Cloudland, my beautiful Cloudland! how happy was I in that proud land! all the wisdom I've won since my realm was undone, is but poor to repay what I lost in the day when I turned my last looks upon Cloudland. <sup>6</sup> O, ye thoughts and ye feelings of Cloudland! ye died when I quitted that proud land! I wander discrowned, on a bare chilly ground! an exile forlorn, dreary, weary, and worn,—never more to revisit my Cloudland!

54.—VILLAGE BELLS.—*Carrington.*

O merry are the village bells that sound with soothing chime  
From the dim old tower, grown gray beneath the shadowy touch of time;  
And gaily are they borne along upon the summer air,  
Telling of bridal happiness to the youthful and the fair;  
They give a murmur of delight to earth, and sky, and seas,  
That mingles with the running streams, and floats upon the breeze.

'Tis past, the bridal glee is past; those echoing peals are o'er;  
But the sweet, the holy Sabbath comes—we hear them now once more.  
With a message from the heavens of Love, a Voice that speaks to all,  
Unto the temple of our God, unto His shrine they call.  
Whether your home's in halls of state, or by the lowly dells,  
Come forth and listen to the sounds of the hallowed Sabbath bells!

Ye tuneful records, yours it is to watch the pace of time,  
And mark the footfalls of each year with deep and soothing chime;  
Coming at midnight's silent hour, when all is dim and drear,  
'Tis yours to breathe the last farewell of the sad expiring year;  
And while we bid its hopes and fears, its fleeting hours adieu,  
'Tis yours to hail with cheerful voice the birthday of the new.

And yet once more your music breaks upon my listening ear,  
Though not the gaily sounding notes we love so well to hear;  
Changed is your message to the heart, your joyous tone is fled;  
Ye speak to us of buried hopes, a requiem for the dead!  
Some home to-day is desolate, a soul from earth is free.  
Mortal, the knell thou hearest now full soon may toll for thee!

O changeful bells, that swell'd but now the tide of human bliss,  
What ministers of grief ye seem, in such an hour as this!  
Say, is your knell a sorrowing one, for the lovely doomed to die,  
Youth's early blush upon their cheek, its radiance in their eye?  
Or do ye mourn in mockery for the beings frail as fair,  
Whose lives, like golden evening clouds, have melted into air?

Yet such, alas ! is human life ; woe for the haughty breath !  
 To-day in health and power 'tis raised, to-morrow stilled in death.  
 One voice proclaims our joy and grief, our wishes, hopes, and fears ;  
 The eye that brightly beams to-day, to-morrow dims with tears.  
 —A few short years, a few brief suns, in earthly homes we dwell,  
 Then life with all its dreams shall be but as that passing bell.

55.—HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.—*Sir W. Scott.*

<sup>1</sup> When Israel, of the Lord beloved, out from the land of bondage  
 came, her father's God before her moved,—an awful guide,—in smoke and  
 flame. By day, along the astonished lands the cloudy pillar glided slow ;  
 by night, Arabia's crimsoned sands returned the fiery column's glow.  
<sup>2</sup> There rose the choral hymn of praise, and trump and timbrel answered  
 keen ; and Zion's daughters poured their lays, with priest's and warrior's  
 voice between. No portents now our foes amaze, forsaken Israel wanders  
 lone ; our fathers would not know Thy ways, and Thou hast left them to  
 their own. <sup>3</sup> But, present still, though now unseen, when brightly shines  
 the prosperous day, be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen to temper the  
 deceitful ray. And, oh ! when stoops on Judah's path in shade and storm  
 the frequent night, be Thou,—long-suffering, slow to wrath,—a burning and  
 a shining light. <sup>4</sup> Our harps we left by Babel's streams, the tyrant's jest,  
 the Gentile's scorn ; nor censer round our altar beams, and mute are tim-  
 brel, trump, and horn : but Thou hast said,—“ The blood of goat, the  
 flesh of rams, I will not prize ; a contrite heart, an humble thought, are  
 mine accepted sacrifice.”

56.—ANNA'S GRAVE.—*Gifford.*

I wish I was where Anna lies, for I am sick of lingering here ;  
 And every hour Affection cries, “ Go, and partake her humble bier.”  
 I wish I could ! For when she died, I lost my all ; and life has proved,  
 Since that sad hour, a dreary void—a waste, unlovely and unloved.  
 But who, when I am turned to clay, shall duly to her grave repair,  
 And pluck the ragged moss away, and weeds that have no business there ?  
 And who, with pious hand, shall bring the flowers she cherished, snow-  
 drops cold,  
 And violets that unheeded spring, to scatter o'er her hallowed mould ?  
 And who, while memory loves to dwell upon her name for ever dear,  
 Shall feel his heart with passion swell, and pour the bitter, bitter tear ? . . .  
 I did it ; and would Fate allow, should visit still—should still deplore ;  
 But health and strength have left me now, and I, alas ! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain, the last I offer at thy shrine;  
 Thy grave must then undecked remain, and all thy memory fade with mine....  
 And can thy soft persuasive look, thy voice that might with music vie,  
 Thy air that every gazer took, thy matchless eloquence of eye;  
 Thy spirits frolicsome as good, thy courage by no ills dismayed,  
 Thy patience by no wrongs subdued, thy gay good humour, can they fade?  
 Perhaps; but sorrow dims my eye:—Cold turf, which I no more must view,  
 Dear name, which I no more must sigh—a long, a last, a sad adieu!

57.—THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.—*Daves.*

<sup>1</sup> The Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light, and wheels her course in a joyous flight! I know her track through the balmy air, by the blossoms that cluster and whiten there: she leaves the tops of the mountains green, and gems the valleys with crystal sheen. <sup>2</sup> At morn I know where she rested at night, for the roses are gushing with dewy delight; then she mounts again, and around her flings a shower of light from her purple wings, till the Spirit is glad with the music on high, that silently fills her with ecstasy! <sup>3</sup> At noon she hies to a cool retreat, where bowering elms over waters meet; she dimples the wave, where the green leaves dip, that smiles as it curls—like a maiden's lip, when her tremulous bosom would hide, in vain, from her lover the hope that she loves again. <sup>4</sup> At eve she hangs o'er the western sky dark clouds for a glorious canopy; and round the skirts of each sweeping fold, she paints a border of crimson and gold, where the lingering Sunbeams love to stay, when their source in his glory has passed away. <sup>5</sup> She hovers around us at twilight hour, when her presence is felt with the deepest power; she mellows the landscape and crowds the stream, with the shadows that flit like a fairy dream; still wheeling her flight through the gladsome air, the Spirit of Beauty is everywhere.

58.—FORGET ME NOT.—*Harrison.*

The star that shines so pure and bright, like a far-off place of bliss,  
 And tells the broken-hearted there are brighter worlds than this;  
 The moon that courses through the sky, like man's uncertain doom,  
 Now shining bright with borrowed light, now wrapped in deepest gloom—  
 Or when eclipsed—a dreary blank—a fearful emblem given  
 Of the heart shut out by a sinful world from the blessed light of heaven:  
 The flower that freely casts its wealth of perfume on the gale;  
 The breeze that mourns the summer's close with melancholy wail;  
 The stream that cleaves the mountain side, or gurgles from the grot—  
 All speak in their Creator's name, and say—"Forget me not,"

Oh ! who that sees the vermeil cheek grow day by day more pale,  
 And the form of beauty shrink before the summer's gentlest gale ;  
 But thinks of Him, the Mighty One, by whom the blow is given,  
 As if the fairest flowers of earth were early plucked for heaven.  
 O yes ! on every side we see the impress of His hand ;  
 The air we breathe is full of Him, and the earth on which we stand ;  
 Yet heedless man regards it not,—but life's uncertain day  
 In idle hopes and vain regrets thus madly wastes away.  
 But in His own appointed time, He will not be forgot—  
 Oh ! in that hour of fearful strife, Great God, "*Forget me not.*"

59.—NIGHT.—*Montgomery.*

<sup>1</sup> Night is the time for rest ; how sweet, when labours close, to gather round an aching breast the curtain of repose, stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head upon our own delightful bed ! <sup>2</sup> Night is the time for dreams ; the gay romance of life, when Truth that is and Truth that seems, blend in fantastic strife :—Ah ! visions less beguiling far, than waking dreams by daylight are ! <sup>3</sup> Night is the time for toil ; to plough the classic field, intent to find the buried spoil its wealthy furrows yield ; till all is ours that sages taught, that poets sang, or heroes wrought. <sup>4</sup> Night is the time to weep ; to wet with unseen tears those graves of memory, where sleep the joys of other years,—hopes that were angels in their birth, but perished young, like things of earth ! <sup>5</sup> Night is the time to watch ; on ocean's dark expanse to hail the Pleiades, or catch the full moon's earliest glance, that brings, unto the home-sick mind, all we have loved and left behind. <sup>6</sup> Night is the time to muse ; then from the eye the soul takes flight, and, with expanding views, beyond the starry pole, descries athwart the abyss of night the dawn of uncreated light. <sup>7</sup> Night is the time to pray ! our Saviour oft withdrew to desert mountains far away :—so will his followers do ; steal from the throng to haunts untrod, and hold communion there with God. <sup>8</sup> Night is the time for death ; when all around is peace, calmly to yield the weary breath,—from sin and suffering cease ; think of Heaven's bliss, and give the sign to parting friend—Such death be mine !

60.—THE LABOURER'S NOON-DAY HYMN.—*Wordsworth.*

<sup>1</sup> Up to the throne of God is borne the voice of praise at early morn ; and He accepts the punctual hymn, sung as the light of day grows dim ; <sup>2</sup> nor will He turn his ear aside from holy offerings at noon tide ; then, here reposing, let us raise a song of gratitude and praise. <sup>3</sup> What though

our burden be not light? we need not toil from morn till night; the respite of the mid-day hour is in the thankful creature's power. <sup>4</sup> Blest are the moments, doubly blest, that, drawn from this our hour of rest, are with a ready heart bestowed upon the service of our God! <sup>5</sup> Why should we crave a hallowed spot? an altar is in each man's cot; a church in every grove that spreads its living roof above our heads. <sup>6</sup> Look up to heaven! the industrious sun already half his race hath run; he cannot halt nor go astray, but our immortal spirits may. <sup>7</sup> Lord! since his rising in the east, if we have faltered or transgressed, guide from thy love's abundant source what yet remains of this day's course. <sup>8</sup> Help with thy grace through life's short day, our upward and our downward way; and glorify for us the west, when we shall sink to final rest.

61.—THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.—*Translated from Mery.*

At midnight from his grave, the Drummer woke and rose;  
And beating loud the drum, forth on his round he goes.  
Stirred by his faithful arms, the drumsticks patly fall;  
He beats the loud retreat, reveillé, and roll-call.  
So grandly rolls that drum, so deep it echoes round,  
Old soldiers in their graves, to life start at the sound.

Both they in farthest North, stiff in the ice that lay—  
And those who warm repose beneath Italian clay—  
Below the mud of Nile—and 'neath Arabian sand,  
Their burial place they quit, and soon to arms they stand.  
And at midnight from his grave, the Trumpeter arose;  
And, mounted on his horse, a loud shrill blast he blows.

On airy coursers then, the cavalry are seen;  
Old squadrons erst renowned, gory and gashed, I ween.  
Beneath the casques their blanchèd skulls smile grim; and proud their air.  
As in their iron hands, their long sharp swords they bear.  
And at midnight from his tomb the Chief awoke, and rose,  
And followed by his Staff, with slow steps on he goes.

A little hat he wears—a coat quite plain has he—  
A little sword for arms at his left side hanging free.  
O'er the vast plain, the moon a solemn lustre threw;  
The man with the little hat the troops goes to review.  
The ranks present their arms, deep roll the drums the while:  
Recovering then, the troops before the Chief defile.

Marshals and generals round in circle formed appear ;  
 The Chief, to the first, a word then whispers in his ear.  
 The word goes down the ranks—resounds along the Seine ;  
 That word they give, is—"France !" the answer—"Saint Hélène !"  
 —'Tis thus, at midnight hour, the Grand Review, they say,  
 Is by dead Cæsar held, in the Champs-Élysées.

62.—ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—*Beaumont.*

Mortality, behold and fear—what a change of flesh is here ! Think how many royal bones sleep within these heaps of stones ; here they lie, who'd realms and lands, but now want strength to stir their hands ; where from their pulpits seal'd with dust, they preach, "In greatness is no trust." Here's an acre, sown indeed with the richest royalest seed that the earth did e'er suck-in, since the first man died for sin : here the bones of birth have cried, "Though gods they were, as men they died !" Here are sands, ignoble things, dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings : here's a world of pomp and state, buried in dust, once dead by fate.

63.—THE JOURNEY TO EMMAUS.—*Cowper.*

It happened, on a solemn even-tide, soon after He that was our Surety died, two bosom friends, each pensively inclin'd (the scene of all their sorrows left behind), sought their own village—busied as they went in musings worthy of the great event ; they spake of Him they loved, of Him whose life, though blameless, had incurred perpetual strife ; whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts, a deep memorial graven on their hearts. The recollection, like a vein of ore the farther trac'd, enrich'd them still the more ; they thought Him, and they justly thought Him, one sent to do more than He appear'd to have done ; to exalt a people, and to place them high above all else—and wondered He should die ! Ere yet they brought their journey to an end, a Stranger join'd them, courteous as a friend ; and asked them, with a kind, engaging air, what their affliction was, and begged a share. Informed, he gathered up the broken thread ; and, truth and wisdom gracing all he said, explained, illustrated, and searched so well the tender theme on which they chose to dwell, that, reaching home, "The night," they said, "is near ; we must not now be parted, sojourn here." The new acquaintance soon became a guest, and, made so welcome at their simple feast, he bless'd the bread, but vanished at the word ; and left them both exclaiming, "'Twas the Lord ! Did not our hearts feel all He deign'd to say ? did they not burn within us by the way ?"

64.—THE EXILE'S FAREWELL TO IRELAND.—*Elfrington.*

Farewell, my poor Erin, farewell to the years  
 When the sunshine of youth shed its light on my brow ;  
 Grief saddens my heart, and affliction and tears  
 Are all that are left me, so desolate now !  
 Farewell to the home and the halls of my sire !  
 Their splendour, their mirth, and their beauty have fled ;  
 Unheard is the minstrel, unstrung is the lyre,  
 And sad is my home—for its tenants are dead !  
 Cold, cold, are the lips that so fondly to mine  
 Have been pressed with the warmth of a dear mother's love ;  
 The friends of my childhood with grief I resign,  
 And hope that our spirits may mingle above.  
 The grave has my friends, and a wreck is my home,  
 Despair is the only companion I've here—  
 I'll welcome the storm and the billowy foam,  
 And smile when the "star-spangled banners" appear.  
 This sod from my valley shall by me be taken,  
 Still warm as it is with the lark's throbbing breast ;  
 'Twill gladden my eyes when at daylight I waken,  
 And grow o'er my grave when my heart is at rest ;  
 And the bird that so long was the joy of my dwelling,  
 And warbled so sweetly from morning till eve,  
 Shall come where I wander, and sing while I'm telling  
 How dear to my heart is the land that I leave.  
 At night, when I gaze on the starlight above me,  
 I'll think on the graves where "my people" repose ;  
 I'll weep to find none whom I love, or who love me—  
 For cold is the kindness the stranger bestows.  
 Adieu, then, adieu, to these Emerald hills,  
 Where fondly in fancy my heart loves to dwell ;  
 I take my last look of these fields and these rills—  
 Green home of my childhood, poor Erin, farewell !

65.—THE MARIGOLD.—*Wither.*

When, with a serious musing, I behold the grateful and obsequious  
 marigold ; how duly, every morning, she displays her open breast, when  
 Titan spreads his rays ; how she observes him in his daily walk, still bend-  
 ing towards him her slender stalk ; how, when he down declines, she



droops and mourns, bedew'd, as 'twere with tears, till he returns; and how she veils her flowers when he is gone, as if she scorned to be looked on by an inferior eye, or did contemn to wait upon a meaner light than him;—when this I meditate, methinks the flowers have spirits far more generous than ours; and give us fair examples, to despise the servile fawnings and idolatries wherewith we court these earthly things below, which merit not the service we bestow. But, O my God! though grovelling I appear upon the ground, and have a rooting here, which hales me downward, yet, in my desire, to that which is above me I aspire; and all my best affections I profess to Him that is the Sun of Righteousness. Oh! keep the morning of His incarnation—the burning noontide of His bitter passion—the night of His descending—and the height of His ascension—ever in my sight! that, imitating Him in what I may, I never follow an inferior way.

66.—THE INDIAN WOMAN'S DEATH SONG.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Down a broad river of the western wilds,  
Piercing thick forest glooms, a light canoe  
Swept with the current; fearful was the speed  
Of the frail bark, as, by a tempest's wing,  
Borne leaf-like on to where the mists of spray  
Rose with the cataract's thunder—yet within  
Proudly, and dauntlessly; and all alone,  
Save that a babe lay sleeping at her breast—  
A Woman stood: upon her Indian brow  
Sat a strange gladness, and her dark hair waved  
As if triumphantly: she press'd her child,  
In its bright slumber, to her beating heart,  
And lifted her sweet voice, that rose awhile  
Above the sound of waters, high and clear,  
Wafting a wild, proud strain, her song of death:—

“Roll swiftly to the Spirit's land, thou mighty stream and free!  
Father of ancient waters, roll! and bear our lives with thee!  
The weary bird that storms have tossed, would seek the sunshine's calm,  
And the deer that hath the arrow's hurt, flies to the woods of balm.

Roll on! my warrior's eye hath looked upon another's face—  
And mine hath faded from his soul, as fades a moonbeam's trace!  
My shadow comes not o'er his path, my whisper to his dream:  
He flings away the broken reed!—Roll swifter yet, thou stream!

The voice that spoke of other days is hushed within his breast,  
 But *mine* its lonely music hears, and will not let me rest ;  
 It sings a low and mournful song of gladness that is gone.  
 I cannot live without that light!—Father of waves ! roll on !

Will he not miss the bounding step that met him from the chase ?  
 The heart of love that made his home an ever-sunny place ?  
 The hand that spread his hunter's board, and deck'd his couch of yore ?  
 He will not !—Roll, dark foaming stream, on to the better shore !

Some blessèd fount amidst the woods of that bright land must flow,  
 Whose waters from my soul may lave the memory of this woe ;  
 Some gentle wind must whisper there, whose breath may waft away  
 The burden of the heavy night, the sadness of the day.

And thou, my babe ! though born, like me, to woman's weary lot,  
 Smile !—to that wasting of the heart, my own ! I leave thee not ;  
 Too bright a thing art *thou* to pine in aching love away ;—  
 Thy mother bears thee far, young fawn ! from sorrow and decay.

She bears thee to the glorious bowers where none are heard to weep ;  
 And where the unkind one hath no power again to trouble sleep ;  
 And where the soul shall find its youth, as wakening from a dream. ...  
 One moment, and that realm is ours !—On, on, dark rolling stream !”

67.—PAST AND PRESENT.—*Hood.*

I remember, I remember the house where I was born—  
 The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn ;  
 He never came a wink too soon, nor brought too long a day ;  
 But now, I often wish the night had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember the roses red and white,—  
 The violets, and the lily-cups—those flowers made of light !  
 The lilacs where the robin built,—and where my brother set  
 The laburnum on his birth-day,—the tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember where I was used to swing,  
 And thought the air must rush as fresh to swallows on the wing ;  
 My spirit flew in feathers then that is so heavy now,  
 And summer pools could hardly cool the fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember the fir-trees dark and high ;  
 I used to think their slender tops were close against the sky ;  
 It was a childish ignorance ; but now...’tis little joy  
 To know I’m farther off from Heaven than when I was a boy !

68.—THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW TO HER SON.—*Wills.*

<sup>1</sup> Woe for my vine-clad home ! that it should ever be so dark to me, with its bright threshold and its whispering tree ! that I should ever come, fearing the lonely echo of a tread, beneath the roof-tree of my glorious dead ! <sup>2</sup> Lead on, my orphan Boy ! the home is not so desolate to thee—and the low shiver in the linden tree may bring to thee a joy ; but oh ! how dark is the bright home before thee, to her who with a joyous spirit bore thee ! <sup>3</sup> Lead on ! for thou art now my sole remaining helper. God hath spoken, and the strong heart I leaned upon is broken ; and I have seen his brow—the forehead of my upright one, and just—trod, by the hoof of battle, in the dust. <sup>4</sup> He will not meet thee there who bless'd thee at the eventide, my son ! and when the shadows of the night steal on, he will not call to prayer. The lips that melted, giving thee to God, are in the icy keeping of the sod ! <sup>5</sup> Ay, my own boy ! thy sire is with the sleepers of the valley cast ; and the proud glory of my life hath passed with his high glance of fire. Woe that the linden and the vine should bloom, and a just man be gathered to the tomb ! <sup>6</sup> Why—bear them proudly, Boy ! it is the sword he girded to his thigh—it is the helm he wore in victory. And shall we have no joy ?...For thy green vales, oh Switzerland, he died !—I will forget my sorrow—in my pride !

69 —PLEASURES OF HOPE.—*Campbell.*

At summer's eve, when Heaven's aerial bow  
Spans, with bright arch, the glittering hills below,  
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,  
Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky ?  
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near ?  
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain with its azure hue.  
—Thus, with delight, we linger to survey  
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way ;  
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene  
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been ;  
And every form that fancy can repair  
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye  
To pierce the shades of dim futurity ?  
Can Wisdom lend, with all her boasted power,  
The pledge of joy's anticipated hour ?

Ah no ! she darkly sees the fate of man—  
 Her dim horizon bounded to a span ;  
 Or, if she holds an image to the view,  
 'Tis nature pictured too severely true.

With thee, sweet Hope, resides the heavenly light,  
 That pours remotest rapture on the sight :  
 Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,  
 That calls each slumbering passion into play.

Eternal Hope ! when yonder spheres sublime  
 Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time,  
 Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.  
 When all the sister planets have decayed ;  
 When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,  
 And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,  
 Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,  
 And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

70.—TRUTH DELIVERED FROM THE DUNGEON.—*Whitney.*

Three Furies fell, which turn the world to ruth,  
 Both Envy, Strife, and Slander, here appear ;  
 In dungeon dark they long enclosed Truth,  
 But Time at length did loose his daughter dear,  
 To set aloft that sacred lady bright,  
 Who things long hid reveals and brings to light.

Though Strife make fire, though Envy eat her heart,  
 The innocent though Slander rend and spoil ;  
 Yet Time will come, and take this lady's part,  
 And break her bonds, and bring her foes to foil.  
 Despair not then, though Truth be hidden oft ;  
 Because at length she shall be set aloft.

71.—MELROSE ABBEY AS IT WAS.—*Scott.*

Slowly the Old Monk led the way, where, cloistered round, the garden lay ; the pillared arches were over their head, and beneath their feet were the bones of the dead. Spreading herbs, and flowrets bright, glistened with the dew of night ; nor herb nor flowret glistened there, but was carved in the cloister-arches as fair. By a steel-clenched postern door, they entered now the chancel tall ; the darkened roof rose high aloof on pillars, lofty, and light, and small. Full many a scutcheon

and banner riven, shook to the cold night wind of heaven; and there the dying lamps did burn, near many a low and lonely urn. O fading honours of the dead! O high ambition, lowly laid! . . . The moon on the east oriel shone, through slender shafts of shapely stone, by foliaged tracery combined: thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand, 'twixt poplars straight, the osier wand in many a freakish knot had twined; then framed a spell, when the work was done, and changed the willow-wreaths to stone. The silver light, so pale and faint, showed many a prophet, and many a saint, whose image on the glass was dyed; full in the midst, his Cross of Red triumphant Michael brandished, and trampled the Apostate's pride. The moonbeam kissed the holy pane, and threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

72.—MELROSE ABBEY AS IT IS.—*Scott.*

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose right, go visit it by the pale moonlight; for the gay beams of lightsome day gild but to flout the ruins gray. When the broken arches are black in night, and each shafted oriel glimmers white; when the cold light's uncertain shower streams on the ruined central tower; when buttress and buttress alternately seem framed of ebon and ivory; when silver edges the imagery, and the scrolls that teach thee to live and die; when distant Tweed is heard to rave, and the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;...then go—but go alone the while—then view St. David's ruined pile; and, home returning, soothly swear, was never scene so sad and fair!

73.—HAPPINESS.—*Heber.*

One morning in the month of May I wandered o'er the hill;  
Though nature all around was gay, my heart was heavy still.  
Can God, I thought, the just, the great, these meaner creatures bless,  
And yet deny to man's estate the boon of happiness?

Tell me, ye Woods, ye smiling Plains, ye blessed Birds around,  
In which of nature's wide domains can bliss for man be found?  
The Birds wild-carolled overhead, the breeze around me blew,  
And Nature's awful Chorus said—no bliss for man she knew.

I questioned Love, whose early ray so rosy bright appears,  
And heard the timid genius say—his light was dimmed by tears.  
I questioned Friendship: Friendship sighed, and thus her answer gave—  
The few whom fortune never turn'd were wither'd in the grave.

I asked if Vice could bliss bestow. Vice boasted loud and well,  
 But fading from her withered brow the borrowed roses fell.  
 I sought of Feeling, if her skill could soothe the wounded breast ;  
 And found her mourning, faint, and still for others' woes distressed.

I questioned Virtue : Virtue sighed, no boon could she dispense—  
 Nor Virtue was her name, she cried, but humble Penitence.  
 I questioned Death—the grisly shade relaxed his brow severe—  
 And—"I am happiness," he said, "if virtue guides thee here."

74.—ST. PETER'S AT ROME—THE VATICAN.—*Byron.*

But lo ! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,  
 To which Diana's marvel was a cell—  
 Christ's mighty shrine, above his martyr's tomb !  
 I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—  
 Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell  
 The hyæna and the jackal in their shade ;  
 I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell  
 Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have survey'd  
 Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem pray'd.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,  
 Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—  
 Worthiest of God the Holy and the True :  
 Since Zion's desolation, when that He  
 Forsook his former city, what could be  
 Of earthly structures, in His honour piled,  
 Of a sublimer aspect ? Majesty,  
 Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aisled  
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

Enter : its grandeur overwhelms thee not ;  
 And why ? It is not lessened ; but thy mind,  
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,  
 Has grown colossal, and can only find  
 A fit abode, wherein appear enshrined  
 Thy hopes of immortality ;—and thou  
 Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,  
 See thy God face to face, as thou dost now  
 His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by His brow.

Thou movest—but, increasing with the advance,  
 Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,  
 Deceived by its gigantic elegance ;  
 Vastness which grows, but grows to harmonise—  
 All musical in its immensities ;  
 Rich marbles—richer paintings—shrines where flame  
 The lamps of gold—and haughty dome, which vies  
 In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame  
 Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must chain.

Thou seest not all ; but piecemeal thou must break,  
 To separate contemplation, the great whole ;  
 And as the ocean many bays will make,  
 That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul  
 To more immediate objects ; and control  
 Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart  
 Its eloquent proportions, and unroll  
 In mighty graduations, part by part,  
 The glory which at once upon thee did not dart—

Not by its fault, but thine : Our outward sense  
 Is but of gradual grasp : and as it is  
 That what we have of feeling most intense  
 Outstrips our faint expression ; even so, this  
 Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice  
 Fools our fond gaze, and, greatest of the great,  
 Defies, at first, our nature's littleness ;—  
 Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate  
 Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

Then pause, and be enlighten'd ; there is more  
 In such a survey than the sating gaze  
 Of wonder pleased—or awe which would adore  
 The worship of the place ; or the mere praise  
 Of Art and its great Masters. who could raise  
 What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan ;  
 The fountain of sublimity displays  
 Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man  
 Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can.

75.—YARROW UNVISITED.—*Wordsworth.*

From Stirling Castle we had seen the mazy Forth unravell'd ;  
 Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay, and with the Tweed had travell'd ;  
 And when we came to Clovenford, then said my "winsome narrow,"  
 "Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside, and see the Braes of Yarrow."...

"Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town, who have been buying, selling,  
 Go back to Yarrow,—'tis their own,—each maiden to her dwelling !  
 On Yarrow's banks let herons feed, hares couch, and rabbits burrow,  
 But we will downward with the Tweed, nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"What's Yarrow but a river bare that glides the dark hills under ?  
 There are a thousand such elsewhere as worthy of your wonder."  
 —Strange words they seem'd of slight and scorn ; my true-love sigh'd for  
 sorrow,

And look'd me in the face, to think I thus could speak of Yarrow !

"O green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms, and sweet is Yarrow flowing !  
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,—but we will leave it growing.  
 O'er hilly path and open strath we'll wander Scotland thorough ;  
 But, though so near, we will not turn into the dale of Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown ; it must, or we shall rue it :  
 We have a vision of our own, ah ! why should we undo it ?  
 The treasured dreams of times long past, we'll keep them, winsome narrow  
 For when we're there, although 'tis fair, 'twill be another Yarrow !

"If care with freezing years should come, and wandering seem but folly,—  
 Should we be loth to stir from home, and yet be melancholy ;  
 Should life be dull, and spirits low, 'twill soothe us in our sorrow  
 That earth has something yet to show—the bonny Holms of Yarrow !"

76.—YARROW VISITED.—*Wordsworth.*

And is this—Yarrow ?—This the stream of which my fancy cherish'd  
 So faithfully a waking dream, an image that hath perish'd ?  
 O that some minstrel's harp were near to utter notes of gladness,  
 And chase this silence from the air, that fills my heart with sadness !

Yet why ?—a silvery current flows with uncontroll'd meanderings ;  
 Nor have these eyes by greener hills been soothed, in all my wanderings .  
 And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake is visibly delighted ;  
 For not a feature of those hills is in the mirror slighted.



A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow Vale ; save where that pearly whiteness  
Is round the rising sun diffused,—a tender hazy brightness ;  
Mild dawn of promise ! that excludes all profitless dejection ;  
Though not unwilling here to admit a pensive recollection.

Delicious is the Lay that sings the haunts of happy lovers,  
The path that leads them to the grove, the leafy grove that covers ;  
And Pity sanctifies the verse that paints, by strength of sorrow,  
The unconquerable strength of Love ; bear witness, rueful Yarrow !

But thou that didst appear so fair to fond imagination  
Dost rival, in the light of day, her delicate creation :  
Meek loveliness is round thee spread, a softness still and holy :  
The grace of forest charms decay'd, and pastoral melancholy.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom, for sportive youth to stray in,  
For manhood to enjoy his strength, and age to wear away in !  
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss ; a covert for protection  
Of studious ease, and generous cares, and every chaste affection !

I see—but not by sight alone, loved Yarrow, have I won thee ;  
A ray of fancy still survives—her sunshine plays upon thee !  
Thy ever-youthful waters keep a course of lively pleasure ;  
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe, accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the heights, they melt, and soon must vanish ;  
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—sad thought ! which I would banish,  
But that I know, where'er I go, thy genuine image, Yarrow !  
Will dwell with me, to heighten joy, and cheer my mind in sorrow.

77.—THE GIFTS OF GOD.—*Herbert.*

<sup>1</sup> When God at first made Man, having a glass of blessings standing by ;  
“ Let us,” said He, “ pour on him all we can ; let the world's riches, which  
dispersed lie, contract into a span.” <sup>2</sup> So Strength first made a way ; then  
Beauty flow'd, then Wisdom, Honour, Pleasure : when almost all was out,  
God made a stay,—perceiving that alone, of all His treasure, Peace in the  
bottom lay. <sup>3</sup> “ For if I should,” said He, “ bestow this jewel also on my  
creature, he would adore my gifts instead of me, and rest in Nature, not  
the God of Nature : so both should losers be. <sup>4</sup> Yet let him keep the  
rest, but keep them with repining restlessness : let him be rich and weary,  
that at least, if Goodness lead him not, yet Weariness may toss him to my  
breast.”

78 —BINGEN ON THE RHINE.—*Mrs. Norton.*

A Soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers—

There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears ;  
But a Comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,  
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.  
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,  
And he said : " I never more shall see my own, my native land ;  
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,  
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine !

" Tell my Brothers and Companions, when they meet and crowd around  
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,  
That we fought the battle bravely,—and, when the day was done,  
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.  
And midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,—  
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars ;  
But some were young,—and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,—  
And one came from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine !

" Tell my Mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,  
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage :  
For my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,  
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild ;  
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,  
I let them take whate'er they would—but kept my father's sword ;  
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,  
On the cottage-wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine !

" Tell my Sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,  
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread .  
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,  
For her brother was a soldier, too,—and not afraid to die.  
And, if a comrade seek her love, I ask her, in my name,  
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame ;  
And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's sword and mine,)  
For the honour of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine !

" There's another—not a Sister ;—in the happy days gone by,  
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye :  
Too innocent for coquetry ; too fond for idle scorning ;—  
Oh, friend ! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning !

Tell her, the last night of my life—(for, ere this moon be risen,  
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison,)  
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine  
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to hear,  
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;  
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,  
That echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still:  
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,  
Down many a path belov’d of yore, and well-remembered walk;  
And her little hand lay lightly, confidently in mine...  
But we’ll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine!”

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish weak,—  
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak:  
His comrade bent to lift him,...but the spark of life had fled!  
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land was dead!  
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down  
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;  
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,  
As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

79.—THE MESSIAH’S ADVENT.—*Milman.*

<sup>1</sup> The heavens were not commanded to prepare a gorgeous canopy of golden air; nor stooped their lamps the enthroned fires on high: a single silent star came wandering from afar, gliding, unchecked and calm, along the liquid sky; the eastern Sages leading on,—as at a kingly throne, to lay their gold and odours sweet before Thy infant feet. <sup>2</sup> The earth and ocean were not hushed to hear bright harmony from every starry sphere: nor at Thy presence brake the voice of song from all the Cherub choirs, and Seraphs’ burning lyres, poured through the host of heaven the charmed clouds along. One angel-troop the strain began;—of all the race of man, by simple shepherds heard alone, that soft Hosannah’s tone. <sup>3</sup> And when Thou didst depart, no car of flame to bear Thee hence in lambent radiance came; nor visible angels mourned with drooping plumes: nor didst Thou mount on high from fatal Calvary, with all thine own redeemed out-bursting from their tombs. For Thou didst bear away from earth but one of human birth—the dying felon, by Thy side, to be in Paradise with Thee. <sup>4</sup> Nor o’er Thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake; a little while the conscious

Earth did shake at that foul deed by her fierce children done ; a few dim hours of day the world in darkness lay ; then basked in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun : while Thou didst sleep beneath the tomb, consenting to Thy doom—ere yet the white-robed angel shone upon the sealed stone.  
<sup>5</sup> And when Thou didst arise, Thou didst not stand with devastation in Thy red right hand, plaguing the guilty city's murderous crew ; but Thou didst haste to meet Thy Mother's coming feet, and bear the words of peace unto the faithful few. , . . Then, calmly, slowly, didst Thou rise into Thy native skies—Thy human form dissolved on high, in its own radiancy !

80.—THE ROMAN DAUGHTER.—*Byron.*

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light  
 What do I gaze on? Nothing : Look again !  
 Two forms are slowly shadowed on my sight—  
 Two insulated phantoms of the brain :  
 It is not so ; I see them full and plain—  
 An old man, and a female young and fair,  
 Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein  
 The blood is nectar:—but what doth she there,  
 With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare? \*

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,  
 Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took  
 Our first and sweetest nurture ; when the wife,  
 Blest into mother, in the innocent look,  
 Or even in the piping cry of lips that brook  
 No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives  
 Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook  
 She sees her little bud put forth its leaves—  
 What may the fruit be yet?—I know not—Cain was Eve's.

But here youth offers to old age the food,  
 The milk of his own gift:—it is her sire  
 To whom she renders back the debt of blood  
 Born with her birth. No ; he shall not expire  
 While in those warm and lovely veins the fire  
 Of health and holy feeling can provide  
 Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher  
 Than Egypt's river:—from that gentle side  
 Drink, drink and live, old man ! Heaven's realm holds no such tide.

The starry fable of the Milky Way  
 Has not thy story's purity; it is  
 A constellation of a sweeter ray,  
 And sacred Nature triumphs more in this  
 Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss  
 Where sparkle distant worlds:—Oh, holiest nurse,  
 No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss  
 To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source  
 With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

81.—OUR VILLAGE.—*Hood.*

Our village, that's to say, not Miss Mitford's Village, but our village of  
 Bullock Smithy,  
 Is come into by an avenue of trees (three oak pollards, two elders, and a  
 withy;)  
 And, in the middle, there's a Green of about not exceeding an acre and  
 a-half;  
 It's common to all, and fed off by nineteen cows, six ponies, three horses,  
 five asses, two foals, seven pigs, and a calf.  
 Beside a pond in the middle, as is held by a similar sort of common-law  
 lease,  
 And contains twenty ducks, six drakes, three ganders, two dead dogs, four  
 drowned kittens, and twelve geese.  
 Of course the Green's cropped very close, and does famous for bowling  
 when the little village-boys play at cricket;  
 Only some horse, or pig, or cow, or great jackass, is sure to come and  
 stand right before the wicket.  
 There's fifty-five private houses, let alone barns and workshops, pig-sties  
 and poultry-huts, and such like sheds;  
 With plenty of public-houses—two Foxes, one Green Man, three Bunches  
 of Grapes, one Crown, and six King's Heads.  
 The Green Man is reckoned the best, as the only one that for love or  
 money can raise  
 A postilion, a blue jacket, two deplorable lame white horses, and a ran-  
 shackled "neat post-chaise."  
 There's one parish church for all the people, whatsoever may be their ranks  
 in life or their degrees,  
 Except one very damp, small, dark, freezing-cold, little Methodist chapel-  
 of-ease;

And close by the church-yard, there's a stonemason's yard, that, when the time is seasonable,  
Will furnish with "afflictions sore," and marble urns, and cherubims,  
"very low and reasonable."

There's a Cage, comfortable enough—I've been in it with old Jack Jeffrey and Tom Pike—

For the Green Man next door will send you in ale, gin, or anything else you like.

I can't speak of the Stocks, as nothing remains of them but the upright post ;

But the Pound is kept in repair for the sake of Cobb's horse, as is always there almost.

There's a smithy of course, where that queer sort of a chap in his way, Old Joe Bradley,

Perpetually hammers and stammers, for he stutters and shoes horses very badly.

There's a shop of all sorts that sells everything, kept by the widow of Mr. Task,

But when you go there it's ten to one she's "out" of everything you ask ;  
You'll know her house by the swarm of boys, like flies, about the old sugary cask.

There are six empty houses, and not so well papered inside as out ;

For bill-stickers won't beware, but stick notices of sales and election-placards all about.

That's the Doctor's with a green door, where the garden-pots in the windows are seen ;

A weakly monthly rose that don't blow, and a dead geranium, and a tea-plant with five black leaves and one green.

As for hollyoaks at the cottage doors, and honeysuckles and jasmines, you may go and whistle ;

But the Tailor's front garden grows two cabbages, a dock, a ha'p'orth of pennyroyal, two dandelions, and a thistle.

There are three small orchards—Mr. Busby the schoolmaster's is the chief—

With two pear trees that don't bear, one plum, and an apple, that every year is stripp'd by a thief.

There's another small day-school, too, kept by the respectable Mrs. Gaby ;

A "Select Establishment," for six little boys and one big, and four little girls and a baby.

There's a rectory with pointed gables and strange odd chimneys that never smoke,  
 For the Rector don't live on his living like other Christian folk ;  
 There's a barber's, once a week well fill'd with rough black-bearded shock-headed churls,  
 And a window with two feminine men's heads, and two masculine ladies' in false curls ;  
 There's a butcher's, and a carpenter's, and a plumber's, and a small green-grocer's, and a baker—  
 But he won't bake on a Sunday ; and there's a sexton that's a coal merchant besides, and an undertaker ;  
 And a toy-shop, but not a whole one, for a village can't compare with the London shops ;  
 One window sells drums, dolls, kites, carts, bats, Clout's balls, and the other sells malt and hops.  
 And Mrs. Brown, in domestic economy not to be a bit behind her betters, Lets her house to a milliner, a watchmaker, a ratecatcher, a cobbler—lives in it herself, and it's the " Post-office for letters."...  
 Now I've gone through all the village—ay, from end to end, save and except one more house,  
 But I haven't come to that—and I hope I never shall—and that's the Village Poor-House !

82.—A THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE.—*Herriek.*

Lord, thou hast given me a cell wherein to dwell ; a little house, whose humble roof is weather-proof ; under the spars of which I lie both soft and dry : where Thou, my chamber still to ward, hast set a guard of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep me while I sleep. Low is my porch, as is my fate—both void of state ; yet is the threshold of my door worn by the poor, who hither come, and freely get good words or meat. Like as my parlour, so my hall, and kitchen small ; some brittle sticks of thorn or brier make me a fire,—close by whose living coal I sit, and glow like it. Lord, I confess too, when I dine, the pulse is Thine, and all those other bits that be there placed by Thee : the worts, the purslain, and the mess of water cress, which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent : and my content makes those, and my beloved beet, to be more sweet. 'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth with guiltless mirth ; Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand that sows my land : all this, and better, dost Thou send me, for this end—That I should render for my part a thankful heart ; which, fired with incense, I resign as wholly Thine : but the acceptance—that must be, O Lord, by Thee.

83.—THE LOVE OF THE WORLD REPROVED.—*Cowper.*

Thus says the prophet of the Turk, "Good Mussulman, abstain from pork! There is a part in every swine no friend or follower of mine may taste, whate'er his inclination, on pain of excommunication."—Such Mahomet's mysterious charge, and thus he left the point at large. Had he the sinful part expressed, they might with safety eat the rest; but for one piece they thought it hard from the whole hog to be debarred; and set their wit at work to find what joint the prophet had in mind. Much controversy straight arose, these choose the back, the belly those; by some 'tis confidently said, he meant not to forbid the head; while others at that doctrine rail, and piously prefer the tail. Thus—conscience freed from every clog—Mahometans eat up the hog.

You laugh—'tis well—the tale applied may make you laugh on t'other side. "Renounce the world!"—the preacher cries. "We do!"—a multitude replies. While one as innocent regards a snug and friendly game at cards; and one, whatever you may say, can see no evil in a play; some love a concert or a race; and others shooting, and the chase. . . Reviled and loved, renounced and followed, thus, bit by bit, the world is swallowed; each thinks his neighbour makes too free, yet likes a slice as well as he; with sophistry their sauce they sweeten, till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

84.—THE ATHEIST.—*Knox.*

The fool hath said, "There is no God."...No God!—Who lights the morning sun,

And sends him on his heavenly road, a far and brilliant course to run?

Who, when the radiant day is done, hangs forth the moon's nocturnal lamp,  
And bids the planets, one by one, steal o'er the night-vales dark and damp?

No God!—Who gives the evening dew, the fanning breeze, the fostering shower?

Who warms the spring-morn's budding bough, and paints the summer's noontide flower?

Who spreads, in the autumnal bower, the fruit-tree's mellow stores around;  
And sends the winter's icy power, to invigorate the exhausted ground?

No God!—Who makes the bird to wing its flight like arrow through the sky;

And gives the deer its power to spring from rock to rock triumphantly?

Who formed Behemoth, huge and high, that at a draught the river drains,  
And great Leviathan, to lie, like floating isle, on ocean plains?



No God!—Who warms the heart to heave with thousand feelings soft and sweet,  
 And prompts the aspiring soul to leave the earth we tread beneath our feet,  
 And soar away on pinions fleet, beyond the scene of mortal strife,  
 With fair ethereal forms to meet, that tell us of an after-life?

No God!—Who fixed the solid ground on pillars strong that alter not?  
 Who spread the curtained skies around? who doth the ocean-bounds allot?  
 Who all things to perfection brought on earth below, in heaven abroad?—  
 Go ask the fool of impious thought, that dares to say,—“There is no God!”

85.—BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.—*Swift.*

In ancient times, as story tells, the saints would often leave their cells, and stroll about, but hide their quality, to try good people's hospitality. It happened on a winter night, as authors of the legend write, two brother hermits, saints by trade, taking their tour in masquerade, disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went to a small village down in Kent; where, in the stroller's canting strain, they begg'd from door to door in vain, tried every tone might pity win—but not a soul would take them in. Our wandering saints, in woful state, treated at this ungodly rate, having through all the village pass'd, to a small cottage came at last, where dwelt a good old honest yeoman, call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon; who kindly did these saints invite in his poor hut to pass the night: and then the hospitable sire bid Goody Baucis mend the fire; while he from out the chimney took a fitch of bacou off the hook, and freely from the fattest side cut out large slices to be fried; then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink, fill'd a large jug up to the brink, and saw it fairly twice go round; yet (what is wonderful!) they found 'twas still replenish'd to the top, as if they ne'er had touched a drop. The good old couple were amaz'd, and often on each other gaz'd; for both were frightened to the heart, and just began to cry, “What art’st!” Then softly turn'd aside to view whether the lights were burning blue. “Good folks, you need not be afraid; we are but saints,” the hermits said; “no hurt shall come to you or yours: but for that pack of churlish boors, not fit to live on Christian ground, they and their houses shall be drown'd; whilst you shall see your cottage rise, and grow a church before your eyes.”

They scarce had spoke when fair and soft the roof began to mount aloft; aloft rose every beam and rafter, the heavy wall climb'd slowly after; the chimney widen'd and grew higher—became a steeple with a spire! The kettle to the top was hoist, and there stood fasten'd to a joist, doom'd ever in suspense to dwell;—’tis now no kettle, but a bell! A wooden jack

which had almost lost by disuse the art to roast, a sudden alteration feels, increas'd by new intestine wheels; the jack and chimney, near allied, had never left each other's side: the chimney to a steeple grown, the jack would not be left alone, but up against the steeple rear'd, became a clock, and still adhered! The groaning chair began to crawl, like a huge snail, along the wall; there stuck aloft in public view—and with small change a pulpit grew!

The cottage, by such feats as these, grown to a church by just degrees, the hermits then desired the host to ask for what he fancied most. Philemon, having paus'd awhile, returned them thanks in homely style: "I'm old, and fain would live at ease; make me the parson, if you please."

Thus happy in their change of life were several years this man and wife. When on a day, which prov'd their last, discoursing on old stories past, they went by chance, amidst their talk, to the church-yard to take a walk; when Baucis hastily cried out, "My dear, I see your forehead sprout!" "Sprout!" quoth the man; "what's this you tell us? I hope you don't believe me jealous! But yet, methinks, I feel it true; and really yours is budding too! Nay—now I cannot stir my foot; it feels as if 'twere taking root." . . . Description would but tire my muse; in short, they both were turn'd to yews.

86.—ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.—*Leigh Hunt.*

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An Angel writing in a book of gold.  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the Presence in the room he said—  
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,  
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."  
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"  
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night  
It came again with a great wakening light,  
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd—  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

97.—SOLITUDE—MEDITATIONS AT SEA.—*Byron.*

'Tis night—when Meditation bids us feel  
 We once have loved, though love is at an end :  
 The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,  
 Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.  
 Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,  
 When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy ?  
 Alas ! when mingling souls forget to blend,  
 Death hath but little left him to destroy !  
 Ah ! happy years ! once more who would not be a boy ?

Thus, bending o'er the vessel's laving side,  
 To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,  
 The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride,  
 And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.  
 None are so desolate but something dear,  
 Dearer than self, possesses or possessed  
 A thought, and claims the homage of a tear ;  
 A flashing pang ! of which the weary breast  
 Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,  
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,  
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,  
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;  
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,  
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;  
 Alone o'er steep and foaming falls to lean ;  
 This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold  
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,  
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,  
 And roam along (the world's tired denizen !),  
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless—  
 Minions of splendour shrinking from distress !—  
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,  
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less  
 Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued ;  
 This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !

88.—THE FAMILY MEETING.—*Sprague.*

<sup>1</sup> We are all here! father, mother, sister, brother, all who hold each other dear. Each chair is filled: we're all at home: to-night, let no cold stranger come: it is not often thus around our old familiar hearth we're found. Bless then the meeting and the spot; for once, be every care forgot; let gentle Peace assert her power, and kind Affection rule the hour; we're all—all here. . . . <sup>2</sup> We're not all here! some are away—the dead ones dear, who thronged with us this ancient hearth, and gave the hour to guileless mirth. Fate, with a stern relentless hand, look'd in and thinn'd our little band: some, like a night-flash, passed away, and some sank lingering day by day; the quiet grave-yard—some lie there,—and cruel Ocean has his share: we're not all here! . . . <sup>3</sup> We are all here! even they, the dead—though dead, so dear,—fond Memory, to her duty true, brings back their faded forms to view. How life-like, through the mist of years, each well-remembered face appears! we see them as in times long past,—from each to each kind looks are cast; we hear their words, their smiles behold, they're round us, as they were of old,—we are all here! <sup>4</sup> We are all here! father, mother, sister, brother, you that I love with love so dear. This may not long of us be said; soon may we join the gathered dead, and by the hearth we now sit round, some other circle will be found. Oh! now that wisdom may we know, which yields a life of peace below; so, in the world to follow this, may each repeat in words of bliss, "We're all—all here!"

89.—THE MOTHER WHO HAS AT CHILD A SEA.—*Eliza Cook.*

<sup>1</sup> There's an eye that looks on the swelling cloud, folding the moon in a funeral shroud; that watches the stars dying one by one, till the whole of heaven's calm light hath gone; there's an ear that lists to the hissing surge, as the mourner turns to the anthem dirge. That eye! that ear! oh, whose can they be, but a mother's who hath a child at sea? <sup>2</sup> There's a cheek that is getting ashy white, as the tokens of storm come on with night; there's a form that's fixed at the lattice pane, to mark how the gloom gathers over the main, while the yeasty billows lash the shore with loftier sweep and hoarser roar. That cheek! that form! oh, whose can they be, but a mother's who hath a child at sea? <sup>3</sup> The rushing whistle chills her blood, as the north wind hurries to scourge the flood; and the icy shiver spreads to her heart, as the first red lines of lightning start. The ocean boils! all mute she stands, with parted lips and tight-clasp'd hands: oh, marvel not at her fear, for she is a mother who hath a child at sea! <sup>4</sup> She conjures up the fearful scene of yawning waves, where the ship, between,

with striking keel and splinter'd mast, is plunging hard and foundering fast. She sees her boy with lank drench'd hair, clinging-on to the wreck with a cry of despair. Oh, the vision is madd'ning! No grief can be like a mother's who hath a child at sea. <sup>5</sup> She presses her brow—she sinks and kneels, whilst the blast howls-on and the thunder peals; she breathes not a word—for her passionate prayer is too fervent and deep for the lips to bear; it is pour'd in the long convulsive sigh, in the straining glance of an upturn'd eye; and a holier offering cannot be, than the mother's prayer for her child at sea. <sup>6</sup> Oh! I love the winds when they spurn control, for they suit my own bond-hating soul; I like to hear them sweeping past, like the eagle's pinions, free and fast; but a pang will rise, with sad alloy, to soften my spirit and sink my joy, when I think how dismal their voices must be, to a mother who hath a child at sea!

90—THE CHILD OF EARTH.—*Mrs. Norton.*

Fainter her slow step falls from day to day,  
 Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow;  
 Yet doth she fondly cling to earth and say,  
 "I am content to die, but, oh! not now!—  
 Not while the blossoms of the joyous Spring  
 Make the warm air such luxury to breathe;  
 Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing;  
 Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreathe.  
 Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brow!  
 I am content to die,—but, oh! not now!"

The Spring hath ripen'd into summer time,  
 The Season's viewless boundary is past;  
 The glorious sun hath reach'd his burning prime:  
 Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?  
 "Let me not perish, while, o'er land and sea,  
 With silent steps, the lord of light moves on;  
 Not while the murmur of the mountain bee  
 Greets my dull ear, with music in its tone!  
 Pale sickness dims my eye, and clouds my brow!  
 I am content to die,—but, oh! not now!"

Summer is gone: and Autumn's soberer hues  
 Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn,  
 The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,  
 Shouts the halloo, and winds his eager horn.

"Spare me awhile to wander forth and gaze  
 On the broad meadows, and the quiet stream ;  
 To watch in silence, while the evening rays  
 Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam !  
 Cooler the breezes play around my brow ;  
 I am content to die,—but, oh ! not now !"

The bleak wind whistles : snow-showers, far and near,  
 Drift without echo to the whitening ground ;  
 Autumn hath passed away, and, cold and drear,  
 Winter stalks on, with frozen mantle bound :  
 Yet still that prayer ascends. "Oh ! laughingly  
 My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd,  
 Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high ;  
 And the roof rings with voices light and loud :  
 Spare me awhile ! raise up my drooping brow !  
 I am content to die, but, oh ! not now !"

The Spring is come again—the joyful Spring !  
 Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread ;  
 The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing ;—  
 The Child of Earth is number'd with the dead !  
 "Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,  
 Beaming all redly through the lattice pane ;  
 The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,  
 Nor fond familiar voice arouse again !  
 Death's silent shadow veils thy darken'd brow ;  
 Why didst thou linger ?—thou art happier now !"

91.—PEACE.—*Herbert.*

<sup>1</sup> Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell ? I humbly crave—let me once know. I sought thee in a secret cave, and asked if Peace were there. A hollow Wind did seem to answer, "No ; go seek elsewhere." <sup>2</sup> I did ; and, going, did a Rainbow note : "Surely," thought I, "this is the lace of Peace's coat : I will search out the matter." But, while I look'd, the clouds immediately did break and scatter. <sup>3</sup> Then went I to a garden, and did spy a gallant flower,—the crown imperial. "Sure," said I, "Peace at the root must dwell." But, when I digged, I saw a worm devour what show'd so well. <sup>4</sup> At length I met a reverend good old man, whom when for Peace I did demand, he thus began :—"There was a Prince of old at Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase of flock and fold. <sup>5</sup> He sweetly

lived ; yet sweetness did not save his life from foes. But, after death, out of his grave there sprang twelve stalks of wheat ; which many, wondering at, got some of those to plant and set. <sup>6</sup> It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse through all the earth ; for they that taste it do rehearse that virtue lies therein,—a secret virtue,—bringing Peace and Mirth, by flight of Sin. <sup>7</sup> Take of this grain which in my garden grows, and grow for you. Make bread of it ; for that repose and peace, which everywhere with so much earnestness you do pursue, is only there."

92.—THE PREACHING OF THE FLOWERS.—*Horace Smith.*

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preachers,  
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book ;  
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,  
From loneliest nook.  
In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly artist !  
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,  
What a delightful lesson thou impartest  
Of love to all !  
Ephemeral sages ! what instructors hoary,  
For such a world of thought could furnish scope ?  
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,  
Yet fount of hope !  
Posthumous glories ! angel-like collection !  
Upraised from seed or bulb interr'd in earth,  
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,  
And second birth !  
Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,  
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,  
My soul would find in flowers, of thy ordaining,  
Priests, sermons, shrines !

93.—TO-MORROW.—*Collins.*

**In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,  
May my lot no less fortunate be  
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,  
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea ;  
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,  
While I carol away idle sorrow ;  
And, blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,  
Look forward with hope for To-morrow.**

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely  
 Secured by a neighbouring hill ;  
 And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly  
 By the sound of a murmuring rill :  
 And while peace and plenty I find at my board,  
 With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,  
 With my friends may I share what To-day may afford,  
 And let them spread the table To-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering  
 When I've worn it three-score years and ten,  
 On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,  
 Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again :  
 But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,  
 And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow ;  
 As this old worn-out stuff, which is thread-bare To-day,  
 May become everlasting—To-morrow !

94.—THE IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES —*H. More.*

Since trifles make the sum of human things,  
 And half our misery from our foibles springs ;  
 Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,  
 And though but few can serve, yet all may please ;  
 O, let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,  
 A small unkindness is a great offence.  
 To spread large bounties though we wish in vain,  
 Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain :  
 To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,  
 With rank to grace them, or to crown with health,  
 Our little lot denies ; yet, liberal still,  
 Heaven gives its counterpoise to every ill ;  
 Nor let us murmur at our stinted powers,  
 When kindness, love, and concord may be ours.  
 The gift of minist'ring to others' ease,  
 To all her sons, impartial, she decrees ;  
 The gentle offices of patient love,  
 Beyond all flattery, and all price above ;  
 The mild forbearance at a brother's fault,  
 The angry word suppress'd, the taunting thought  
 Subduing and subdued, the petty strife  
 Which clouds the colour of domestic life ;



The sober comfort, all the peace which springs  
 From the large aggregate of little things ;—  
 On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,  
 The almost sacred joys of home depend.  
 And he whose helpful tenderness removes  
 The rankling thorn which wounds the breast he loves,  
 Smooths not another's rugged path alone,  
 But clears the obstruction which impedes his own.

95.—THE VOICE OF PRAISE.—*Miss Mitford.*

There is a voice of magic power to charm the old, delight the young—  
 In lordly hall, in rustic bower, in every clime, in every tongue,  
 Howe'er its sweet vibration rung, in whispers low, in poet's lays,  
 There lives not one who has not hung enraptured on the Voice of Praise.  
 The timid Child, at that soft voice, lifts, for a moment's space, the eye ;  
 It bids the fluttering heart rejoice, and stays the step prepared to fly :  
 'Tis pleasure breathes that short quick sigh, and flushes o'er that rosy face ;  
 Whilst shame and infant modesty shrink back with hesitating grace.  
 The Hero, when a people's voice proclaims their darling victor near,  
 Feels he not then his soul rejoice, their shouts of love and praise to hear ?  
 Yes ! fame to generous minds is dear ;—it pierces to their inmost core ;  
 He weeps, who never shed a tear ; he trembles, who ne'er shook before !  
 The Poet, too—ah ! well I deem small is the need the tale to tell—  
 Who knows not that his thought, his dream, on thee, at noon, at midnight  
 dwell ?  
 Who knows not that thy magic spell can charm his every care away ?  
 In memory, cheer his gloomy cell—in hope, can lend a deathless ray ?  
 'Tis sweet to watch Affection's eye ; to mark the tear with love replete ;  
 To feel the softly-breathing sigh when Friendship's lips the tones repeat ;  
 But, oh ! a thousand times more sweet, the praise of those we love to hear !  
 Like balmy showers in summer heat, it falls upon the greedy ear.  
 The Lover lulls his rankling wound by dwelling on his fair one's name ;  
 The Mother listens for the sound of her young warrior's growing fame.  
 Thy voice can soothe the mourning Dame, of her soul's wedded partner riven,  
 Who cherishes the hallowed flame, parted on earth, to meet in heaven !  
 That voice can quiet passion's mood, can humble merit raise on high ;  
 And, from the wise and from the good, it breathes of immortality !  
 —There is a lip, there is an eye, where most I love to see it shine,  
 To hear it speak, to feel it sigh ;—my mother ! need I say, 'tis thine !

96.—TO MY SOUL.—*Chaucer (modernized).*

Far from mankind, my weary soul, retire ;  
 Still follow truth, contentment still desire.  
 Who climbs on high, at best his weakness shows,  
 Who rolls in riches, all to fortune owes.  
 Read well thyself, and mark thy early ways ;  
 Vain is the muse, and envy waits on praise.  
 Wearing as winds, the breath of fortune blows ;  
 No power can turn it, and no prayers compose.  
 Deep in some hermit's solitary cell,  
 Repose, and ease, and contemplation dwell.  
 Let Conscience guide thee in the days of need ;  
 Judge well thy own, and then thy neighbour's deed.  
 What heaven bestows, with thankful eyes receive ;  
 First ask thy heart, and then through faith believe.  
 Slowly we wander o'er a toilsome way,  
 Shadows of life, and pilgrims of a day.  
 "Who restless in this world receives a fall,  
 Look up on high, and thank thy God for all !"

97.—THE PALMER.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

"Open the door, some pity to show ! keen blows the northern wind !  
 The glen is white with the drifted snow, and the path is hard to find.  
 No outlaw seeks your castle gate, from chasing the king's deer ;  
 Though even an outlaw's wretched state might claim compassion here.  
 A weary Palmer, worn and weak, I wander for my sin ;  
 O, open for Our Lady's sake ! a pilgrim's blessing win !  
 The hare is crouching in her form, the hart beside the hind ;  
 An aged man, amid the storm, no shelter can I find.  
 The iron gate is bolted hard, at which I knock in vain ;  
 The owner's heart is closer barr'd, who hears me thus complain.  
 Farewell, farewell ! and Heaven grant, when old and frail you be,  
 You never may the shelter want, that's now denied to me !"  
 The Ranger on his couch lay warm, and heard him plead in vain ;  
 But oft, amid December's storm, he'll hear that voice again.  
 For lo, when, through the vapours dank, morn shone on Ettrick fair,  
 A corpse, amid the alders rank, the Palmer welter'd there.

98.—THE HOME OF THE SPIRIT.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Answer me, burning Stars of night, where is the spirit gone,  
That, past the reach of human sight, as a swift breeze hath flown?  
And the Stars answer'd me: "We roll in light and power on high;  
But in the never-dying soul ask that which cannot die."

O many-toned and chainless Wind, thou art a wanderer free;  
Tell me, if thou its place canst find, far over mount and sea?  
And the Wind murmur'd in reply: "The blue deep I have cross'd,  
And met its barks and billows high, but not what thou hast lost."

Ye Clouds, that gorgeously repose around the setting sun,  
Answer; have ye a home for those whose earthly race is run?  
The bright Clouds answer'd: "We depart, we vanish from the sky;  
Ask what is deathless in thy heart, for that which cannot die."

Speak, then, thou Voice of God within, thou of the deep low tone;  
Answer me through life's restless din—where is the spirit flown?  
And the Voice answer'd: "Be thou still, enough to know is given;  
Clouds, winds, and stars their part fulfil; thine is to trust in heaven."

99.—SENTIMENTS OF A CONTENTED MIND.—*Anon.*

<sup>1</sup> No glory I covet, no riches I want, ambition is nothing to me; the one thing I beg of kind heaven to grant, is a mind independent and free. <sup>2</sup> With passion unruffled, untainted with pride, by reason my life let me square: the wants of my nature are cheaply supplied, and the rest is but folly and care. <sup>3</sup> The blessings which Providence freely has lent, I'll justly and gratefully prize; while sweet meditation and cheerful content shall make me both healthful and wise. <sup>4</sup> In the pleasures the great man's possessions display, unenvied I'll challenge my part; for every fair object my eyes can survey contributes to gladden my heart. <sup>5</sup> How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife, the many their labours employ! since all that is truly delightful in life, is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

100.—THE LIFE OF MAN.—*King.*

Like the falling of a star, or as the flights of eagles are; or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue, or silver drops of morning dew; or like a wind that chafes the flood, or bubble which on water stood: even such is Man, whose borrowed light is straight call'd in and paid to night. The wind blows out, the bubble dies; the spring entomb'd in autumn lies; the dew dries up, the star is shot: the flight is past—and man forgot.

101.—ON THE EFFECTS OF TIME AND CHANGE.—*Beattie*.

Of Chance or Change, O let not man complain,  
 Else shall he never, never, cease to wail ;  
 For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain  
 Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,  
 All feel the assault of Fortune's fickle gale :  
 Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doomed ;  
 Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale,  
 And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entombed,  
 And, where the Atlantic rolls, wide continents have bloomed.

But, sure, to foreign climes we need not range ;  
 Nor search the ancient records of our race,  
 To learn the dire effects of Time and Change,  
 Which in ourselves, alas ! we daily trace.  
 Yet, at the darkened eye, the withered face,  
 Or hoary hair, I never will repine :  
 But spare, oh, Time, whate'er of mental grace,  
 Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,  
 Whate'er of fancy's ray or friendship's flame, is mine.

102.—WELCOME TO SPRING.—*Eliza Cook*.

How glad I shall be when the cuckoo is singing,  
 When Spring-time is here, and the sunshine is warm ;  
 For 'tis pleasant to tread where the blue-bell is springing,  
 And lily-cups grow in their fairy-like form.  
 'Tis then we shall see the loud-twittering swallow  
 Building his home 'neath the cottager's eaves ;  
 The brown-headed nightingale quickly will follow,  
 And the orchard be glad with its blossoms and leaves.  
 The branches so gay will be dancing away,  
 Decked out in their dresses so white and so pink ;  
 And then we'll go straying, and playing, and maying,  
 By valleys and hills, and the rivulet's brink.

How glad I shall be when the bright little daisies  
 Are peeping all over the meadows again ;  
 How merry 'twill sound when the skylark upraises  
 His carolling voice o'er the flower-strewn plain.  
 Then the corn will be up, and the lambs will be leaping,  
 The palm with its buds of rich gold will be bent ;

The hedges of hawthorn will burst from their sleeping,  
 All fresh and delicious with beauty and scent.  
 'Twill be joyous to see the young wandering bee,  
 When the lilacs are out, and laburnum boughs swell:  
 And then we'll go straying, and playing, and maying,  
 By upland and lowland, by dingle and dell.

How glad I shall be when the furze-bush and clover  
 Stand up in their garments of yellow and red;  
 When the butterfly comes like a holiday rover,  
 And grasshoppers cheerily jump as we tread.  
 All the sweet wild-flowers then will be shining,  
 All the high trees will be covered with green;  
 We'll gather the rarest of blossoms for twining,  
 And garland the brow of some bonnie May Queen.  
 Like the branches so gay, we'll go dancing away,  
 With our cheeks in the sunlight, and voices of mirth;  
 And then we'll go straying, and playing, and maying,  
 And praise all the loveliness showered on earth.

103.—THE NYMPH LAMENTING THE DEATH OF HER FAWN.—*Marvell.*

The wanton Troopers riding-by have shot my fawn, and it will die.  
 Ungentle men! they cannot thrive who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst alive  
 hem any harm; alas! nor could thy death yet do them any good. I'm  
 sure I never wished them ill; nor do I for all this; nor will: but, if my  
 simple prayers may yet prevail with Heaven, to forget thy murder, I will  
 join my tears rather than fail. But, O my fears! it cannot die so—Heaven's  
 King keeps register of every thing; and nothing may we use in vain:—  
 Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain.

With sweetest milk and sugar first, I it at mine own fingers nursed;  
 and as it grew, so every day it waxed more white and sweet than they. It  
 had so sweet a breath! and oft I blushed to see its foot more soft and  
 white—shall I say, than my hand—nay, any lady's of the land. It is a  
 wondrous thing how fleet 'twas on those little silver feet, with what a  
 pretty skipping grace it oft would challenge me the race; and, when't had  
 left me far away, 'twould stay, and run again, and stay. For it was  
 nimbler much than hinds, and trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own, but so with roses overgrown, and lilies,  
 that you would it guess to be a little wilderness; and all the springtime  
 of the year it only lovèd to be there. Among the beds of lilies, I have

sought it oft where it should lie ; yet could not, till itself would rise, find it, although before mine eyes ; for, in the flaxen lilies' shade, it like a bank of lilies laid. Upon the roses it would feed, until its lips ev'n seemed to bleed ; and then to me 'twould boldly trip, and print those roses on my lip. But all its chief delight was still on roses thus itself to fill ; and its pure virgin limbs to fold in whitest sheets of lilies cold. Had it lived long it would have been lilies without, roses within !...Now, my sweet fawn is vanished to whither the swans and turtles go ; in fair Elysium to endure, with milk-white lambs and ermines pure...Oh ! do not run too fast, for I will but bespeak thy grave and die.

104.—WISHES.—*Elliot*.

Would that I were a river, to wander all alone  
Through some sweet Eden of the wild, in music of my own ;  
And, bathed in bliss, and fed with dew, distill'd o'er mountains hoary,  
Return unto my home in heaven, on wings of joy and glory !

O, that I were a skylark, to soar and sing above,  
Filling all hearts with joyful sounds, and my own soul with love !  
Then, o'er the mourner, and the dead, and o'er the good man dying,  
My song should come like buds and flowers, when music warbles flying.

O, that a wing of splendour, like yon wild cloud, were mine !  
Yon bounteous cloud, that gets to give, and borrows to resign !  
On that bright wing, to climes of spring, I'd bear all wintry bosoms,  
And bid Hope smile on weeping thoughts—like April on her blossoms !

105.—THE FOLLIES OF THE WORLD.—*Kobla*.

<sup>1</sup> Is this a time to plant and build, add house to house, and field to field ? when round our walls the battle lowers ; when mines are hid beneath our towers ; and watchful foes are stealing round to search and spoil the holy ground ? <sup>2</sup> Is this a time for moonlight dreams of love, and home by mazy streams ?—for Fancy with her shadowy toys, aerial hopes, and pensive joys ? . . . while souls are wandering far and wide, and curses swarm on every side ! <sup>3</sup> No—rather steel thy melting heart to act the martyr's sternest part ;—to watch, with firm, unshrinking eye, thy darling visions as they die ; till all bright hopes, and hues of day, have faded into twilight gray. <sup>4</sup> Yes—let them pass without a sigh !—and, if the world seem dull and dry ; if long and sad thy lonely hours, and winds have rent thy sheltering bowers ; bethink thee what thou art, and where—a sinner, in a life of care !

106.—ODE TO PEACE.—*Couper.*

<sup>1</sup> Come, peace of mind, delightful guest ! return, and make thy downy nest once more in this sad heart : nor riches I, nor power pursue, nor hold forbidden joys in view ; we therefore need not part. <sup>2</sup> Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me, from avarice and ambition free, and pleasure's fatal wiles ? for whom, alas ! dost thou prepare the sweets that I was wont to share—the banquet of thy smiles ? <sup>3</sup> The great, the gay, shall they partake the heaven that thou alone canst make ? and wilt thou quit the stream that murmurs through the dewy mead, the grove, and the sequester'd shade, to be a guest with them ? <sup>4</sup> For thee I panted, thee I prized ; for thee I gladly sacrificed what'er I loved before : and shall I see thee start away, and helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—"Farewell, we meet no more ?"

107.—THE RHYTHM OF BERNARD DE MORLAIX.—*Neale (translated).*

Brief life is *here* our portion ; brief sorrow, short-liv'd care ;  
 The life that knows no ending, the tearless life, is *there*.  
 O happy retribution ! short toil, eternal rest ;  
 For mortals and for sinners a mansion with the blest !  
 That we should look, poor wanderers, to have our home on high !  
 That worms should seek for dwellings beyond the starry sky !  
 To all, one happy guerdon of one celestial grace ;  
 For all, for all who mourn their fall, is one eternal place ;  
 And martyrdom hath roses upon that heavenly ground :  
 And white and virgin lilies for virgin-souls abound.  
 There grief is turned to pleasure ; such pleasure, as below  
 No human voice can utter, no human heart can know.  
 And now we fight the battle, but then shall wear the crown  
 Of full, and everlasting, and passionless renown :  
 And now we watch and struggle, and now we live in hope,  
 And Sion, in her anguish, with Babylon must cope :  
 But He whom now we trust in shall then be seen and known ;  
 And they that know and see Him shall have Him for their own.  
 The miserable pleasures of the body shall decay :  
 The bland and flattering struggles of the flesh shall pass away :  
 And none shall there be jealous ; and none shall there contend :  
 Fraud, clamour, guile—what say I ?—all ill, all ill shall end !  
 And there is David's Fountain, and life in fullest glow ;  
 And there the light is golden, and milk and honey flow :  
 The light that hath no evening, the health that hath no sore,  
 The life that hath no ending, but lasteth evermore.

## SELECTIONS FROM LYRICAL POETRY

FOR

## SENIOR PUPILS.

## I.—From English Authors.

1.—UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.—*Shakespeare.*

<sup>1</sup> Under the greenwood tree who loves to lie with me, and tune his merry note unto the sweet bird's throat, come hither, come hither, come hither! Here shall he see no enemy,—but winter and rough weather!

<sup>2</sup> Who doth ambition shun, and loves to lie i' the sun; seeking the food he eats, and pleas'd with what he gets; come hither, come hither, come hither! Here shall he see no enemy,—but winter and rough weather!

2.—TAKE, OH, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY!—*Shakespeare.*

Take, oh, take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn:  
But my kisses bring again,  
Seals of love, but sealed in vain!

3.—SIGH NO MORE, LADIES.—*Shakespeare.*

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more! men were deceivers ever;  
One foot in sea, and one on shore—to one thing constant never.  
Then sigh not so, but let them go; and be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe into, "Hey nonny, nonny!"

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo'e of dumps so dull and heavy;  
The fraud of men was ever so, since summer first was leafy.  
Then sigh not so, but let them go; and be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe into, "Hey nonny, nonny!"



4.—HARK! HARK! THE LARK!—*Shakespeare.*

Hark, hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings, as Phœbus 'gins arise  
 His steeds to water at those springs on chaliced flowers that lies;  
 And winking May-buds now begin to ope their golden eyes:  
 With everything that pretty bin, my lady sweet, arise!

5.—BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.—*Shakespeare.*

<sup>1</sup> Blow, blow, thou winter wind! thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude! Thy tooth is not so keen, because thou art not seen; although thy breath be rude! <sup>2</sup> Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky! thou dost not bite so high as benefits forgot! Though thou the waters warp, thy sting is not so sharp as friend remember'd not.

6.—ARIEL'S SONG.—*Shakespeare.*

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;  
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
 There I couch when owls do cry.  
 On the bat's back I do fly,  
 After summer, merrily:  
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

7.—FAIRY SONG.—*Shakespeare.*

Over hill, over dale, thorough bush, thorough brier,—over park, over pale, thorough flood, thorough fire,—I do wander everywhere, swifter than the moonè's sphere; and I serve the fairy queen, to dew her orbs upon the green; the cowslips tall her pensioners be; in their gold coats spots you see; those be rubies, fairy favours; in those freckles live their savours: I must go seek some dew-drops here, and hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

8.—YOUTH AND AGE.—*Shakespeare.*

<sup>1</sup> Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together; Youth is full of pleasure—Age is full of care; Youth like summer morn—Age like winter weather. Youth like summer brave—Age like winter bare. <sup>2</sup> Youth is full of sport—Age's breath is short; Youth is nimble, Age is lame; Youth is hot and bold—Age is weak and cold; Youth is wild, and Age is tame. <sup>3</sup> Age, I do abhor thee—Youth, I do adore thee! Oh, my Love, my Love is gone. Age, I do defy thee! Oh, sweet shepherd, hie thee—methinks thou stay'st too long!

9.—DIRGE OF LOVE.—*Shakespeare.*

Come away, come away, Death, and in sad cypress let me be laid ;  
 Fly away, fly away, breath ; I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O prepare it !  
 My part of death, no one so true did share it.  
 Not a flower, not a flower sweet, on my black coffin let there be strown ;  
 Not a friend, not a friend greet my poor corpse, where my bones shall be  
     thrown :  
 A thousand thousand sighs to save, lay me, O where  
 Sad true lover never find my grave, to weep there.

10.—DIRGE FOR FIDELE —*Shakespeare.*

<sup>1</sup> Fear no more the heat o' the sun, nor the furious winter's rages ;  
 thou thy worldly task hast done, home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :  
 golden lads and girls all must, as chimney-sweepers, come to dust :  
<sup>2</sup> Fear no more the frown o' the great—thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;  
 care no more to clothe and eat ; to thee the reed is as the oak : the  
 sceptre, learning, physic—must all follow this, and come to dust. <sup>3</sup> Fear  
 no more the lightning flash, nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ; fear not  
 slander, censure rash ; thou hast finish'd joy and moan : all lovers young,  
 all lovers, must consign to thee, and come to dust !

11.—A SEA DIRGE.—*Shakespeare.*

Full fathom five thy father lies : of his bones are coral made ; those  
 are pearls that were his eyes : nothing of him that doth fade, but doth  
 suffer a sea change into something rich and strange. Sea-nymphs hourly  
 ring his knell : hark ! now I hear them—Ding, dong, bell.

12.—THE APPROACH OF THE FAIRIES.—*Shakespeare.*

Now the hungry lion roars, and the wolf howls the moon ; whilst the  
 heavy ploughman snores, all with weary task foredone. Now the wasted  
 brands do glow, whilst the scritch owl, scritch loud, puts the wretch  
 that lies in woe, in remembrance of a shroud. Now it is the time of night  
 that the graves, all gaping wide, every one lets forth his sprite, in the  
 churchway paths to glide : and we fairies, that do run, by the triple Hecate's  
 team, from the presence of the sun, following darkness like a dream, now  
 are frolic ; not a mouse shall disturb this hallowed house : I am sent with  
 broom before, to sweep the dust behind the door. Through the house give  
 glimmering light ; by the dead and drowsy fire, every elf and fairy sprite,

hop as light as bird from brier ; and this ditty after me, sing and dance it trippingly. First rehearse this song by rote, to each word a warbling note ; hand in hand, with fairy grace, we will sing, and bless this place.

13.—MADRIGAL.—*Shakespeare.*

Tell me where is Fancy bred, or in the heart, or in the head? How begot, how nourishèd? Reply, reply. It is engender'd in the eyes—with gazing fed ; and Fancy dies in the cradle where it lies : let us all ring Fancy's knell ; I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.

14.—VOICE AND VERSE.—*Milton.*

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,  
 Sphere-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse !  
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ  
 Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce ;  
 And to our high-raised phantasy present  
 That undisturbèd Song of pure consent,  
 Aye sung, before the sapphire-colour'd throne,  
     To Him that sits thereon,  
 With saintly shout and solemn jubilee ;  
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row  
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow ;  
 And the Cherubic host in thousand quires  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms—  
     Hymns devout and holy psalms  
     Singing everlastingly :  
 That we on earth, with undiscording Voice  
 May rightly answer that melodious noise :—  
 As once we did, till disproportion'd Sin  
 Jarr'd against Nature's chime, and with harsh din  
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
 To their great Lord ; whose will their motion sway'd  
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood  
 In first obedience, and their state of good.  
 —O may we soon again renew that Song,  
 And keep in tune with Heaven ; till God ere long  
 To His celestial concert us unite,  
 To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light !

15.—THE LADY'S SONG IN COMUS.—*Milton.*

Sweet Echo! sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen within thy airy shell,  
by slow Meander's margent green, and in the violet-embroidered vale,—  
where the love-lorn nightingale nightly to thee her sad song mourneth  
well;—canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair, that likest thy Narcissus  
are? O, if thou have hid them in some flowery cave, tell me but where,  
sweet Queen of parly, daughter of the sphere! So mayst thou be translated  
to the skies, and give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies!

16.—THE SPIRIT'S SONG IN COMUS.—*Milton.*

Sabrina fair, listen where thou art sitting, under the glassy, cool,  
translucent wave, in twisted braids of lilies knitting the loose train of thy  
amber-dropping hair; listen, for dear honour's sake, goddess of the silver  
lake, listen and save! By all the nymphs that nightly dance upon thy  
streams with wily glance, rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head, from thy  
coral-paven bed; and bridle-in thy headlong wave, till thou our summons  
answer'd have. Listen and save!

17.—SABRINA'S SONG IN COMUS.—*Milton.*

By the rushy-fringed bank, where grows the willow and the osier dank,  
my sliding chariot stays, thick set with agate, and the azure sheen of  
turquoise blue, and emerald green, that in the channel strays; whilst, from  
off the waters fleet, thus I set my printless feet o'er the cowslip's velvet  
head, that bends not as I tread; gentle swain, at thy request, I am here.

18.—MAY MORNING —*Milton.*

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
The flowery May,—who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire  
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
Hill and dale do boast thy blessing;  
Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee, and wish thee long!

19.—CHERRY-RIPE.—*Anon.*

<sup>1</sup> There is a garden in her face where roses and white lilies blow; a  
heavenly paradise is that place, wherein all pleasant fruits do grow; there  
cherries are that none may buy, till "Cherry-Ripe!" themselves do cry.

<sup>2</sup> Those cherries fairly do enclose of orient pearl a double row, which, when her lovely laughter shows, look like to rose-buds fill'd with snow : yet them no peer nor prince may buy, till "Cherry-Ripe !" themselves do cry. <sup>3</sup> Her eyes, like angels, watch them still ; her brows, like bended bows, do stand, threatening, with piercing frowns, to kill all that approach with eye or hand these sacred cherries to come nigh,—till "Cherry-Ripe !" themselves do cry !

20 —GOOD MORROW.—*Heywood.*

Pack clouds away, and welcome day ! with night we banish sorrow ;  
Sweet air, blow soft ; mount, larks, aloft, to give my love Good-morrow !  
Wings from the wind to please her mind, notes from the lark, I'll borrow ;  
Bird, prune thy wing ; nightingale, sing, to give my love Good-morrow !

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast ; ring, birds, in every furrow ;  
And from each hill let music shrill give my fair love Good-morrow !  
Blackbird and thrush in every bush, stare, linnet, and pert sparrow ;  
You pretty elves, among yourselves, sing my fair love Good-morrow !

21 —TELL ME NOT, SWEET.—*Lovelace.*

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,—that, from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind, to war and arms I fly.  
True, a new mistress now I chase—the first foe in the field ;  
And, with a stronger faith, embrace a sword, a horse, a shield.  
Yet this inconstancy is such as you, too, shall adore ;—  
I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more !

22 —TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.—*Lovelace.*

When love with unconfin'd wings hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings to whisper at my gates ;  
When I lie tangled in her hair, and fetter'd to her eye,  
The birds that wanton in the air know no such liberty.

When linnet-like confin'd, I with shriller throat shall sing  
The sweetness, mercy, majesty, and glories of my king :  
When I shall voice aloud how good he is,—how great should be,—  
Enlarg'd winds that curl the flood know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage ;  
Minds innocent and quiet take that for a hermitage :  
If I have freedom in my love, and in my soul am free,—  
Angels alone that soar above enjoy such liberty

23.—THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.—*Christopher Marlowe.*

<sup>1</sup> Come live with me and be my love, and we will all the pleasures prove, that valleys, groves, and hill and field, the woods or steepy mountains yield. <sup>2</sup> And we will sit upon the rocks, seeing the shepherds feed their flocks; by shallow rivers, to whose falls melodious birds sing madrigals. <sup>3</sup> And I will make thee beds of roses, and a thousand fragrant posies; a cap of flowers and a kirtle embroider'd o'er with leaves of myrtle; <sup>4</sup> a gown made of the finest wool, which from our pretty lambs we pull; fair lined slippers for the cold, with buckles of the purest gold; <sup>5</sup> a belt of straw and ivy-buds, with coral clasps and amber studs. And if these pleasures may thee move, come live with me and be my love. <sup>6</sup> The shepherd swains shall dance and sing for thy delight each May morning. If these delights thy mind may move, then live with me and be my love.

24.—THE NYMPHS REPLY.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

<sup>1</sup> If all the world and love were young, and truth on every shepherd's tongue, these pleasures might my passion move to live with thee and be thy love. <sup>2</sup> But fading flowers in every field to winter floods their treasures yield: a honey'd tongue, a heart of gall, is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall. <sup>3</sup> Thy gown, thy shoes, thy beds of roses, thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies, are all soon wither'd, broke, forgotten; in folly ripe, in reason rotten. <sup>4</sup> Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds, thy coral clasps and amber studs, can me with no enticements move to live with thee and be thy love. <sup>5</sup> But could youth last, could love still breed, had joy no date, had age no need,—then those delights my mind might move to live with thee and be thy love.

25.—TRUE BEAUTY.—*Carew.*

<sup>1</sup> He that loves a rosy cheek, or a coral lip admires; or, from star-like eyes, doth seek fuel to maintain its fires; as old Time makes these decay, so his flames must waste away. <sup>2</sup> But a smooth and steadfast mind, gentle thoughts and calm desires, hearts with equal love combined, kindle never-dying fires: where these are not, I despise lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

26.—THE WISE CHOICE.—*William Brown.*

<sup>1</sup> Shall I tell you whom I love?...Hearken then awhile to me, and if such a woman move as I now shall versify, be assur'd 'tis she, or none, that I love, and love alone. <sup>2</sup> Nature did her so much right, that she scorns the help of art; in as many virtues dight, as e'er yet embrac'd a heart. So much good, so truly tried;—some for less were deified. <sup>3</sup> Wit she

hath, without desire to make known how much she hath ; and her anger flames no higher than may fitly sweeten wrath. Full of pity as may be ; though, perhaps, not so to me. <sup>4</sup> Reason masters every sense, and her virtues grace her birth ; lovely in all excellence, modest in her most of mirth ;—likelihood enough, to prove only Worth could kindle love. <sup>5</sup> Such she is ; and if you know such a one as I have sung, be she brown, or fair, —or so that she be but somewhat young,—be assur'd 'tis she, or none, that I love, and love alone.

27.—A RONDEAU.—*Anon.*

By two black eyes my heart was won :  
Sure never wretch was so undone

By two black eyes !  
To Celia with my suit I came ;  
But she, regardless of her prize,  
Thought proper to reward my flame  
By two black eyes !

28.—A MORAL THOUGHT.—*Hawkesworth.*

Through groves sequester'd, dark, and still, low vales and mossy cells among,  
In silent paths the careless rill, with languid murmurs, steals along.  
Awhile it plays with circling sweep, and lingering leaves its native plain ;  
Then pours impetuous down the steep, and mingles with the boundless main.

O, let my years thus devious glide, through silent scenes obscurely calm ;  
Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide, nor honour's sanguinary palm.  
When labour tires, and pleasure palls, still let the stream untroubled be,  
As down the steep of age it falls, and mingles with eternity.

29.—SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR.—*Wither.*

<sup>1</sup> Shall I, wasting in despair, die because a woman's fair ? Or make pale my cheeks with care, 'cause another's rosy are ? Be she fairer than the day, or the flow'ry meads in May, if she be not so to me, what care I how fair she be ? <sup>2</sup> Should my heart be grieved or pined 'cause I see a woman kind ? Or a well-disposed nature join'd with a lovely feature ? Be she meeker, kinder than turtle-dove or pelican, if she be not so to me, what care I how kind she be ? <sup>3</sup> Shall a woman's virtues move me to perish for her love ? Or, her well-deservings known, make me quite forget my own ? Be she with that goodness blest which may gain her name of best, if she be not such to me, what care I how good she be ? <sup>4</sup> Great, or

good, or kind, or fair, I will ne'er the more despair : if she love me, this believe, I will die ere she shall grieve : if she slight me when I woo,—I can scorn and let her go ! For if she be not made for me, what care I for whom she be ?

30.—LOVE'S FOLLIES.—*Moncrieff.*

When, lull'd in passion's dream, my senses slept,  
How did I act?—e'en as a wayward child ;  
I smiled with pleasure when I should have wept,  
And wept with sorrow when I should have smiled !

When Gracia,—beautiful but faithless fair,  
Who long in passion's bonds my heart had kept,—  
First with false blushes pitied my despair,  
I smiled with pleasure !—should I not have wept ?

And when, to gratify some wealthier wight,  
She left to grief the heart she had beguiled,  
My heart grew sick, and, saddening at the sight,  
I wept with sorrow !—should I not have smiled ?

31.—O NANNY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME.—*Percy.*

O Nanny, wilt thou go with me, nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ?  
Can silent glens have charms for thee, the lowly cot and russet gown ?  
No longer drest in silken sheen, no longer deck'd with jewels rare,  
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene, where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nanny, when thou'rt far away, wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?  
Say, canst thou face the parching ray, nor shrink before the wintry wind ?  
Oh, can that soft and gentle mien extremes of hardship learn to bear,  
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene, where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nanny, canst thou love so true, through perils keen with me to go ;  
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue, to share with him the pang of woe ?  
Say, should disease or pain befall, wilt thou assume the nurse's care,  
Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall, where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

And when at last thy love shall die, wilt thou receive his parting breath ?  
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh, and cheer with smiles the bed of death ?

And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay strew flowers, and drop the tender tear ?...

Nor then regret those scenes so gay, where thou wert fairest of the fair !



82.—POOR HEART, BE STILL!—*Mrs. Hervey.*

Be still, be still, poor human heart, what fitful fever shakes thee now?  
 The earth's most lovely things depart—and what art thou?  
 Thy spring than earth's doth sooner fade, thy blossoms first with poison fill;  
 To sorrow born, for suffering made....Poor heart! be still.

Thou lookest to the clouds,—they fleet; thou turnest to the waves,—they  
 falter;  
 The flower that decks the shrine, though sweet, dies on its altar:  
 And thou, more changeful than the cloud, more restless than the wandering  
 rill,  
 Like that lone flower in silence bow'd....Poor heart! be still.

83.—WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.—*Spencer.*

One day when to Jove the black list was presented,—  
 The list of what fate for each mortal intends,—  
 At the long string of ills a kind Goddess relented,  
 And slipp'd in three blessings—Wife, Children, and Friends.

In vain surly Pluto declared he was cheated,  
 And justice divine could not compass its ends;  
 The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,  
 For earth becomes heaven with—Wife, Children, and Friends.

The day-spring of Youth still unclouded with sorrow,  
 Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;  
 But drear is the twilight of Age, if it borrow  
 No warmth from the smiles of—Wife, Children, and Friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish  
 The laurel which o'er her dead favourite bends;  
 O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,  
 Bedew'd with the tears of—Wife, Children, and Friends.

84.—BLACK-EYED SUSAN.—*Gay.*

<sup>1</sup> All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, the streamers waving in the  
 wind, when black-eyed Susan came aboard; “Oh! where shall I my true-  
 love find? Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true, if my sweet William  
 sails among the crew.” <sup>2</sup> William, who, high upon the yard, rock'd with  
 the billows to and fro, soon as her well-known voice he heard, he sigh'd,  
 and cast his eyes below: the cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,  
 and quick as lightning on the deck he stands. <sup>3</sup> So the sweet lark, high

poised in air, shuts close his pinions to his breast (if chance his mate's shrill call he hear), and drops at once into her nest:—the noblest captain in the British fleet might envy William's lip those kisses sweet. <sup>4</sup> "Oh Susan, Susan, lovely dear! my vows shall ever true remain; let me kiss off that falling tear; we only part to meet again. Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be the faithful compass that still points to thee. <sup>5</sup> Believe not what the landmen say, who tempt with doubts thy constant mind: they'll tell thee, sailors, when away, in every port a mistress find: yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,—for Thou art present where-so'er I go! <sup>6</sup> If to fair India's coast we sail, thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright; thy breath is Afric's spicy gale—thy skin is ivory so white. Thus, every beauteous object that I view wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue. <sup>7</sup> Though battle call me from thy arms let not my pretty Susan mourn; though cannons roar, yet safe from harms William shall to his Dear return. Love turns aside the balls that round me fly—lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye!"...<sup>8</sup> The boatswain gave the dreadful word, the sails their swelling bosom spread; no longer must she stay aboard; they kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head. Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land; "Adieu!" she cries; and waves her lily hand.

### 35.—THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.—*Milnes.*

I wander'd by the brook-side, I wander'd by the mill,—  
I could not hear the brook flow—the noisy wheel was still;  
There was no burr of grasshopper, nor chirp of any bird;  
But the beating of my own heart was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree, I watch'd the long, long shade:  
And as it grew still longer, I did not feel afraid;  
For I listen'd for a foot-fall, I listen'd for a word—  
But the beating of my own heart was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not; the Night came on alone;  
The little Stars sat one by one each on his golden throne;  
The evening air pass'd by my cheek—the leaves above were stirr'd,—  
But the beating of my own heart was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing, when some one stood behind;  
A hand was on my shoulder, I knew its touch was kind:  
It drew me nearer, nearer; we did not speak a word,—  
For the beating of our own hearts was all the sound we heard!

36.—OH, NO! WE NEVER MENTION HER.—*Bayley.*

Oh, no! we never mention her, her name is never heard;  
 My lips are now forbid to speak that once familiar word:  
 From sport to sport they hurry me, to banish my regret;  
 And when they win a smile from me they think that I forget.

They bid me seek, in change of scene, the charms that others see  
 But were I in a foreign land, they'd find no change in me.  
 'Tis true that I behold no more the valley where we met,  
 I do not see the hawthorn tree; but how can I forget?

For oh! there are so many things recal the past to me,  
 The breeze upon the sunny hills, the billows of the sea;  
 The rosy tint that decks the sky before the sun is set,—  
 Ay, every leaf I look upon forbids that I forget.

They tell me she is happy now, the gayest of the gay;  
 They hint that she forgets me too, but I heed not what they say.  
 Perhaps like me she struggles with each feeling of regret;  
 But if she loves as I have loved, she never can forget!

37.—THE BUGLE SONG.—*Tennyson.*

The splendour falls on castle walls,  
 And snowy summits old in story;  
 The long light shakes across the lakes,  
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
 Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;  
 Blow, bugle—answer, echoes! dying, dying, dying!

Oh, hark! oh, hear! how thin and clear,  
 And thinner, clearer, farther going;  
 Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,  
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
 Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying;  
 Blow, bugle—answer, echoes! dying, dying, dying!

Oh, love, they die in yon rich sky!  
 They faint on hill, on field, on river;  
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
 And grow for ever and for ever.  
 Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;  
 And answer, echoes, answer! dying, dying, dying!

38.—THE THREE FISHERS.—*Kingsley.*

Three fishers went sailing away to the west,  
Away to the west ere the sun went down ;  
Each thought of his home and of those he loved best,  
And the children stood watching them out of the town.  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,—  
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,  
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;  
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,  
And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown.  
But men must work and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,—  
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,  
In the morning gleam as the tide went down ;  
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,  
For those who will never come back to the town.  
For men must work, and women must weep ;  
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—  
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

39.—THE OWL.—*B. Cornwall.*

In the hollow tree in the gray old tower,  
The spectral owl doth dwell ;  
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,  
But at dusk, he's abroad and well :  
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him ;  
All mock him outright by day ;  
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,  
The boldest will shrink away ;  
O, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,  
Then, then is the reign of the hornèd owl !  
And the owl hath a bride who is fond and bold,  
And loveth the wood's deep gloom ;  
And with eyes like the shine of the moonshine cold  
She awaiteth her ghastly groom !

Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,  
 As she waits in her tree so still ;  
 But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,  
 She hoots out her welcome shrill !  
 O, when the moon shines, and the dogs *do* howl,  
 Then, then is the cry of the hornèd owl !

Mourn not for the owl nor his gloomy plight !  
 The owl hath his share of good :  
 If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,  
 He is lord in the dark green wood !  
 Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate ;  
 They are each unto each a pride—  
 Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange dark fate  
 Hath rent them from all beside !  
 So when the night falls, and dogs do howl,  
 Sing Ho ! for the reign of the hornèd owl !

40.—LOCH NA GARR.—*Byron.*

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses ;  
 In you let the minions of luxury rove ;  
 Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,  
 Though still they are sacred to freedom and love :  
 Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,  
 Round their white summits though elements war ;  
 Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,  
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah ! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd ;  
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid ;  
 On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,  
 As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade.  
 I sought not my home, till the day's dying glory  
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star ;  
 For Fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,  
 Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

Shades of the dead ! have I not heard your voices  
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale ?  
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,  
 And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale.

Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist gathers,  
 Winter presides in his cold icy car:  
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;  
 They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.  
 Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,  
 Years must elapse ere I tread you again:  
 Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,  
 Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.  
 England! thy beauties are tame and domestic  
 To one who has roved o'er mountains afar:  
 O for the crags that are wild and majestic!—  
 The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr!

41.—THE LOST LOVE.—*Byron.*

When we two parted in silence and tears,  
 Half broken-hearted, to sever for years,  
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold, colder thy kiss;  
 Truly that hour foretold sorrow to this!  
 The dew of the morning sunk chill on my brow;  
 It felt like the warning of what I feel now.  
 Thy vows are all broken, and light is thy fame:  
 I hear thy name spoken, and share in its shame.  
 They name thee before me,—a knell to mine ear!  
 A shudder comes o'er me—why wert thou so dear?  
 They know not I knew thee, who knew thee too well:  
 Long, long shall I rue thee too deeply to tell!  
 In secret we met: in silence I grieve  
 That thy heart could forget, thy spirit deceive.  
 If I should meet thee after long years,  
 How should I greet thee?—with silence and tears!

42.—SONG.—*Byron.*

<sup>1</sup> There be none of Beauty's daughters with a magic like Thee; and like music on the waters is thy sweet voice to me: when, as if its sound were causing the charmed ocean's pausing, the waves lie still and gleaming, and the lull'd winds seem dreaming: <sup>2</sup> And the midnight Moon is weaving her bright chain o'er the Deep—whose breast is gently heaving, as an infant's asleep: so the Spirit bows before thee to listen and adore thee; with a full but soft emotion—like the swell of Summer's ocean!

43.—SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.—*Byron.*

<sup>1</sup> She walks in beauty, like the Night of cloudless climes and starry skies ;  
 and all that's best of dark and bright meets in her aspect and her eyes ;  
 thus mellow'd to that tender light which heaven to gaudy Day denies.  
<sup>2</sup> One shade the more, one ray the less, had half impair'd the nameless grace  
 which waves in every raven tress, or softly lightens o'er her face,—where  
 thoughts serenely sweet express how pure, how dear their dwelling-place !  
<sup>3</sup> And on that cheek, and o'er that brow, so soft, so calm, yet eloquent, the  
 smiles that win, the tints that glow, but tell of days in goodness spent ;—  
 a mind at peace with all below—a heart whose love is innocent.

44.—BROKEN SILENCE.—*Marston.*

Oh, break not her silence !—she listens to voices  
 Whose tones are a feeling, whose echoes a thrill ;  
 And more than in aught that is real, she rejoices  
 In dreams which presage what they ne'er can fulfil !  
 Oh, break not her silence !—her heart is replying  
 To chords that are swept by a breeze from the past ;  
 No hymn in the present can match with that sighing .  
 O'er hopes which, though vanish'd, were dear to the last !  
 Thou canst *not* break her silence !—no word that is spoken  
 Can now wound her ear, no regret dim her eyes ;  
 Thou canst *not* break her silence ; yet, hark ! it is broken,—  
 “ Come hither, come hither ! ”—a Voice from the Skies !

45.—INWARD BEAUTY.—*Akenside.*

The shape alone let others prize—the features of the fair ;  
 I look for spirit in her eyes, and meaning in her air.  
 A damask cheek, an ivory arm, shall ne'er my wishes win ;  
 Give me an animated form that speaks a mind within.  
 A face where awful honour shines, where sense and sweetness move,  
 And angel innocence refines the tenderness of love.  
 These are the soul of beauty's frame, without whose vital aid  
 Unfinish'd all her features seem, and all her roses dead.  
 But, ah ! where both their charms unite, how perfect is the view,  
 With every image of delight, with graces ever new !  
 Of power to charm the deepest woe, the wildest rage control ;  
 Diffusing mildness o'er the brow, and rapture through the soul.

46.—THE IVY GREEN.—*Dickens.*

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green, that creepeth o'er ruins old !  
 Of right choice food are his meals, I ween, in his cell so lone and cold.  
 The walls must be crumbled, the stones decay'd, to pleasure his dainty whim ;  
 And the mouldering dust that years have made is a merry meal for him.

Fast stealeth he on, though he wears no wings, and a staunch old heart has he ;  
 How closely he twineth, how tight he clings to his friend the huge oak-tree !  
 And slily he traileth along the ground, and his leaves he gently waves ;  
 And he joyously twines and hugs around the rich mould of dead men's graves.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decay'd, and nations scatter'd been ;  
 But the stout old ivy shall never fade from its hale and hearty green.

The brave old plant in its lonely days shall fatten upon the past ;  
 For the stateliest building man can raise is the ivy's food at last.

Creeping where no life is seen, a rare old plant is the ivy green.

47.—LOVE NOT.—*Mrs. Norton.*

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay ;  
 Hope's gayest wreaths are formed of earthly flowers—  
 Things that are made to fade and fall away,  
 When they have blossom'd but a few short hours.

Love not, love not ; the thing you love may die—  
 May perish from the gay and glad some earth ;  
 The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,  
 Beam on its grave, as once upon its birth.

Love not, love not ; the thing you love may change,  
 The rosy lip may cease to smile on you ;  
 The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,  
 The heart still warmly beat—yet not be true !

Love not, love not !...Oh, warning vainly said  
 In present years as in the years gone by ;  
 Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,  
 Faultless, immortal—till they change, or die !

48.—A WISH.—*Wordsworth.*

My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky : so was it  
 when my life began, so is it now I am a man, so be it when I shall grow  
 old, or let me die ! The Child is father of the Man : and I could wish my  
 days to be bound each to each by natural piety.



II.—*From Scottish Authors.*49.—I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.—*Marquis of Montrose.*

My dear and only love, I pray may that fair world of thee  
 Be govern'd by no other sway but purest monarchy ;  
 For if confusion have a part, which virtuous souls abhor,  
 I'll call a synod in my heart,—and never love thee more !

As Alexander I will reign, and I will reign alone ;  
 My thoughts did evermore disdain a rival on my throne.  
 He either fears his fate too much, or his deserts are small,  
 Who dares not put it to the touch to gain or lose it all !

But I will reign and govern still, and always give the law ;  
 And have each subject at my will, and all to stand in awe :  
 But 'gainst my batteries if I find thou storm or vex me sore,  
 As if thou set me as a blind,—I'll never love thee more !

And in the empire of thy heart, where I should solely be,  
 If others do pretend a part, or dare to share with me ;  
 Or committees if thou erect, or go on such a score,  
 I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,—and never love thee more !

But if no faithless action stain thy love and constant word,  
 I'll make thee famous by my pen, and glorious by my sword ;  
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways as ne'er were known before ;  
 I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,—and love thee evermore !

50.—CORONACH.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

He is gone on the mountain, he is lost to the forest,  
 Like a summer-dried fountain, when our need was the sorest.  
 The fount re-appearing from the raindrops shall borrow,  
 But to us comes no cheering, to the Lost One no morrow !

The hand of the reaper takes the ears that are hoary,  
 But the voice of the weeper wails manhood in glory.  
 The autumn winds rushing waft the leaves that are serest,  
 But our flower was in flushing when blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi, sage counsel in cumber,  
 Red hand in the foray,—how sound is thy slumber !  
 Like the dew on the mountain, like the foam on the river,  
 Like the bubble on the fountain, thou art gone, and for ever !

51.—FITZ-EUSTACE'S SONG.—*Scott.*

Where shall the lover rest, whom the fates sever  
 From his true maiden's breast, parted for ever ?—  
 Where, through groves deep and high, sounds the far billow,  
 Where early violets die—under the willow !

There, through the summer day cool streams are laving :  
 There, while the tempests sway, scarce are boughs waving ;  
 There thy rest shalt thou take, parted for ever ;  
 Never again to wake—never, O never !

Where shall the traitor rest—he, the deceiver,  
 Who could win maiden's breast, ruin, and leave her ?  
 In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,  
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying !

Her wing shall the eagle flap o'er the false-hearted ;  
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap ere life be parted :  
 Shame and dishonour sit by his grave ever ;  
 Blessing shall hallow it—never, O never !

52.—ALLEN-A-DALE.—*Scott.*

Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning, \*  
 Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,  
 Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning—  
 Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning :  
 Come read me my riddle, come hearken my tale,  
 And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,  
 Though his spur be as sharp and his blade be as bright ;  
 Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,  
 Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word ;  
 And the best of our nobles his bounet will veil,  
 Who in glen or on mountain meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come ;—  
 The mother she ask'd of his household and home :  
 "Though yon turreted castle stands fair on the hill,  
 My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still ;  
 'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,  
 And with all its bright spangles !" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone,  
 They lifted the latch, and bade him be gone ;  
 But loud on the morrow their wail and their cry—  
 He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonnie black eye ;  
 And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,  
 And the youth it was told by, was—Allen-a-Dale !

53.—BONNIE JEAN.—*Burns*

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw I dearly like the West ;  
 For there the bonnie lassie lives, the lassie I lo'e best :  
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row, and mony a hill between ;  
 But, day and night, my fancy's flight is ever wi' my Jean.  
 I see her in the dewy flowers, I see her sweet and fair ;  
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds, I hear her charm the air :  
 There's not a bonny flower that springs by fountain, shaw, or green,  
 There's not a bonny bird that sings, but minds me o' my Jean.  
 O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft amang the leafy trees ;  
 Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale bring hame the laden bees ;  
 And bring the lassie back to me that's aye sae neat and clean ;  
 Ae smile o' her wad banish care—sae charming is my Jean.  
 What sighs and vows amang the knowes hae pass'd atween us twa !  
 How fond to meet—how wae to part, that night she gaed awa !  
 The Powers aboon can only ken, to whom the heart is seen,  
 That nane can be sae dear to me as my sweet lovely Jean.

54.—THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.—*Burns*.

The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,  
 The murmuring streamlet runs clear through the vale ;  
 The hawthorn-trees blow in the dews of the morning,  
 And wild-scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale.  
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,  
 While the lingering moments are number'd by care ?  
 No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,  
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.  
 The deed that I dared could it merit their malice,  
 A king and a father to place on his throne ?  
 His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,  
 Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.

But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn ;  
 My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn :  
 Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial,  
 Alas ! can I make you no sweeter return ?

55.—THE DYING SOLDIER.—*Burns.*

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,  
 Now gay with the bright setting sun !  
 Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties !  
 Our race of existence is run.  
 Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,  
 Go frighten the coward and slave !  
 Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know  
 No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,  
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name ;  
 Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark !—  
 He falls in the blaze of his fame.  
 In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,  
 Our king and our country to save,  
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,  
 Oh, who would not die with the brave !

56.—THE BANKS O' DOON.—*Burns.*

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, how can ye bloom sae fresh and fair !  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds, an' I sae weary, fu' o' care !  
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird, that wantons through the  
 flowering thorn :  
 Thou mind'st me o' departed joys, departed—never to return !  
 Oft have I rov'd by bonnie Doon, to see the rose and woodbine twine ;  
 And ilka bird sang o' its love, and fondly sae did I o' mine.  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;  
 And my false lover stole my rose...but, ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

57.—THE BANKS OF AYR.—*Burns.*

<sup>1</sup> The gloomy night is gathering fast, loud roars the wild inconstant  
 blast ; yon murky cloud is foul with rain, I see it driving o'er the plain :  
 the hunter now has left the moor, the scatter'd coveys meet secure ; while  
 here I wander, press'd with care, along the lonely banks of Ayr. <sup>2</sup> The

Autumn mourns her ripening corn by early Winter's ravage torn ; across her placid azure sky, she sees the scowling tempest fly : chill runs my blood to hear it rave ; I think upon the stormy wave, where many a danger I must dare, far from the bonnie banks of Ayr. <sup>3</sup> 'Tis not the surging billows' roar, 'tis not that fatal, deadly shore ; though death in every shape appear, the wretched have no more to fear : but round my heart the ties are bound—that heart transpierced with many a wound ; these bleed afresh, those ties I tear, to leave the bonnie banks of Ayr. <sup>4</sup> Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales, her heathy moors and winding vales ; the scenes where wretched fancy roves, pursuing past, unhappy loves ! Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes ! my peace with these, my love with those : the bursting tears my heart declare—farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr !

58.—AULD ROBIN GRAY.—*Lady A. Lindsay.*

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride ;  
But saving a crown he had nae wealth beside :  
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gae'd to sea ;  
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,  
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was stol'n awa' ;  
My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea—  
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin ;  
I toil'd baith day and night, but their bread I couldna win ;  
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,  
Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, O, marry me !"

My heart it said nay ; I look'd for Jamie back ;  
But the wind it blew high, and his ship it was a wrack—  
His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jennie dee ?  
Oh ! why was I spared to cry, Wae's me !

My father urgit sair ; my mother didna speak,  
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break ;  
They gied him my hand, but my heart was at the sea ;  
Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,  
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,  
I saw my Jamie's wraith—for I couldna think it he—  
Till he said, "I'm come hame to marry thee."

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say ;  
 We took but ae kiss, and tore ourselves away ;  
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee ;  
 And why do I live to say, Wae's me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin ;  
 I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;  
 But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,  
 For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

59.—DAYS GONE BYE.—*Aytoun.*

In the silence of my chamber, when the night is still and deep,  
 And the drowsy heave of ocean mutters in its charmed sleep,  
 Oft I hear the angel-voices that have thrill'd me long ago—  
 Voices of my lost companions, lying deep beneath the snow.

O, the garden I remember, in the gay and sunny Spring,  
 When our laughter made the thickets and the arching alleys ring !  
 O the merry burst of gladness ! O the soft and tender tone !  
 O the whisper, never utter'd save to one foud ear alone !

O the light of life that sparkled in those bright and bounteous eyes !  
 O the blush of happy beauty—tell-tale of the heart's surprise !  
 O the radiant light that girdled field and forest, land and sea,  
 When we all were young together, and the earth was new to me !

Where are now the flowers we tended?...wither'd, broken, branch and  
 stem ;

Where are now the hopes we cherish'd?...scatter'd to the winds with them.  
 For ye, too, were flowers, ye dear ones ! nursed in hope and rear'd in love,  
 Looking fondly ever upward to the clear blue heaven above.

60.—MARY'S DREAM.—*Low.*

The moon had climb'd the highest hill which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
 And, from the eastern summit, shed her silver light on tower and tree,  
 When Mary laid her down to sleep, her thoughts on him she loved, at sea ;  
 And soft and low a voice was heard, saying, "Mary, weep no more for me !"

She from her pillow gently raised her head, to ask who there might be ;  
 She saw her lover shivering stand, with visage pale and hollow ee ;  
 "O Mary dear, cold is my clay ; it lies beneath a stormy sea ;  
 Far, far from thee I sleep in death ; so, Mary, weep no more for me !

"Three stormy nights and stormy days we toss'd upon the raging main,  
And long we strove our bark to save ; but all our striving was in vain.  
Even then, when horror chilled my blood, my heart was fill'd with love for  
thee :

The storm is past, and I at rest ; so, Mary, weep no more for me !

"O maiden dear, thyself prepare ; we soon shall meet upon that shore  
Where love is free from doubt and care, and thou and I shall part no more."...  
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled, no more her lover could she see ;  
But soft the passing Spirit said, "Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

61.—THE BRAES OF YARROW.—*Logan.*

"Thy braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream, when first on them I met my lover ;  
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream, when now thy waves his body cover !  
For ever, now, O Yarrow stream ! thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;  
For never on thy banks shall I behold my love, the flower of Yarrow !

He promised me a milk-white steed, to bear me to his father's bowers ;  
He promised me a little page, to squire me to his father's towers ;  
He promised me a wedding-ring—the wedding day was fixed to-morrow ;  
Now, he is wedded to his grave—alas, his watery grave—in Yarrow !

Sweet were his words when last we met, my passion I as freely told him :  
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought that I should never more behold him.  
Scarce was he gone—I saw his ghost ! it vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow :  
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend, and gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window look'd, with all the longing of a mother ;  
His little sister weeping walk'd the greenwood path to meet her brother :  
They sought him east, they sought him west, they sought him all the forest  
thorough ;

They only saw the cloud of night—they only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look ; thou hast no son, thou tender mother !  
No longer walk, thou lovely maid ; alas, thou hast no more a brother !  
No longer seek him east or west, no longer search the forest thorough ;  
For, wandering in the night so dark, he fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek, no other youth shall be my marrow ;  
I'll seek thy body in the stream, and then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."...  
—The tear did never leave her cheek, no other youth became her marrow ;  
She found his body in the stream, and now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

62.—GILDEROY.—*Campbell.*

The last, the fatal hour is come, that bears my love from me :  
 I hear the dead-note of the drum, I mark the gallows tree !  
 The bell has tolled ; it shakes my heart ; the trumpet speaks thy name ;  
 And must my Gilderoy depart to bear a death of shame ?  
 No bosom trembles for thy doom ; no mourner wipes a tear :  
 The gallows' foot is all thy tomb, the sledge is all thy bier !

Oh, Gilderoy, bethought we then, so soon, so sad, to part,  
 When first in Roslin's lovely glen you triumphed o'er my heart !  
 Your locks they glittered to the sheen, your hunter-garb was trim ;  
 And graceful was the ribbon green that bound your manly limb !  
 Ah ! little thought I to deplore those limbs in fetters bound ;  
 Or hear, upon the scaffold-floor, the midnight hammer sound.  
 Ye cruel, cruel, that combined the guiltless to pursue !  
 My Gilderoy was ever kind—he could not injure you !...

A long adieu !—but where shall fly thy widow all forlorn,  
 Whenever mean and cruel eye regards my woe with scorn ?  
 Yes ! they will mock thy widow's tears, and hate thy orphan boy !  
 Alas ! his infant beauty wears the form of Gilderoy.  
 Then will I seek the dreary mound that wraps thy mouldering clay,  
 And weep, and linger on the ground, and sigh my heart away !

63.—OH! WHY LEFT I MY HAME?—*Giffman.*

Oh ! why left I my hame ? why did I cross the deep ?  
 Oh ! why left I the land where my forefathers sleep ?  
 I sigh for Scotia's shore, and I gaze across the sea ;  
 But I canna get a blink o' my ain countrie !

The palm-tree waveth high, and fair the myrtle springs,  
 And to the Indian maid the bulbul sweetly sings ;  
 But I dinna see the broom wi' its tassels on the lee,  
 Nor hear the lintie's sang o' my ain countrie !

Oh ! here no Sabbath-bell awakes the Sabbath-morn,  
 Nor song of reapers heard among the yellow corn ;  
 For the tyrant's voice is here, and the wail of slavery :—  
 But the sun of Freedom shines in my ain countrie !  
 There's a hope for every woe, and a balm for every pain ;  
 But the first joys of our heart come never back again !  
 There's a track upon the deep, and a path across the sea—  
 But the weary ne'er return to their ain countrie !



III.—*From Irish Authors.*64.—HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAMED.—*Sheridan.*

Had I a heart for falsehood framed, I ne'er could injure you ;  
 For, though your tongue no promise claim'd, your charms would make me  
 true :

To you no soul shall bear deceit, no stranger offer wrong ;  
 But friends in all the age'd you'll meet, and lovers in the young.

For when they learn that you have bless'd another with your heart,  
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest, and act a brother's part ;  
 Then, lady, dread not here deceit, nor fear to suffer wrong ;  
 For friends in all the age'd you'll meet, and lovers in the young.

65.—AH ! CRUEL MAID —*Sheridan.*

Ah, cruel maid, how hast thou chang'd the temper of my mind !  
 My heart, by thee from love estrang'd, becomes, like thee, unkind.  
 By fortune favour'd, clear in fame, I once ambitious was ;  
 And friends I had who fann'd the flame, and gave my youth applause.

But now, my weakness all accuse, yet vain their taunts on me ;  
 Friends, fortune, fame itself I'd lose, to gain one smile from thee.  
 And only thou shouldst not despise my weakness or my woe ;  
 If I am mad in others' eyes, 'tis thou hast made me so.

But days, like this, with doubting curst, I will not long endure ;  
 Am I disdain'd ?—I know the worst, and likewise know my cure.  
 If, false, her vows she dares renounce, that instant ends my pain ;  
 For oh ! the heart must break at once that cannot hate again.

66.—THE TUNEFUL LARK.—*O'Keefe.*

The tuneful lark, when soaring high upon its downy wings,  
 With wonder views the vaulted sky, and mounting sweetly sings.  
 Ambition swells its little breast, suspended high in air ;  
 But, gently dropping to its nest, finds real pleasure there.

67.—HOPE.—*Goldsmith.*

The wretch condemned with life to part, still, still on Hope relies ;  
 And every pang that rends the heart bids expectation rise.  
 Hope, like the glimmering taper's light, adorns and cheers the way ;  
 And still, as darker grows the night, emits a brighter ray.

68.—MEMORY.—*Goldsmith.*

O, Memory! thou fond deceiver, still importunate and vain;  
 To former joys recurring ever, and turning all the past to pain.  
 Thou, like the world, the oppress'd oppressing, thy smiles increase the  
     wretch's woe!  
 And he who wants each other blessing, in thee must ever find a foe.

69.—SONG TO MARY.—*Wolfe.*

If I had thought thou couldst have died, I might not weep for thee;  
 But I forgot, when by thy side, that thou couldst mortal be:  
 It never through my mind had passed, the time would e'er be o'er—  
 And I on thee should look my last, and thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look, and think 'twill smile again;  
 And still the thought I will not brook, that I must look in vain!  
 But when I speak—thou dost not say what thou ne'er left'st unsaid;  
 And now I feel, as well I may, sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art, all cold and all serene—  
 I still might press thy silent heart, and where thy smiles have been!  
 While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have, thou seemest still mine own;  
 But there, I lay thee in thy grave—and I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art, thou hast forgotten me;  
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart, in thinking, too, of thee:  
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn of light ne'er seen before,  
 As Fancy never could have drawn, and never can restore!

70.—GO, FORGET ME.—*Wolfe.*

<sup>1</sup> Go, forget me! Why should sorrow o'er that brow a shadow fling?  
 Go, forget me! and to-morrow brightly smile and sweetly sing. Smile—  
 though I shall not be near thee; sing—though I shall never hear thee:  
 may thy soul with pleasure shine, lasting as the gloom of mine! <sup>2</sup> Like  
 the sun, thy presence glowing clothes the meanest things in light; and  
 when thou, like him, art going, loveliest objects fade in night. All things  
 looked so bright about thee, that they nothing seem without thee;—by  
 that pure and lucid mind, earthly things were too refined. <sup>3</sup> Go, thou  
 vision wildly gleaming, softly on my soul that fell; go!—for me no longer  
 beaming;—Hope and Beauty! fare ye well! Go! and all that once de-  
 lighted take, and leave me, all benighted—Glory's burning, generous swell,  
 Fancy, and the Poet's shell.

71.—SYMPATHY.—*Mrs. Tighe.*

Wert thou sad, I would beguile thy sadness by my tender lay;  
Wert thou in a mood to smile, with thee laugh the hours away.  
Didst thou feel inclined to sleep, I would watch and hover near;  
Did misfortune bid thee weep, I would give thee tear for tear.

Not a sigh that heaved thy breast, but I'd echo from my own;  
Did one care disturb thy rest, mine, alas! were also flown.  
When the hour of death should come, I'd receive thy latest sigh;  
Only ask to share thy tomb,—then, contented, with thee die.

72.—FAREWELL.—*Callanan.*

Though dark fate hath 'reft me of all that was sweet,  
And widely we sever, too widely to meet,  
Oh! yet, while one life-pulse remains in this heart,  
'Twill remember thee, Mary, wherever thou art.

How sad were the glances at parting we threw;  
No word was there spoke, but the stifled adieu;  
My lips o'er thy cold cheek all raptureless pass'd;  
'Twas the first time I pressed it—it must be the last!

But why should I dwell thus on scenes that but pain?  
Or think on thee, Mary, when thinking is vain?  
Thy name to this bosom now sounds like a knell;  
My fond one—my dear one, for ever—farewell!

73.—THE DEPARTURE.—*Banim.*

'Tis not for love of gold I go, 'tis not for love of fame;  
Though fortune should her smile bestow, and I may win a name.  
—And yet it is for gold I go, and yet it is for fame...  
That they may deck another brow, and bless another name!

For this,—*but* this, I go; for this I lose thy love awhile,  
And all the soft and quiet bliss of thy young, faithful smile;  
I go to brave a world I hate, and woo it o'er and o'er,  
And tempt a wave, and try a fate upon a stranger shore.

Oh! when the bays are all my own, I know a heart will care!  
Oh! when the gold is wooed and won, I know a brow shall wear.  
And when, with both returned, again my native land to see,  
I know a smile will meet me there, and a hand will welcome me!

74.—KNOW YE NOT THAT LOVELY RIVER?—*Gerald Griffin.*

Know ye not that lovely river? know ye not that smiling river,  
Whose gentle flood, by cliff and wood, with 'wilderling sound goes winding  
ever?

Oh! often, yet with feeling strong, on that dear stream my memory ponders,  
And still I prize its murmuring song; for by my childhood's home it  
wanders.

There's music in each wind that blows within our native valley breathing;  
There's beauty in each flower that grows around our native woodland  
wreathing.

The memory of the brightest joys in childhood's happy morn that found us,  
Is dearer than the richest toys, the present vainly sheds around us.

Oh, sister! when 'mid doubts and fears that haunt life's onward journey ever,  
I turn to those departed years, and that belov'd and lovely river;  
With sinking mind, and bosom riven, and heart with lonely anguish aching,  
It needs my long-taught hope in heaven, to keep that weary heart from  
breaking!

75.—GILLE MA CHREE.—*Gerald Griffin.*

<sup>1</sup> *Gille ma chree*,\* sit down by me, we now are joined, and ne'er shall  
sever; this hearth's our own, our hearts are one, and peace is ours for ever!

<sup>2</sup> When I was poor, your father's door was closed against your constant  
lover: with care and pain I tried in vain my fortunes to recover. I said,  
"To other lands I'll roam, where fate may smile on me, love;" I said,  
"Farewell, my own old home;" and I said, "Farewell to thee, love!"

<sup>3</sup> I might have said, "My mountain maid, come live with me, your own  
true lover; I know a spot, a silent cot, your friends can ne'er discover;  
where gently flows the waveless tide by one small garden only; where  
the heron waves his wings so wide, and the linnet sings so lonely!"

<sup>4</sup> I might have said, "My mountain maid, a father's right was never given  
true hearts to curse with tyrant force, that have been blest in heaven."  
But then, I said, "In after years, when thoughts of home shall find her,  
my love may mourn with secret tears her friends, thus left behind her."

<sup>5</sup> "Oh, no," I said; "my own dear maid, for me, though all forlorn for  
ever, that heart of thine shall ne'er repine o'er slighted duty—never! From  
home and thee, though, wandering far, a dreary fate be mine, love, I'd  
rather live in endless war, than buy my peace with thine, love." <sup>6</sup> Far,

\* Brightener of my heart.

far away, by night and day, I toil'd to win a golden treasure ; and golden gains repaid my pains in fair and shining measure. I sought again my native land, thy father welcomed me, love ; I poured my gold into his hand, and my guerdon found in thee, love ! . . . Sing *Gilla ma chree*, sit down by me, we now are joined, and ne'er shall sever ; this hearth's our own, our hearts are one, and peace is ours for ever !

76.—OLD TIMES.—*Griffin*.

Old times ! old times ! the gay old times ! when I was young and free,  
And heard the merry Easter chimes under the sally tree ;  
My Sunday palm beside me placed, my cross upon my hand ;  
A heart at rest within my breast, and sunshine on the land !

It is not that my fortunes flee, nor that my cheek is pale ;  
I mourn whene'er I think of thee, my darling native vale !  
A wiser head I have, I know, than when I loitered there ;  
But in my wisdom there is woe, and in my knowledge, care.

I've lived to know my share of joy, to feel my share of pain ;  
To learn that friendship's self can cloy—to love, and love in vain ;  
To feel a pang, and wear a smile—to tire of other climes—  
To like my own unhappy isle, and sing the gay old times !

And sure the land is nothing changed—the birds are singing still ;  
The flowers are springing where we ranged—there's sunshine on the hill ,  
The sally waving o'er my head still sweetly shades my frame ;  
—But ah, those happy days are fled...and I am not the same !

Oh, come again, ye merry times ! sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm ;  
And let me hear those Easter chimes, and wear my Sunday palm.  
—If I could cry away mine eyes, my tears would flow in vain ;  
If I could waste my heart in sighs, they'll never come again !

77.—HARK ! HARK ! THE SOFT BUGLE.—*Griffin*.

Hark ! hark ! the soft bugle sounds over the wood,  
And thrills in the silence of even,  
Till faint, and more faint, in the far solitude,  
It dies on the portals of heaven !  
But Echo springs up from her home in the rock,  
And seizes the perishing strain ;  
And sends the gay challenge, with shadowy mock,  
From mountain to mountain again !

Oh, thus let my love, like a sound of delight,  
 Be around thee while shines the glad day,  
 And leave thee, unpain'd, in the silence of night,  
 And die like sweet music away.  
 While hope, with her warm light, thy glancing eye fills,  
 Oh, say, "Like that echoing strain—  
 Though the sound of his love has died over the hills,  
 It will waken in heaven again!"

78.—'TIS FOLLY'S SHOP, WHO'LL BUY?—*Moore.*

Who'll buy?—'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?—we've toys to suit all ranks  
 and ages;

Besides our usual fools' supply, we've lots of playthings, too, for sages.  
 For reasoners, here's a juggler's cup, that fullest seems when nothing's in it;  
 And nine-pins set, like systems, up, to be knock'd down the following  
 minute.

Gay caps we here of foolscap make, for bards to wear in dog-day weather;  
 Or bards the bells alone may take, and leave to wits the cap and feather.  
 Teetotums we've for patriots got, who court the mob with antics humble;  
 Like theirs the patriot's dizzy lot, a glorious spin, and then—a tumble.

Here, wealthy misers to inter, we've shrouds of neat post-obit paper;  
 While, for their heirs, we've *quicksilver*, that, fast as they can wish, will  
 caper.

For aldermen we've dials true, that tell no hour but that of dinner;  
 For courtly parsons sermons new, that suit alike both saint and sinner.

No time we've now to name our terms, but, whatsoe'er the whims that  
 seize you,

This oldest of all mortal firms, Folly and Co., will try to please you.  
 Or, should you wish a darker hue of goods than *we* can recommend you,  
 Why then (as we with lawyers do) to Knavery's shop next door we'll send  
 you.

79.—WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS?—*Moore.*

<sup>1</sup> Hymen, late, his love-knots selling, called at many a maiden's dwell-  
 ing; none could doubt, who saw or knew them, Hymen's call was welcome  
 to them. "Who'll buy my love-knots? Who'll buy my love-knots?"  
 Soon as that sweet cry resounded, how his baskets were surrounded!  
<sup>2</sup> Maids, who now first dreamt of trying these gay knots of Hymen's tying;  
 dames, who long had sat to watch him passing by, but ne'er could catch

him;—"Who'll buy my love-knots? Who'll buy my love-knots?"—all at that sweet cry assembled; some laugh'd, some blush'd, and others trembled. <sup>3</sup> "Here are knots," said Hymen, taking some loose flowers, "of Love's own making; here are gold ones—you may trust 'em"—(these, of course, found ready custom). "Come, buy my love-knots! Come, buy my love-knots! Some are labell'd 'Knots to tie men—Love the maker—Bought of Hymen.'" <sup>4</sup> Scarce their bargains were completed, when the nymphs all cried, "We're cheated! See these flowers—they're drooping sadly; this gold-knot, too, ties but badly—Who'd buy such love-knots? Who'd buy such love-knots? Even this tie, with Love's name round it—all a sham—he never bound it." <sup>5</sup> Love, who saw the whole proceeding, would have laugh'd, but for good-breeding; while old Hymen, who was used to cries like that these dames gave loose to—"Take back our love-knots! Take back our love-knots!" coolly said, "There's no returning wares on Hymen's hands—Good morning."

80.—THE JOURNEY ONWARDS.—*Moore.*

As slow our ship her foamy track against the wind was cleaving,  
Her trembling pennant still look'd back to that dear isle 'twas leaving.  
So loth we part from all we love, from all the links that bind us;  
So turn our hearts, as on we rove, to those we've left behind us!

And when in other climes, we meet some isle or vale enchanting,  
Where all looks flowery wild and sweet, and nought but love is wanting;  
We think how great had been our bliss if Heaven had but assigned us  
To live and die in scenes like this, with some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back at eve when eastward darkly going,  
To gaze upon that light they leave still faint behind them glowing,—  
So, when the close of pleasure's day to gloom hath near consign'd us,  
We turn to catch one fading ray of joy that's left behind us.

81.—OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.—*Moore.*

<sup>1</sup> Oft, in the stilly night, ere Slumber's chain has bound me, fond Memory brings the light of other days around me: the smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years; the words of love then spoken; the eyes that shone,—now dimm'd and gone; the cheerful hearts,—now broken!... Thus, in the stilly night, ere Slumber's chain hath bound me, sad Memory brings the light of other days around me. <sup>2</sup> When I remember all the friends so link'd together, I've seen around me fall, like leaves in wintry weather, I feel like one who treads alone some banquet-hall deserted,—whose lights

are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but he departed !... Thus, in the stilly night, ere Slumber's chain has bound me, sad Memory brings the light of other days around me.

82.—MY MOPSA IS LITTLE.—*Moore.*

My Mopsa is little, my Mopsa is brown,  
But her cheek is as sinooth as the peach's soft down,  
And, for blushing, no rose can come near her ;  
In short, she has woven such nets round my heart,  
That I ne'er from my dear little Mopsa can part—  
Unless I can find one that's dearer.

Her voice hath a music that dwells on the ear,  
And her eye from its orb gives a daylight so clear,  
That I'm dazzled whenever I meet her ;  
Her ringlets, so curly, are Cupid's own net,  
And her lips, oh ! their sweetness I ne'er shall forget—  
Till I light upon lips that are sweeter.

But 'tis not her beauty that charms me alone,  
'Tis her mind ; 'tis that language whose eloquent tone  
From the depths of the grave could revive one :  
In short, here I swear, that if death were her doom,  
I would instantly join my dead love in the tomb—  
Unless I could meet with a live one.

83.—CANADIAN BOAT-SONG—*Moore.*

<sup>1</sup> Faintly as tolls the evening chime, our voices keep tune and our oars keep time. Soon as the woods on shore look dim, we'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, the Rapids are near, and the daylight's past. <sup>2</sup> Why should we yet our sail unfurl ? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl ; but when the wind blows off the shore, oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar. Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, the Rapids are near, and the daylight's past. <sup>3</sup> Utawas' tide ! this trembling moon shall see us float over thy surges soon. Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers, oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs. Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, the Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.



84.—THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.—*Lover.*

' A baby was sleeping ; its mother was weeping, for her husband was far on the wild raging sea ; and the tempest was swelling round the fisherman's dwelling, as she cried, " Dermot, darling, oh ! come back to me." <sup>2</sup> Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slumbered, and smiled in her face, as she bended her knee ; " Oh ! bless'd be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning ; for I know that the angels are whispering with thee !" <sup>3</sup> And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping, oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me, and say thou wouldst rather they'd watch o'er thy father ! for I know that the angels are whispering with thee !" <sup>4</sup> The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning, and the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see ; and closely caressing her child, with a blessing, said, " I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

85.—MY MOTHER DEAR.—*Lover.*

There was a place in childhood that I remember well,  
And there a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy tales did tell,  
And gentle words and fond embrace were given with joy to me,  
When I was in that happy place—upon my mother's knee.

When fairy tales were ended, " Good night," she softly said,  
And kiss'd and laid me down to sleep, within my tiny bed ;  
And holy words she taught me there—methinks I yet can see  
Her angel eyes, as close I kuel't beside my mother's knee.

In the sickness of my childhood ; the perils of my prime ;  
The sorrows of my riper years ; the cares of every time ;  
When doubt and danger weigh'd me down—then, pleading, all for me,  
It was a fervent prayer to Heaven that bent my mother's knee.

86 —A SIGH FOR KNOCKMANY.—*Carleton.*

Take, proud ambition, take thy fill of pleasures won through toil or crime ;  
Go, learning, climb thy rugged hill, and give thy name to future time :  
Philosophy, be keen to see whate'er is just, or false, or vain,  
Take each thy meed, but, oh ! give me to range my mountain glens again.

Pure was the breeze that fann'd my cheek, as o'er Knockmany's brow I went ;  
When every lonely dell could speak in airy music, vision sent :  
False world ! I hate thy cares and thee, I hate the treacherous haunts of  
men ;  
Give back my early heart to me, give back to me my mountain glen.

How light my youthful visions shone, when spann'd by Fancy's radiant form ;

But now her glittering bow is gone, and leaves me but the cloud and storm.  
With wasted form, and cheek all pale—with heart long seared by grief and pain ;

Dunrge, I'll seek thy native gale, I'll tread my mountain glens again.

Thy breeze once more may fan my blood, thy valleys all are lovely still ;  
And I may stand, where oft I stood, in lonely musings, on thy hill.

But, ah ! the spell is gone ; no art in crowded town, or native plain,  
Can teach a crush'd and breaking heart to pipe the song of youth again.

87.—THE ERL-KING.—(*Goethe*) *Galvan*.

Who rides so late in the midnight wild ?  
The Father it is, and his darling child :  
He holds the dear boy close under his arm,  
He grasps him tight, and he keeps him warm.

" My son, why cowerest thou thus in fear ?"  
—" Oh, seest thou not, father, the Erl-King near ?  
The dread Erl-King, with his crown and his tail ?"  
—" Tush, tush, my son ! 'tis yon cloud's passing sail."

" *Thou lovely child, come, O come with me—  
Such pretty plays I will play with thee !  
The spring-flowers are painted of many a hue—  
As many gold vests has my mother for you.*"

" Oh, father ! oh, father ! say canst thou not hear  
What the Erl-King softly pours in my ear ?"  
—" Hush, darling ! hush, darling ! and fret not thy mind ;  
'Tis the dry leaves that dance in the passing wind."

" *My darling boy, wilt thou go with me ?  
My daughters fair all shall wait on thee ;  
My daughters their midnight dances keep ;  
They shall rock thee, and dance thee, and sing thee to sleep.*"

" Oh, father ! oh, father ! say, seest thou not  
The Erl-King's daughters on yon dark spot ?"  
—" My son ! my dear son ! I see nothing there  
But the willow that waves in the midnight air."

*"I love thy fair form, my beauteous boy ;  
If thou come not with me, I must force employ."  
—"Oh, father! dear father! still hold me, still—  
For the dread Erl-King he hath worked me ill."*

The father shook!—he rode fast and wild—  
He grasped in his arms the moaning child;  
He reached his home in sorrow and dread;  
—For, alas! in his arms his child lay dead!

88.—THE FISHERMAN.—(*Goethe*) *Mangan*.

The waters rush, the waters roll: a Fisherman sits angling by;  
He gazes o'er the glancing floor with sleepy brow and listless eye;  
And while he looks, and while he lolls, the flood is moved as by a storm,  
And slowly from its heaving depths ascends a Woman's humid form.

She sings, she speaks:—"Why lure, why wile, with human craft and  
human snare,

My little ones, my helpless brood, to perish in this fiery air?  
Ah! couldst thou guess the dreamy bliss we feel below the purple sea,  
Thou wouldst forsake the earth and all to dwell beneath with them and me.

"The moon, the sun, their travel done, come down to sleep in Ocean's caves;  
They re-ascend their glorious throne, with doubled beauty from the waves.  
Ah! sure, the blue ethereal dew, the shining heaven these waters show,  
Nay, even thine own reflected face, must draw thee, win thee, down below!"

The waters rush, the waters roll: about his naked feet they move;  
An aching longing fills his soul, as when we look on one we love.  
She sings to him, she speaks to him!—alas! he feels that all is o'er:  
She drags him down—his senses swim—the Fisherman is seen no more!

89.—THE FIRESIDE.—(*M'Carthy*).

I have tasted all life's pleasures, I have snatched at all its joys,  
The dance's merry measures and the revel's festive noise;  
Though wit flash'd bright the live-long night, and flowed the ruby tide,  
I sighed for thee, I sighed for thee, my own fireside!

In boyhood's dreams I wandered far, across the ocean's breast,  
In search of some bright earthly star, some happy isle of rest;  
I little thought the bliss I sought in roaming far and wide,  
Was sweetly centred all in thee, my own fireside!

How sweet to turn at evening's close from all our cares away,  
 And end in calm, serene repose, the swiftly passing day !  
 The pleasant books, the smiling looks of sister or of bride,  
 All fairy ground doth make around one's own fireside !

"My Lord" would never condescend to honour my poor hearth ;  
 "His Grace" would scorn a host or friend of mere plebeian birth ,  
 And yet the lords of human kind, whom man has deified,  
 For ever meet in converse sweet around my fireside !

The poet sings his deathless songs, the sage his lore repeats,  
 The patriot tells his country's wrongs, the chief his warlike feats ;  
 Though far away may be their clay, and gone their earthly pride,  
 Each godlike mind in books enshrined still haunts my fireside.

Oh ! let me glance a moment through the coming crowd of years,  
 Their triumphs or their failures, their sunshine or their tears ;  
 How poor or great may be my fate, I care not what betide,  
 So peace and love but hallow thee, my own fireside !

Still let me hold the vision close and closer to my sight ;  
 Still, still, in hopes Elysian, let my spirit wing its flight ;  
 Still let me dream, life's shadowy stream may yield, from out its tide,  
 A mind at rest, a tranquil breast, a quiet fireside !

90.—TO THE IRISH MINSTREL, O'CONNELLAN.—*Ferguson.*

Enchanter, who reignest supreme o'er the North,  
 And hast wiled the coy spirit of true music forth ;  
 In vain Europe's minstrels to honour aspire,  
 When thy swift, slender fingers go forth on the wire.

There is no heart's desire can be felt by a king  
 That thy hand cannot snatch from the soul of the string,  
 By the sovereign virtue and might of its sway ;  
 Enchanter, who steal'st from the fairies their lay !

Enchanter, I say ; for thy magical skill  
 Can soothe every sorrow, and heal every ill ;  
 Who hear thee, they praise thee, and weep while they praise,  
 For, charmer, thou stealest thy strain from the fays !

# PART THIRD.

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## BALLAD AND MISCELLANEOUS POETRY

FOR

### ADVANCED PUPILS.

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#### 1.—KING LEAR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.—*Old Ballad.*

King Lear once ruled in this land with princely power and peace ;  
And had all things, with heart's content, that might his joys increase.  
Amongst those things that nature gave, three Daughters fair had he,  
So princely-seeming, beautiful, that fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleased the king a question thus to move,  
Which of his daughters to his grace could show the dearest love :  
“ For to my age you bring content,” quoth he ; “ then let me hear,  
Which of you three in plighted troth the kindest will appear.”

To whom the Eldest thus began : “ Dear father mine,” quoth she,  
“ Before your face, to do you good, my blood shall render'd be :  
And for your sake my bleeding heart shall here be cut in twain,  
Ere that I see your reverend age the smallest grief sustain.”

“ And so will I,” the Second said : “ dear father, for your sake,  
The worst of all extremities I'll gently undertake :  
And serve your highness night and day, with diligence and love ;  
That sweet content and quietness discomfits may remove.”

“ In doing so, you glad my soul,” the aged king replied ;  
“ But what say'st thou, my youngest girl ? how is thy love allied ?”  
“ My love,” quoth young Cordelia then, “ which to your grace I owe,  
Shall be the duty of a child—and that is all I'll show.”

“ And wilt thou show no more,” quoth he, “ than doth thy duty bind ?  
I well perceive thy love is small, when thus no more I find.  
Henceforth I banish thee my court ! thou art no child of mine ;  
Nor any part of this my realm by favour shall be thine.

"Thy elder sisters' loves are more than I can well demand ;  
To whom I equally bestow my kingdom, and my land,  
My pompal state, and all my goods—that lovingly I may  
With those thy sisters be maintain'd until my dying day."

Thus flattering speeches won renown to these two sisters here ;  
The third had causeless banishment, yet was her love more dear :  
For poor Cordelia patiently went wand'ring up and down,  
Unhelp'd, unpitied, gentle maid ! through many an English town.  
Until at last in famous France she gentler fortunes found ;  
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd the fairest on the ground :  
Where, when the king her virtues heard, and this fair lady seen,  
With full consent of all his court, he made her wife and queen.

Her father, old King Lear, this while with his two daughters stay'd :  
Forgetful of their promis'd loves, full soon the same decay'd ;  
And living in Queen Regan's court,—the eldest of the twain,—  
She took from him his chiefest means, and most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont to wait with bended knee,  
She gave allowance but to ten, and after scarce to three ;  
Nay, one she thought too much for him ; so took she all away,  
In hope that in her court, good king, he would no longer stay.

"Am I rewarded thus," quoth he, "in giving all I have  
Unto my children, and to beg for what I lately gave ?  
I'll go unto my Gonorill : my second child, I know,  
Will be more kind and pitiful, and will relieve my woe."

Full fast he hies then to her court ; who, when she heard his moan,  
Return'd him answer, that she griev'd that all his means were gone  
But no way could relieve his wants ; yet, if that he would stay  
Within her kitchen, he should have what scullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears, he made his answer then ;  
"In what I did, let me be made example to all men.  
I will return again," quoth he, "unto my Regan's court ;  
She will not use me thus, I hope, but in a kinder sort."

But when he came she gave command to drive him thence away :  
When he was well within her court (she said) he would not stay.  
Then back again to Gonorill the woeful king did hie,  
That in her kitchen he might have what scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was denied, which she had promised late,  
 For, once refusing, he should not come after to her gate.  
 Thus, 'twixt his daughters, for relief he wander'd up and down  
 Being glad to feed on beggar's food, that lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then his youngest daughter's words,  
 That said—the duty of a child was all that love affords;  
 But doubting to repair to her whom he had banish'd so,  
 Grew frantic mad; for in his mind he bore the wounds of woe:

Which made him rend his milkwhite locks and tresses from his head,  
 And all with blood bestain his cheeks, with age and honour spread.  
 To hills, and woods, and watery founts he made his hourly moan—  
 Till hills, and woods, and senseless things, did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possess'd with discontents, he passèd o'er to France,  
 In hopes from fair Cordelia there to find some gentler chance;  
 Most virtuous dame! for when she heard of this her father's grief,  
 As duty bound, she quickly sent him comfort and relief:

And by a train of noble peers, in brave and gallant sort,  
 She gave in charge he should be brought to Aganippus' court;  
 Whose royal king with noble mind so freely gave consent  
 To muster up his knights at-arms, to fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed, to re-possess King Lear.  
 And drive his daughters from their thrones, by his Cordelia dear—  
 Where she, true-hearted noble queen, was in the battle slain;  
 Yet he, good king, in his old days, possess'd his crown again.

But, when he heard Cordelia's death, who died indeed for love  
 Of her dear father, in whose cause she did this battle move,  
 He swooning fell upon her breast, from whence he never parted:  
 But on her bosom left his life, that was so truly hearted.

2—THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET.—*Wordsworth*

<sup>1</sup> Where art thou, my belovèd Son? Where art thou?—worse to me  
 than dead! O find me, prosperous or undone! Or, if the grave be now  
 thy bed, why am I ignorant of the same that I may rest; and neither  
 blame nor sorrow may attend thy name? <sup>2</sup> Seven years, alas! to have  
 received no tidings of an only child—to have despair'd, have hoped,  
 believed, and be for evermore beguiled—sometimes with thoughts of very  
 bliss! I catch at them, and then I miss;—was ever darkness like to this?

3 He was among the prime in worth, an object beauteous to behold; well born, well bred; I sent him forth ingenuous, innocent, and bold: if things ensued that wanted grace, (as hath been said!) they were not base; and never blush was on my face. 4 Ah! little doth the young one dream, when full of play and childish cares, what power is in his wildest scream heard by his mother unawares! He knows it not, he cannot guess; years to a mother bring distress, but do not make her love the less. 5 Neglect me! no, I suffer'd long from that ill thought; and, being blind, said, "Pride shall help me in my wrong: kind mother have I been, as kind as ever breathed:" and that is true; I've wet my path with tears like dew, weeping for him when no one knew. 6 My Son, if thou be humbled, poor, hopeless of honour and of gain, O! do not dread thy mother's door; think not of me with grief and pain:—I now can see with better eyes; and worldly Grandeur I despise, and Fortune with her gifts and lies. 7 Alas! the fowls of heaven have wings, and blasts of heaven will aid their flight; they mount—how short a voyage brings the wanderers back to their delight! Chains tie us down by land and sea; and wishes, vain as mine, may be all that is left to comfort thee. 8 Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan, maim'd, mangled by inhuman men; or thou upon a desert thrown inheritest the lion's den; or hast been summon'd to the deep, thou, thou, and all thy mates, to keep an incommunicable sleep. 9 I look for ghosts: but none will force their way to me; 'tis falsely said that there was ever intercourse between the living and the dead; for surely then I should have sight of him I wait for, day and night, with love and longings infinite. 10 My apprehensions come in crowds; I dread the rustling of the grass; the very shadows of the clouds have power to shake me as they pass; I question things, and do not find one that will answer to my mind; and all the world appears unkind. 11 Beyond participation lie my troubles, and beyond relief: if any chance to heave a sigh, they pity me, and not my grief. Then come to me, my Son, or send some tidings that my woes may end! I have no other earthly friend.

3.—EDWIN AND ANGELINA.—*Goldsmith.*

"Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale, and guide my lonely way,  
 To where you taper cheers the vale with hospitable ray.  
 For here forlorn and lost I tread, with fainting steps and slow;  
 Where wilds, immeasurably spread, seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries, "to tempt the dangerous gloom;  
 For yonder phantom only flies to lure thee to thy doom."



Here, to the houseless child of want, my door is open still ;  
And though my portion is but scant, I give it with good will.  
Then turn to-night, and freely share whate'er my cell bestows—  
My rushy couch and frugal fare, my blessing and repose.  
No flocks that range the valley free to slaughter I condemn ;  
Taught by that Power that pities me, I learn to pity them :  
But from the mountain's grassy side a guiltless feast I bring ;  
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied, and water from the spring.  
Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ; all earth-born cares are wrong,  
Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends, his gentle accents fell :  
The modest stranger lowly bends, and follows to the cell...  
Far in a wilderness obscure, the lonely mansion lay ;  
A refuge to the neighbouring poor, and strangers led astray.  
No stores beneath its humble thatch required a master's care ;  
The wicket opening with a latch, received the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire to take their evening rest,  
The Hermit trimmed his little fire, and cheered his pensive guest ;  
And spread his vegetable store, and gaily pressed and smiled ;  
And, skilled in legendary lore, the lingering hours beguiled.  
Around, in sympathetic mirth, its tricks the kitten tries ;  
The cricket chirrups on the hearth, the crackling fagot flies.  
But nothing could a charm impart, to soothe the stranger's woe ;  
For grief was heavy at his heart, and tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied, with answering care oppress'd :  
" And whence, unhappy youth," he cried, " the sorrows of thy breast ?  
From better habitations spurned, reluctant dost thou rove ?  
Or grieve for friendship unreturned, or unregarded love ?"

" Alas ! the joys that fortune brings are trifling, and decay ;  
And those who prize the paltry things, more trifling still than they.  
And what is friendship but a name ?—a charm that lulls to sleep ;  
A shade that follows wealth or fame, and leaves the wretch to weep !  
And love is still an emptier sound, the modern fair-one's jest ;  
On earth unseen, or only found to warm the turtle's nest."

" For shame, fond youth ! thy sorrows hush, and spurn the sex !" he said :  
But while he spoke, a rising blush his love-lorn guest betrayed.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise, swift mantling to the view,  
Like colours o'er the morning skies, as bright, as transient too.  
The bashful look, the rising breast, alternate spread alarms !  
The lovely stranger stands confessed—a Maid in all her charms !

"And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude, a wretch forlorn," she cried,  
"Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude where heaven and you reside !  
But let a maid thy pity share, whom love has taught to stray,  
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair companion of her way....  
My father lived beside the Tyne, a wealthy lord was he ;  
And all his wealth was marked as mine : he had but only me.  
To win me from his tender arms unnumbered suitors came ;  
Who praised me for imputed charms, and felt, or feigned, a flame.  
Each hour a mercenary crowd with richest proffers strove :  
Among the rest, young Edwin bow'd, but never talk'd of love.  
In humblest, simplest habit clad, no wealth or power had he ;  
Wisdom and worth were all he had, but these were all to me.  
The blossom opening to the day—the dews of heaven refined,  
Could nought of purity display to emulate his mind.  
The dew, the blossoms of the tree, with charms inconstant shine :  
Their charms were his ; but, woe to me, their constancy was mine !  
For still I tried each fickle art, importunate and vain ;  
And while his passion touch'd my heart, I triumph'd in his pain :  
Till, quite dejected with my scorn, he left me to my pride,  
And sought a solitude forlorn, in secret, where he died.  
But mine the sorrow, mine the fault ! and well my life shall pay ;  
I'll seek the solitude he sought, and stretch me where he lay !  
And there forlorn, despairing, hid, I'll lay me down and die ;  
'Twas so for me that Edwin did, and so for him will I !"

"Forbid it, heaven !" the Hermit cried, and clasp'd her to his breast :  
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide—'twas Edwin's self that pressed !  
"Turn, Angelina, ever dear ! my charmer, turn to see  
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here, restored to love and thee.  
Thus let me hold thee to my heart and every care resign !  
And shall we never, never part, my life—my all that's mine ?  
No, never from this hour to part ! we'll live and love so true,  
The sigh that reads thy constant heart shall break thy Edwin's too."

4.—FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.—*Dr. Percy.**(Partly collated from Shakespeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher.)*

It was a Friar of Orders Gray walk'd forth to tell his beads ;  
 And he met with a Lady fair, clad in a pilgrim's weeds.  
 "Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar ! I pray thee tell to me,  
 If ever, at yon holy shrine, my true-love thou didst see."

"And how should I your true-love know from many another one?"  
 "Oh, by his cockle-hat and staff, and by his sandal shoon.  
 But chiefly by his face and mien, that were so fair to view ;  
 His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd, and eyes of lovely blue."

"O lady, he is dead and gone ! lady, he's dead and gone !  
 And at his head a green grass turf, and at his heels a stone.  
 Within these holy cloisters, long he languished ; and he died  
 Lamenting of a Lady's love, and 'plaining of her pride."

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth and art thou dead and gone ?  
 And didst thou die for love of me ? Break, cruel heart of stone !"

"Oh, weep not, lady, weep not so, some ghostly comfort seek ;  
 Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart, nor tears bedew thy cheek."

"Oh, do not, do not, holy friar, my sorrow now reprove ;  
 For I have lost the sweetest youth that e'er won lady's love.  
 And now, alas ! for thy sad loss I'll ever weep and sigh ;  
 For thee I only wish'd to live, for thee I wish to die."

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more ! thy sorrow is in vain !  
 For violets pluck'd, the sweetest shower will ne'er make grow again.  
 Our joys as winged dreams do fly,—why then should sorrow last ?  
 Since grief but aggravates thy loss, grieve not for what is past."

"Oh, say not so, thou holy friar, I pray thee say not so ;  
 For since my true-love died for me, 'tis meet my tears should flow.  
 And will he never come again ? Will he ne'er come again ?  
 Ah ! no, he is dead and laid in his grave, for ever to remain !"

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more ; men were deceivers ever ;  
 One foot on sea and one on shore,—to one thing constant never.  
 Hadst thou been fond, he had been false, and left thee sad and heavy ;  
 For young men ever were fickle found, since summer trees were leafy."

"Now say not so ! . . . Thou much-loved youth, and didst thou die for me ?  
 Then, farewell, home ; for evermore a pilgrim I will be.

But first upon my true-love's grave my weary limbs I'll lay,  
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf that wraps his breathless clay."

"Yet stay, fair lady! rest awhile beneath this cloister wall;  
See, through the hawthorn blows the cold wind, and drizzly rain doth fall."  
"Oh, stay me not, thou holy friar; oh, stay me not, I pray;  
No drizzly rain that falls on me can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again, and dry those pearly tears;  
For see, beneath this gown of gray thy own true-love appears.  
Here, forced by grief and hopeless love, these holy weeds I sought;  
And here amid these lonely walls to end my days I thought."

But haply, (for my year of grace is not yet pass'd away,)  
Might I still hope to win thy love, no longer would I stay."  
—"Now farewell grief, and welcome joy once more unto my heart;  
For since I have found thee, lovely youth, we never more will part."

5.—LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.—*Tennyson.*

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, of me you shall not win renown:  
You thought to break a country heart for pastime, ere you went to town.  
At me you smiled, but, unbeguiled, I saw the snare and I retired:  
The daughter of a hundred Earls, you are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, I know you proud to bear your name;  
Your pride is yet no mate for mine, too proud to care from whence I came.  
Nor would I break for your sweet sake a heart that doats on truer charms.  
A simple maiden in her flower is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, some meeker pupil you must find,  
For were you queen of all that is, I could not stoop to such a mind.  
You sought to prove how I could love,—and my disdain is my reply!  
The lion on your old stone gates is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, you put strange memories in my head:  
Not thrice your branching limes have blown since I beheld young Laurence  
dead.

Oh, your sweet eyes, your low replies! a great enchantress you may be;  
But there was that across his throat which you had hardly cared to see!

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, when thus he met his mother's view,  
She had the passions of her kind,—she spake some certain truths of you.  
Indeed I heard one bitter word that scarce is fit for you to hear;  
Her manners had not that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, there stands a spectre in your hall :  
 The guilt of blood is at your door : you changed a wholesome heart to gall !  
 You held your course without remorse, to make him trust his modest worth,  
 And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare, and slew him with your noble birth !

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere, from yon blue heavens above us bent  
 The grand old gardener and his wife smile at the claims of long descent.  
 Howe'er it be, it seems to me 'tis only noble to be good :  
 Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere : you pine among your halls and towers :  
 The languid light of your proud eyes is wearied of the rolling hours.  
 In glowing health, with boundless wealth, but sickening of a vague disease,  
 You know so ill to deal with time, you needs must play such pranks as  
 these.

Clara ! Clara Vere de Vere ! if Time be heavy on your hands,  
 Are there no beggars at your gate, nor any poor about your lands ?  
 Oh ! teach the orphan-boy to read, or teach the orphan-girl to sew ;  
 Pray Heaven for a human heart,—and let the foolish yeoman go.

6.—CORMAC AND MARY.—*T. Crofton Croker*

"She is not dead—she has no grave—she lives beneath Lough Corrib's  
 water ;

And in the murmur of each wave, methinks I catch the songs I taught her."  
 Thus many an evening on the shore sat Cormac, raving wild and lowly ;  
 Still idly muttering o'er and o'er, "She lives, detained by spells unholy.

Death claims her not ; too fair for earth, her spirit lives—alien of heaven ;  
 Nor will it know a second birth when sinful mortals are forgiven !  
 Cold is this rock—the wind comes chill, and mists the gloomy waters cover ;  
 But, oh ! her soul is colder still—to lose her God—to leave her lover !"

The lake was in profound repose, yet one white wave came gently curling  
 And, as it reach'd the shore, arose dim figures—banners gay unfurling.  
 Onward they move—an airy crowd : through each thin form a moonlight  
 ray shone ;

While spear and helm, in pageant proud, appear in liquid undulation.

Bright barbèd steeds curvetting tread their trackless way, with antic capers ;  
 And curtain clouds hang overhead, festoon'd by rainbow-colour'd vapours.  
 And when a breath of air would stir that drapery of Heaven's own wreathing,  
 Light wings of prismy gossamer just moved and sparkled to the breathing

Nor wanting was the choral song, swelling in silvery chimes of sweetness ;  
To sound of which, this subtle throng advanced in playful grace and fleetness.  
With music's strain, all came and went upon poor Cormac's doubting vision ;  
Now rising in wild merriment, now softly fading in derision.

" Christ, save her soul ! " he boldly cried ; and, when that blessed name was  
spoken,  
Fierce yells and fiendish shrieks replied, and vanished all !—the spell was  
broken. . . .

And now on Corrib's lonely shore, freed by his word from power of faery,  
To life, to love, restored once more, Young Cormac welcomes back his Mary.

#### 7.—THE ARMADA.—*Macaulay.*

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise :  
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,  
When that great Fleet Invincible against her bore, in vain,  
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts in Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,  
There came a gallant merchant-ship, full sail to Plymouth bay ;  
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,  
At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a mile !...  
Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along the wall ;  
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty hall ;  
Many a light fishing-bark put out, to pry along the coast ;  
And, with loose rein and bloody spur, rode inland many a post.

With his white hair, unbonnetted, the stout old Sheriff comes ;  
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums ;  
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,  
As slow, upon the labouring wind, the royal standard swells.  
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,  
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down !  
" Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, sir knight ! ho ! scatter flowers, fair maids !  
Ho, gunners ! fire a loud salute ! ho, gallants ! draw your blades !  
Thou, sun, shine on her joyously ! ye breezes, waft her wide !  
Our glorious *semper eadem* ! the banner of our pride ! "

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold—  
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold ;  
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea ;  
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.

The bugle's note, and cannon's roar the deathlike silence broke.  
 And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke ;  
 At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires ;  
 At once the wild alarm clashed from all her reeling spires ;  
 From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear,  
 And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer :  
 And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,  
 And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each rousing street  
 And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,  
 As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in ;  
 And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still ;  
 All night from tower to tower they sprang, they sprang from hill to hill ;  
 Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales ;  
 Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales ;  
 Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height ;  
 Till streamed in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's crest of light.  
 Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,  
 And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the boundless plain :  
 Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,  
 And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide vale of Trent ;  
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,  
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

8.—THE BALLAD OF THE BOAT.—*Garnett.*

The stream was as smooth as glass ; we said, " Arise and let's away :"  
 The Siren sang beside the boat that in the rushes lay ;  
 With sail full spread and feathered oar, we gaily took our way :—  
 When shall the sandy bar be cross'd ? when shall we find the bay ?  
 The broadening flood swells slowly out o'er cattle-dotted plains,  
 The stream is strong and turbulent, and dark with heavy rains ;  
 The labourer looks up to see our shallop speed away :—  
 When shall the sandy bar be cross'd ? when shall we find the bay ?  
 Now are the clouds like fiery shrouds ; the sun, superbly large,  
 Slow as an oak to woodman's stroke, sinks flaming at their marge.  
 The waves are bright with mirror'd light as jacinths on our way :—  
 When shall the sandy bar be cross'd ? when shall we find the bay ?  
 The moon is high up in the sky, and now no more we see  
 The spreading river's woody bank ; and surging distantly

There booms a sullen thunder as of breakers far away :—  
 Now shall the sandy bar be cross'd ! now shall we find the bay !  
 The sea-gull shrieks high overhead ; and dimly to our sight  
 The moon-lit crests of foaming waves gleam towering through the night  
 We'll steal upon the Mermaid soon, and start her from her lay,  
 When once the sandy bar is cross'd, and we are in the bay !  
 What rises white and awful as a shroud-enfolded ghost ?  
 What roar of rampant tumult bursts in clangour on the coast ?  
 Pull back ! pull back ! The raging flood sweeps every oar away :—  
 O stream, is this the bar of sand ? O boat, is this thy bay ?

9.—THREE DAYS IN THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS (*Translation*).—*Delarivigne*

On the deck stood Columbus :—the ocean's expanse,  
 Untried and unlimited, swept by his glance.  
 " Back to Spain !" cry his men ; " Put the vessel about !  
 We venture no further through danger and doubt."—  
 " Three days, and I give you a world !" he replied ;  
 " Bear up, my brave comrades ;—three days shall decide."  
 He sails,—but no token of land is in sight ;  
 He sails,—but the day shows no more than the night ;—  
 On, onward he sails, while in vain o'er the lee  
 The lead is plunged down through a fathomless sea.

The pilot, in silence, leans mournfully o'er  
 The rudder which creaks 'mid the billowy roar ;  
 He hears the hoarse moan of the spray-driving blast,  
 And its funeral-wail through the shrouds of the mast ;  
 The stars of far Europe have sunk from the skies,  
 And the great Southern Cross meets his terrified eyes ;  
 But, at length, the slow dawn, softly streaking the night,  
 Illumes the blue vault with its faint crimson light.  
 " Columbus ! 'tis day, and the darkness is o'er."—  
 " Day ! and what dost thou see ?"—" Sky and ocean. No more !"

The second day's past, and Columbus is sleeping,  
 While Mutiny near him its vigil is keeping :  
 " Shall he perish ?"—" Ay ! death !" is the barbarous cry ;  
 " He must triumph to-morrow, or, perjured, must die !"  
 Ungrateful and blind !—shall the world-linking sea,  
 He traced for the Future, his sepulchre be ?



Shall that sea, on the morrow, with pitiless waves,  
 Fling his corse on that shore which his patient eye craves ?  
 The corse of an humble adventurer, then ;  
 One day later,—Columbus, the first among men !

But, hush ! he is dreaming !—A veil on the main,  
 At the distant horizon, is parted in twain ;  
 And now, on his dreaming eye,—rapturous sight !—  
 Fresh bursts the New World from the darkness of night !  
 O, vision of glory ! how dazzling it seems !  
 How glistens the verdure ! how sparkle the streams !  
 How blue the far mountains ! how glad the green isles !  
 And the earth and the ocean, how dimpled with smiles !  
 “Joy ! joy !” cries Columbus, “this region is mine !”  
 —Ah ! not e’en its name, wondrous dreamer, is thine !

At length, o’er Columbus slow consciousness breaks,—  
 “Land ! land !” cry the sailors ; “land ! land !”—He awakes—  
 He runs,—yes ! behold it !—it blesseth his sight,—  
 The land ! O, dear spectacle ! transport ! delight !  
 O, generous sobs, which he cannot restrain !  
 What will Ferdinand say ? and the Future ? and Spain ?  
 He will lay this fair land at the foot of the Throne,—  
 His King will repay all the ills he has known.  
 In exchange for a world, what are honours and gains ?  
 Or a crown ?...But, how is he rewarded ?—with chains !

10.—THE ANCIENT MARINER (*Condensation*)—Coleridge.

It is an Ancient Mariner, and he stoppeth one of three ; . . .  
 “By thy long gray beard and glittering eye, now wherefore stopp’st thou me ?  
 The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide, and I am next of kin ;  
 The guests are met, the feast is set : mayst hear the merry din.”  
 He holds him with his skinny hand ; “There was a ship,” quoth he ;—  
 “Hold off ! unhand me, gray-beard loon !” Eftsoons his hand dropt he.  
 He holds him with his glittering eye—the Wedding-guest stood still.  
 And listens like a three years’ child—the Mariner hath his will.  
 The Wedding-guest sat on a stone : he cannot choose but hear ;  
 And thus spake-on that Ancient Man, the bright-eyed Mariner :—

“The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared ; merrily did we drop  
 Below the kirk, below the hill, below the lighthouse top.

The sun came up upon the left,—out of the sea came he ;  
 And he shone bright, and on the right went down into the sea.  
 Higher and higher every day, till over the mast at noon”—  
 —The Wedding-guest here beat his breast, for he heard the loud bassoon.  
 The Bride hath paced into the hall, red as a rose is she ;  
 Nodding their heads, before her goes the merry minstrelsy.  
 The Wedding-guest he beat his breast, yet he cannot choose but hear !  
 And thus spake on that Ancient Man, the bright-eyed Mariner :—

“ And now the storm-blast came, and he was tyrannous and strong ;  
 He struck with his o’ertaking wings, and chased us south along.  
 And now there came both mist and snow, and it grew wondrous cold ;  
 And ice mast high came floating by, as green as emerald.  
 And through the drifts the snowy clifts did send a dismal sheen :  
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—the ice was all between.  
 The ice was here, the ice was there, the ice was all around ;  
 It cracked and growled, and roared and howled, like noises in a swound !  
 At length did cross an Albatross—thorough the fog it came ;  
 As if it had been a Christian soul, we hailed it in God’s name.  
 It ate the food it ne’er had ate, and round and round it flew ; . . .  
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit ; the helmsman steered us through !  
 And a good south wind sprung up behind ; the Albatross did follow,  
 And every day, for food or play, came to the mariners’ hollo !  
 In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud, it perched for vespers nine ;  
 Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white, glimmered the white  
 moonshine !”

“ God save thee, ancient Mariner, from the fiends that plague thee thus !  
 Why look’st thou so ?” “ With my cross-bow I shot the Albatross. . . .  
 And the good south wind still blew behind, but no sweet bird did follow ;  
 Nor any day, for food or play, came to the mariners’ hollo !  
 And I had done a hellish thing, and it would work ’em woe ;  
 For all averred I had killed the bird that made the breeze to blow.  
 ‘ Ah, wretch ! (said they) the bird to slay that made the breeze to blow !’ . . .  
 Nor dim, nor red, like God’s own head, the glorious sun uprist ;  
 Then all averred I had killed the bird that brought the fog and mist.  
 ‘ ’Twas right (said they) such birds to slay, that bring the fog and mist.’  
 —Down dropt the breeze ! the sails dropt down ! ’twas sad as sad could be ;  
 And we did speak only to break the silence of the sea !—  
 Day after day, day after day, we stuck, nor breath nor motion ;  
 As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere, and all the boards did shrink ;  
Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink.  
The very deep did rot : Alas ! that ever this should be ;  
Yea, slimy things did crawl, with legs, upon the slimy sea.  
About, about, in reel and rout, the death-fires danced at night ;  
The water, like a witch's oils, burnt green, and blue, and white.  
And every tongue, through utter drought, was withered at the root :  
We could not speak, no more than if we had been choked with soot.  
Ah, well-a-day ! what evil looks had I from old and young !  
Instead of the Cross, the Albatross about my neck was hung !

There passed a weary time. Each throat was parched, and glazed each eye.  
A weary time ! a weary time ! How glazed each weary eye !  
When looking westward I beheld a something in the sky.  
At first it seemed a little speck—and then it seemed a mist !—  
It moved and moved ! and took at last a certain shape, I wist.  
A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist ! and still it neared and neared :  
As if it dodged a water-sprite, it plunged, and tacked, and veered.  
With throats unslaked, with black lips baked, we could nor laugh nor wail ;  
Through utter drought all dumb we stood ; I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,  
and cried, A sail ! a sail !  
See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more ! hither to work us weal,  
Without a breeze, without a tide, she steadies with upright keel !  
The western wave was all a-flame, the day was well nigh done,  
Almost upon the western wave rested the broad bright Sun ;  
When that strange Shape drove suddenly betwixt us and the Sun.  
And straight the Sun was flecked with bars (Heaven's Mother send us  
grace !)

As if through a dungeon-grate he peered with broad and burning face.  
Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud) how fast she nears and nears !  
Are those her sails that glance in the sun, like restless gossameres ?  
Are those her ribs ? (through which the sun did peer, as through a grate)  
And is that Woman all her crew ? Is that a Death ? And are there two ?  
Is Death that Woman's mate ?

The naked hulk alongside came, and the twain were casting dice ;  
'The game is done ! I've won, I've won !' quoth she, and whistles thrice.  
The Sun's rim dips ! the stars rush out ! at one stride comes the dark !  
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea off shot the spectre bark ! . . .  
One after one, by the star-dogged moon, too quick for groan or sigh,  
Each mariner turned with a ghastly pang, and cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men (and I heard nor sigh nor groan),  
With heavy thump—a lifeless lump!—they dropped down one by one!  
The souls did from their bodies fly—they fled to bliss or woe!  
And every soul it passed me by, like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

"I fear thee, Ancient Mariner, I fear thy skinny hand!  
And thou art long, and lank, and brown, as is the ribbed sea-sand!  
I fear thee and thy glittering eye, and thy skinny hand, so brown."——  
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-guest,—this body dropped not down.  
Alone, alone, all, all alone,—alone on a wide, wide sea!  
And never a Saint took pity on my soul in agony.  
The many men so beautiful! and they all dead did lie;  
And a thousand thousand slimy things lived on; and so did I.  
I looked upon the rotting sea, and drew my eyes away;  
I looked upon the rotting deck, . . . and there the dead men lay!  
I looked to heaven, and tried to pray; but, or ever a prayer had gushed,  
A wicked whisper came, and made my heart as dry as dust.

Beyond the shadow of the ship I watched the water-snakes:  
They moved in tracks of shining white, and when they reared, the elfish  
light fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship I watched their rich attire;  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black, they coiled and swam; and every  
track was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue their beauty might declare:  
A spring of love gushed from my heart, and I blessed them unaware:  
Sure my kind Saint took pity on me, and I blessed them unaware.  
—The self-same moment I could pray; and from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sunk like lead into the sea.

And soon I heard a roaring wind; it did not come a-near;  
But with its sound it shook the sails that were so thin and sere.  
The loud wind never reached the ship, yet now the ship moved on!  
Beneath the lightning and the moon, the dead men gave a groan!  
They groaned! they stirred! they all uprose! nor spake nor moved their eyes;  
It had been strange, even in a dream, to have seen these dead men rise.  
The helmsman steered—the ship moved on! yet never a breeze up-blew;  
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes where they were wont to do;  
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—we were a ghastly crew!  
The body of my brother's son stood by me knee to knee:  
The body and I pulled at one rope, but he said nought to me."

"I fear thee, Ancient Mariner!" "Be calm, thou Wedding-guest;—  
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain, which to their corpses came again,  
But a troop of Spirits Blest! . . . .

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship—yet she sailèd softly too;  
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—on me alone it blew.  
Oh, dream of joy! is this indeed the lighthouse top I see?  
Is this the hill? is this the kirk? is this mine own countrie?  
We drifted o'er the harbour bar, and I with sobs did pray—  
O let me be awake, my God, or let me sleep away!  
—But soon I heard the dash of oars, I heard the Pilot's cheer;  
My head was turned perforce away, and I saw a boat appear.  
The Pilot, and the pilot's boy, I heard them coming fast;  
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy the dead men could not blast.  
I saw a third—I heard his voice; it is the Hermit good;  
He singeth loud his godly hymns that he makes in the wood;  
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away the Albatross's blood.

The boat came closer to the ship, but I nor spake nor stirred;  
The boat came close beneath the ship—and straight a sound was heard!  
Under the water it rumbled on, still louder and more dread:  
It reached the ship, it split the bay; the ship went down like lead.  
Upon the whirl, where sunk the ship, the boat spun round and round;  
And all was still, save that the hill was telling of the sound.  
I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked, and fell down in a fit;  
The holy Hermit raised his eyes, and prayed where he did sit.  
'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!' The Hermit crossed his brow;  
'Say quick,' quoth he; 'I bid thee say, what manner of man art thou?'

Forthwith, this frame of mine was wrenched with a woful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my tale; and then it left me free.  
—Since then, at an uncertain hour, that agony returns;  
And till my ghastly tale is told, this heart within me burns.  
I pass like Night from land to land; I have strange power of speech:  
The moment that his face I see, I know the man that must hear me:  
to him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door! The wedding-guests are there;  
But in the garden-bower the bride and bridesmaids singing are:  
—And hark! the little vesper bell, which biddeth me to prayer.

O Wedding-guest! this soul hath been alone on a wide, wide sea;  
So lonely 'twas, that God himself scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage feast—'tis sweeter far to me  
 To walk together to the kirk with a goodly company!—  
 To walk together to the kirk, and all together pray;  
 While each to his Great Father bends,—old men and babes, and loving  
 friends, and youths and maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell to thee, thou Wedding-guest:  
 He prayeth well, who loveth well both man and bird and beast.  
 He prayeth best, who loveth best all things, both great and small;  
 For the dear God that loveth us, He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright, whose beard with age is hoar,  
 Is gone; and now the Wedding-guest—turns from the bridegroom's door.  
 He went like one that hath been stunned, and is of sense forlorn:  
 —A sadder and a wiser man he rose the morrow morn.

#### 11.—THE DREAM OF THE REVELLER.—*Mackay.*

Around the board the guests were met, the lights above them beaming,  
 And in their cups, replenish'd oft, the ruddy wine was streaming;  
 Their cheeks were flush'd, their eyes were bright, their hearts with pleasure  
 bounded,

The song was sung, the toast was given, and loud the revel sounded.  
 I drained a goblet with the rest, and cried, "Away with sorrow!  
 Let us be happy for to-day; what care we for to-morrow?"  
 But as I spoke, my sight grew dim, and slumber deep came o'er me,  
 And, 'mid the whirl of mingling tongues, this vision pass'd before me.

Methought I saw a Demon rise: he held a mighty bicker,  
 Whose burnish'd sides ran brimming o'er with floods of burning liquor:  
 Around him press'd a clamorous crowd, to taste this liquor greedy,  
 But chiefly came the poor and sad, the suffering and the needy;  
 All those oppress'd by grief or debt,—the dissolute, the lazy,—  
 Blear-eyed old men and reckless youths, and palsied women, crazy;  
 "Give, give!" they cried, "give, give us drink, to drown all thought of  
 sorrow;

If we are happy for to-day, what care we for to-morrow?"

The *first* drop warm'd their shivering skins, and drove away their sadness;  
 The *second* lit their sunken eyes, and filled their souls with gladness;  
 The *third* drop made them shout and roar, and play each furious antic;  
 The *fourth* drop boil'd their very blood: and the *fifth* drop drove them  
 frantic.

"Drink!" said the Demon, "Drink your fill! drink of these waters mellow;  
They'll make your eye-balls sear and dull, and turn your white skins yellow;  
They'll fill your homes with care and grief, and clothe your backs with tatters;  
They'll fill your hearts with evil thoughts; but never mind!—what matters?

"Though virtue sink, and reason fail, and social ties dis sever,  
I'll be your friend in hour of need, and find you homes for ever;  
For I have built three mansions high, three strong and goodly houses,  
To lodge at last each jolly soul who all his life carouses.—  
The *first*, it is a spacious house, to all but sots appalling,  
Where, by the parish bounty fed, vile, in the sunshine crawling,  
The worn-out drunkard ends his days, and eats the dole of others,—  
A plague and burthen to himself, an eye-sore to his brothers.

"The *second* is a lazarhouse, rank, fetid, and unholy;  
Where, smitten by diseases foul and hopeless melancholy,  
The victims of potations deep pine on the couch of sadness,—  
Some calling Death to end their pain, and some imploring Madness.  
The *third* and last is black and high, the abode of guilt and anguish,  
And full of dungeons deep and fast, where death-doom'd felons languish.  
So drain the cup, and drain again! One of my goodly houses  
Shall lodge at last each jolly soul who to the dregs carouses!"

But well he knew—that Demon old—how vain was all his preaching,  
The ragged crew that round him flock'd were heedless of his teaching;  
Even as they heard his fearful words, they cried, with shouts of laughter,—  
"Out on the fool who mars To-day, with thoughts of an Hereafter!  
We care not for thy houses three; we live but for the present;  
And merry will we make it yet, and quaff our bumpers pleasant."...  
Loud laugh'd the fiend to hear them speak, and, lifting high his bicker,  
"Body and Soul are mine!" said he; "I'll have them *both*—for liquor!"

#### 12.—OPENING OF L'ALLEGRO.—Milton.

Hence! loath'd Melancholy, of Cerberus, and blackest Midnight born,  
in Stygian cave forlorn, 'mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights  
unholy! Find out some uncouth cell, where brooding Darkness spreads  
his jealous wings, and the night raven sings; there under ebon shades  
and low-browed rocks, as ragged as thy locks, in dark Cimmerian desert ever  
dwell... But come, thou goddess fair and free, in heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,  
and by men, heart-easing Mirth, whom lovely Venus at a birth with two  
sister Graces more to ivy-crown'd Bacchus bore. Haste thee, Nymph,

and bring with thee jests and youthful jollity, quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles, nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles, such as hang on Hebe's cheek, and love to live in dimple sleek; Sport that wrinkled Care derides, and Laughter holding both his sides. Come, and trip it as you go on the light fantastic toe, and, in thy right hand, lead with thee the mountain nymph, sweet Liberty; and if I give thee honour due, Mirth, admit me of thy crew, to live with her and live with thee, in unprovèd pleasures free.

13.—OPENING OF *IL PENSEROSO*.—*Milton*.

Hence! vain deluding Joys, the brood of Folly, without father bred! how little you bestead, or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys! dwell in some idle brain, and fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,—as thick and numberless as the gay motes that people the sun-beams; or likest hovering dreams, the fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train!...But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy, hail, divinest Melancholy! whose saintly visage is too bright to hit the sense of mortal sight; and therefore, to our weaker view, o'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue. Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure, sober, steadfast, and demure, all in that robe of darkest grain flowing with majestic train, and sable stole of cypress lawn over thy decent shoulders drawn: come, but keep thy wonted state, with even step and musing gait, and looks commercing with the skies, thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes; there held in holy passion still, forget thyself to marble, till with a sad, leaden, downward cast, thou fix them on the earth as fast.

14.—THE MAY QUEEN (*Condensation*).—*Tennyson*.

PART FIRST.—MAY-DAY EVE.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;  
To-morrow will be the happiest time of all the glad New Year—  
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;  
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,  
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:  
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay;  
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,  
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen.  
For the shepherd lads on every side will come from far away,  
And I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.



All the valley, mother, will be fresh, and green, and still,  
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,  
And the rivulet in the flowery dale will merrily glance and play ;  
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear ;  
To-morrow will be the happiest time of all the glad New Year—  
To-morrow will be of all the year the maddest, merriest day ;  
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.

PART SECOND.—NEW YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear ;  
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year.  
It is the last New Year that I shall ever see ;  
Then you may lay me low i' the mould, and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set : he set and left behind  
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind ;  
And the New Year's coming up, mother ; but I shall never see  
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers : we had a merry day ;  
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May ;  
And we danced about the maypole and in the hazel copse,  
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills ; the frost is on the pane ;  
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again :  
I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out on high ;  
I long to see a flower so, before the day I die.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,  
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.  
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,  
With your feet above my head, in the long and pleasant grass.

If I can, I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place ;  
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face ;  
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,  
And be often, often with you, when you think I'm far away.

Good night, good night ! When I have said good night for evermore,  
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door ;

Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green ;  
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

Good night, sweet mother : call me before the day is born.  
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;  
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year, .  
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

PART THIRD.—THE CONCLUSION.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am ;  
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.  
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year !  
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,  
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,  
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,  
—And sweeter far is death than life, to me that long to go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,  
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done !  
But still I think it can't be long before I find release ;  
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

He taught me all the mercy, for he showed me all the sin.  
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in :  
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,  
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

All in the wild March morning I heard the angels call ;  
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all,  
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll ;  
And in the wild March morning I heard them call my soul.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,  
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said ;  
For great delight, and shuddering, took hold of all my mind,  
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping ; and I said, " It's not for them : it's mine."  
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.  
And once again it came, and close beside the window bars,  
Then seem'd to go right up to Heaven, and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know  
 The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.  
 And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day;  
 But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am pass'd away.

O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;  
 He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.  
 And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—  
 Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done  
 The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun—  
 For ever and for ever with those just souls and true!—  
 And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home—  
 And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come;  
 To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—  
 —“And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

15.—ROSABELLE.—*Sir W. Scott.*

O listen, listen, ladies gay! No haughty feat of arms I tell;  
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay, that mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

“Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew, and, gentle lady, deign to stay!  
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch, nor tempt the stormy frith to-day.  
 The blackening wave is edged with white; to inch and rock the sea-mews fly;  
 The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite, whose screams forebode that wreck  
 is nigh.

Last night, the gifted Seer did view a wet shroud swathed round lady gay;  
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch; why cross the gloomy frith to-day?”

“’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir to-night at Roslin leads the ball;  
 But that my lady-mother there sits lonely in her castle hall.  
 ’Tis not because the ring they ride, and Lindesay at the ring rides well;  
 But that my sive the wine will chide, if ’tis not fill’d by Rosabelle.”

—O’er Roslin all that dreary night a wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;  
 ’Twas broader than the watch-fire’s light, and redder than the bright moon-  
 beam.

It glared on Roslin’s castled rock, it ruddied all the copse-wood glen;  
 ’Twas seen from Dryden’s groves of oak, and seen from cavern’d Haw-  
 thornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,—  
 Each Baron, for a sable shroud, sheath'd in his iron panoply.  
 Seem'd all on fire within, around, deep sacristy and altar's pale;  
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound, and glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.  
 Blazed battlement and pinnet high, blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—  
 So still they blaze, when Fate is nigh the lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold lie buried within that proud chapelle;  
 Each one the holy vault doth hold—but the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!  
 And each St. Clair was buried there with candle, and with book, and knell;  
 —But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung the dirge of lovely  
 Rosabelle!

16.—THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.—*Longfellow*

This is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
 Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;  
 But, from their silent pipes, no anthem pealing  
 Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
 When the Death-angel touches those swift keys!  
 What loud lament and dismal Miserere  
 Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
 The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
 Which, through the ages that have gone before us,  
 In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer—  
 Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song—  
 And loud, amid the universal clamour,  
 O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
 Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din;  
 And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
 Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;  
 The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;  
 The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;  
 The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,  
 The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;  
 And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,  
 The diapason of the cannonade....

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
 With such accursèd instruments as these,  
 Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
 And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
 Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,  
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
 There were no need of arsenals nor forts :

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !  
 And every nation, that should lift again  
 Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
 Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain !

—Down the dark future, through long generations,  
 The echoing sounds grow fainter ... and then cease ;  
 And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace !"

Peace !...And no longer from its brazen portals  
 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !  
 But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
 The holy melodies of Love arise.

17.—THE DYING BOY.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

I knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod upon the blossoms of some seven springs ; and, when the eighth came round, and called him out to gambol in the sun, he turned away and sought his chamber—to lie down and die ! 'Twas night : he summoned his accustomed friends, and, in this wise, bestowed his last bequest :—

<sup>1</sup> "Mother ! I'm dying now ! There is deep suffocation in my breast, as if some heavy hand my bosom prest ; and on my brow <sup>2</sup> I feel the cold sweat stand : my lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath comes feebly up. Oh ! tell me, is this death ?...Mother ! your hand—<sup>3</sup> Here—lay it on my wrist, and place the other thus, beneath my head ; and say, sweet mother ! say, when I am dead, shall I be missed ? <sup>4</sup> Never, beside your

knee, shall I kneel down again at night to pray; nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay you taught to me! <sup>5</sup> Oh, at the time of prayer, when you look round and see a vacant seat, you will not wait then for my coming feet—you'll miss me there! . . . <sup>6</sup> Father! I'm going home! To the good home you speak of—that blest land where it is one bright summer always, and storms do not come. <sup>7</sup> I must be happy then; from pain and death you say I shall be free—that sickness never enters there, and we shall meet again! . . . <sup>8</sup> Brother!—the little spot I used to call *my* garden, where long hours we've stayed to watch the budding trees and flowers, forget it not! <sup>9</sup> Plant there some box or pine—something that lives in winter, and will be a verdant offering to my memory, and call it mine! . . . <sup>10</sup> Sister! my young rose-tree, that all the spring has been my pleasant care, just putting forth its leaves so green and fair, I give to thee. <sup>11</sup> And when its roses bloom, I shall be gone away—my short life done! But will you not bestow a single one upon my tomb? . . . <sup>12</sup> Now, Mother! sing the tune you sang last night—I'm weary, and must sleep! Who was it called my name?—Nay, do not weep; you'll all come soon!"

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings—and that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale, lay on his couch asleep! The gentle air came through the open window, freighted with the savoury odours of the early Spring;—he breathed it not! The laugh of passers-by jarred like a discord in some mournful tune, but marr'd not his slumbers—He was dead!

18.—THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.—*Mrs. E. B. Browning.*

<sup>1</sup> Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers, ere the sorrow comes with years? They are leaning their young heads against their mothers—and *that* cannot stop their tears. The young lambs are bleating in the meadows; the young birds are chirping in the nest; the young fawns are playing with the shadows; the young flowers are blowing toward the west;—but the young, young children, O my brothers!—they are weeping bitterly!—they are weeping in the playtime of the others, in the country of the free. <sup>2</sup> Do you question the young children in the sorrow, why their tears are falling so?—the old man may weep for his To-morrow, which is lost in Long Ago;—the old tree is leafless in the forest—the old year is ending in the frost—the old wound, if stricken, is the sorest—the old hope is hardest to be lost! But the young, young children, O my brothers, do you ask them why they stand weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers, in our happy Fatherland?

<sup>3</sup> They look up with their pale and sunken faces, and their looks are sad to see; for the man's grief abhorrent, draws and presses down the

cheeks of infancy—"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary; our young feet," they say, "are very weak! few paces have we taken, yet are weary—our grave-rest is very far to seek. Ask the old why they weep, and not the children; for the outside-earth is cold,—and we young ones stand without, in our bewildering...and the graves are for the old!"<sup>4</sup> "True," say the young children, "it may happen that we die 'before our time.' Little Alice died last year—the grave is shapen like a snowball, in the rime. We looked into the pit prepared to take her—was no room for any work in the close clay: from the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her, crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.' If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower, with your ear down, little Alice never cries!—could we see her face, be sure we should not know her, for the smile has time for growing in her eyes; and merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in the shroud, by the kirk-chime! It is good, when it happens," say the children, "that we die before our time."

<sup>5</sup> Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking death in life, as best to have! They are binding up their hearts away from breaking, with a cerement from the grave. Go out, children, from the mine and from the city—sing out, children, as the little thrushes do—pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty—laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through! But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows like our weeds a-near the mine? Leave us quiet, in the dark of the coal-shadows, from your pleasures fair and fine!"<sup>6</sup> For oh," say the children, "we are weary, and we cannot run or leap;—if we cared for any meadows, it were merely to drop down in them, and sleep. Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—we fall upon our faces, trying to go; and, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping, the reddest flower would look as pale as snow. For, all day, we drag our burden tiring, through the coal-dark underground;—or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron, in the factories, round and round."<sup>7</sup> For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—their wind comes in our faces,—till our hearts turn—our heads, with pulses burning,—and the walls turn in their places;—turns the sky in the high window, blank and reeling—turns the long light that droppeth down the wall—turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—all are turning, all the day, and we with all!—and, all day, the iron wheels are droning; and sometimes we could pray, 'O ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moaning), 'stop! be silent for to-day!'"

<sup>8</sup> Ay, be silent! Let them hear each other breathing for a moment, mouth to mouth—let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing of their tender human youth! Let them feel that this cold metallic motion is not all the life God fashions or reveals;—let them prove their inward souls,

against the notion that they live in you, or under you, O wheels!—Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward, grinding life down from its mark; and the children's souls, which God is calling sunward, spin on blindly in the dark.

<sup>9</sup> Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers, to look up to Him and pray;—so the blessed One, who blesteth all the others, will bless them another day. They answer, "Who is God that He should hear us, while the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred? When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us pass by, hearing not—or answer not a word! And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding) strangers speaking at the door: is it likely God, with angels singing round Him, hears our weeping any more?" <sup>10</sup> Two words, indeed, of praying we remember; and at midnight's hour of harm,—‘Our Father!’ looking upward in the chamber, we say softly for a charm. We know no other words, except ‘Our Father,’ and we think that, in some pause of angel's song, God may pluck them, with the silence sweet to gather; and hold both within His right hand, which is strong. ‘Our Father!’ If He heard us, He would surely (for they call Him good and mild) answer, smiling down the steep world very purely, ‘Come and rest with me, my child.’” <sup>11</sup> “But no!” say the children, weeping faster, “He is speechless as a stone; and they tell us, of His image is the Master who commands us to work on. Go to!” say the children,—“up in heaven, dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find. Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving—we look up for God, but tears have made us blind.”... Do you hear the children weeping, and disapproving, O my brothers, what ye preach? For God's possible is taught by His world's loving—and the children doubt of each!

<sup>12</sup> And well may the children weep before you; they are weary ere they run; they have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory which is brighter than the sun: They know the grief of man, but not the wisdom; they sink in man's despair, without its calm—are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,—are martyrs, by the pang without the palm,—are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievingly no dear remembrance keep,—are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly;...let them weep! let them weep! <sup>13</sup> They look up, with their pale and sunken faces, and their look is dread to see, for they mind you of their angels in their places, with eyes meant for Deity. “How long,” they say, “how long, O cruel nation, will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart?—stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation, and tread onward to your throne amid the mart? Our blood splashes upward, O our tyrants! and your purple shows your path; but the child's sob curseth deeper, in the silence, than the strong man in his wrath!”



19.—ODE ON SPRING.—*Gray.*

<sup>1</sup> Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours, fair Venus' train, appear, disclose the long-expected flowers and wake the purple year! The Attic warbler pours her throat responsive to the cuckoo's note—the untaught harmony of Spring: while, whispering pleasure as they fly, cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky their gather'd fragrance fling. <sup>2</sup> Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch a broader, browner shade; where'er the rude and moss-grown beech o'er-canopies the glade; beside some water's rushy brink with me the Muse shall sit, and think (at ease reclined in rustic state) how vain the ardour of the Crowd! how low, how little are the Proud! how indigent the Great! <sup>3</sup> Still is the toiling hand of Care; the panting herds repose: yet, hark, how through the peopled air the busy murmur glows! The Insect-youth are on the wing, eager to taste the honied spring and float amid the liquid noon: some lightly o'er the current skim; some show their gaily-gilded trim, quick-glancing to the sun.

<sup>4</sup> To Contemplation's sober eye such is the race of Man; and they that creep, and they that fly, shall end where they began. Alike the busy and the gay but flutter through life's little day, in Fortune's varying colours drest: brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance or chill'd by Age, their airy dance they leave, in dust to rest. . . . <sup>5</sup> Methinks I hear, in accents low, the sportive kind reply: "Poor moralist! and what art thou? A solitary fly! Thy joys no glittering female meets, no hive hast thou of hoarded sweets, no painted plumage to display: on hasty wings thy youth is flown; thy sun is set, thy Spring is gone;—*we* frolic while 'tis May."

20.—ODE TO DUTY.—*Wordsworth.*

<sup>1</sup> Stern Daughter of the Voice of God! O Duty! if that name thou love—who art a light to guide, a rod to check the erring, and reprove; thou, who art victory and law when empty terrors overawe; from vain temptations dost set free, and calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity! <sup>2</sup> There are, who ask not if thine eye be on them; who, in love and truth, where no misgiving is, rely upon the genial sense of youth: glad hearts, without reproach or blot, who do thy work, and know it not:—oh! it through confidence misplaced they fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast. <sup>3</sup> Serene will be our days and bright, and happy will our nature be, when Love is an unerring light, and Joy its own security. And they a blissful course may hold even now, who, not unwisely bold, live in the spirit of this creed; yet seek thy firm support, according to their need. <sup>4</sup> I, loving freedom, and untried,—no sport of every random gust,—yet being to myself a guide, too blindly have reposed my trust:

and oft, when in my heart was heard thy timely mandate, I deferr'd the task, in smoother walks to stray; but thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may. <sup>5</sup> Through no disturbance of my soul, or strong compunction in me wrought, I supplicate for thy control,—but in the quietness of thought: me this uncharter'd freedom tires; I feel the weight of chance desires: my hopes no more must change their name,—I long for a repose that ever is the same. <sup>6</sup> Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear the Godhead's most benignant grace; nor know we anything so fair as is the smile upon thy face: flowers laugh before thee on their beds, and fragrance in thy footing treads; thou dost preserve the stars from wrong, and the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong. <sup>7</sup> To humbler functions, awful Power! I call thee: I myself commend unto thy guidance from this hour; oh, let my weakness have an end! Give unto me, made lowly wise, the spirit of self-sacrifice; the confidence of Reason give, and, in the light of Truth, thy bondman let me live!

21.—ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.—*Cowper.*

O that those lips had language! Life has passed  
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.  
Those lips are thine!—thy own sweet smile I see!  
The same, that oft in childhood solaced me;  
Voice only fails; else, how distinct they say,  
“Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!”

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,  
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?  
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;  
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.

I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,  
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;  
And, turning from my nursery window, drew  
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!  
But was it such?—It was. Where thou art gone,  
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.—  
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,  
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!

Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,  
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.  
What ardently I wished, I long believed,  
And, disappointed still, was still deceived

By expectation every day beguiled,  
 Dupe of *to-morrow*, even from a child.  
 Thus many a sad *to-morrow* came and went ;  
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,  
 I learned at last submission to my lot ;  
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.  
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
 That thou mightst know me safe, and warmly laid ;  
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
 The biscuit, or confectionary plum !  
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed  
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :  
 All this, and more endearing still than all,  
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,  
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;  
 —Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere ;  
 Not scorned in Heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,  
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers  
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,  
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile)—  
 Could those few pleasant days again appear,—  
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?  
 I would not trust my heart—the dear delight  
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—  
 But no !—what here we call our life is such—  
 So little to be loved, and thou so much—  
 That I should ill requite thee, to constrain  
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast  
 (The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)  
 Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,  
 Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile ;  
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that show  
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below ;  
 While airs, impregnated with incense, play  
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;—  
 So thou—with sails how swift !—hast reached the shore,  
 \* Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar."

And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run  
 His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.  
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,  
 I seemed to have lived my childhood o'er again ;  
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,  
 Without the sin of violating thine ;  
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,  
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—  
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

22.—THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.—*Cowper.*

John Gilpin was a citizen of credit and renown,  
 A train-band Captain eke was he, of famous London town.  
 John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear, " Though wedded we have been  
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we no holiday have seen.  
 To-morrow is our wedding-day, and we will then repair  
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton, all in a chaise and pair.  
 My sister and my sister's child, myself, and children three,  
 Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride on horseback after we."  
 He soon replied, " I do admire of woman-kind but one,  
 And you are she, my dearest dear ! therefore it shall be done.  
 I am a linen-draper bold, as all the world doth know,  
 And my good friend, the calender, will lend his horse to go."  
 Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, " That's well said ; and, for that wine is dear,  
 We will be furnished with our own, which is both bright and clear."  
 John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ; o'erjoyed was he to find,  
 That, though on pleasure she was bent, she had a frugal mind.  
 The morning came, the chaise was brought, but yet was not allowed  
 To drive up to the door,—lest all should say that she was proud.  
 So three doors off the chaise was stayed, where they did all get in ;  
 Six precious souls,—and all agog to dash through thick and thin !  
 Smack went the whip, round went the wheels, were never folks so glad ;  
 The stones did rattle underneath, as if Cheapside were mad !  
 John Gilpin at his horse's side seized fast the flowing mane,  
 And up he got, in haste to ride—but soon came down again ;  
 For, saddle-tree scarce reached had he, his journey to begin,  
 When, turning round his head, he saw three customers come in.  
 So down he came ; for loss of time, although it grieved him sore,  
 Yet loss of pence, full well he knew, would trouble him much more.

"Twas long before the customers were suited to their mind,  
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs, "The wine is left behind!"  
"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me, my leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword, when I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!) had two stone bottles found,  
To hold the liquor that she loved, and keep it safe and sound.  
Each bottle had a curling ear, through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side, to make his balance true.  
Then over all, that he might be equipped from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat, he manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones with caution and good heed.  
But, finding soon a smoother road beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot—which galled him in his seat.  
"So, fair and softly, John!" he cried, but John he cried in vain:  
That trot became a gallop soon, in spite of curb and rein.  
So, stooping down, as needs he must who cannot sit upright,  
He grasped the mane with both his hands, and eke with all his might.  
His horse, which never in that sort had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got did wonder more and more.  
Away went Gilpin, neck or nought! away went hat and wig!  
He little dreamt, when he set out, of running such a rig.  
The wind did blow, the cloak did fly, like streamer long and gay;  
Till, loop and button failing both, at last it flew away.  
Then might all people well discern the bottles he had slung;  
A bottle swinging at each side, as hath been said or sung.  
The dogs did bark, the children screamed, up flew the windows all;  
And every soul cried out, "Well done!" as loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he? His fame soon spread around;  
"He carries weight! he rides a race! 'Tis for a thousand pound!"  
And still, as fast as he drew near, 'twas wonderful to view  
How in a trice the turnpike-men their gates wide open threw.  
And now, as he went bowing down his reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back were shattered at a blow.  
Down ran the wine into the road, most piteous to be seen,  
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke as they had basted been.  
But still he seemed to carry weight, with leathern girdle braced;  
For all might see the bottle-necks still dangling at his waist.

Thus, all through merry Islington, these gambols he did play,  
Until he came unto the Wash of Edmonton so gay.  
And there he threw the Wash about on both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop, or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife from balcony espied  
Her tender husband—wondering much to see how he did ride !  
“ Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here’s the house,” they all at once did cry ;  
“ The dinner waits, and we are tired.” Said Gilpin—“ So am I !”  
But yet his horse was not a whit inclined to tarry there ;  
For why ? his owner had a house full ten miles off, at Ware.  
So like an arrow swift he flew, shot by an archer strong ;  
So did he fly—which brings me to the middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath, and sore against his will,  
Till at his friend the calender’s his horse at last stood still.  
The calender, amazed to see his neighbour in such trim,  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate, and thus accosted him :  
“ What news ? what news ? your tidings tell—tell me you must and shall —  
Say why bareheaded you are come, or why you come at all ?”  
Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit, and loved a timely joke ;  
And thus unto the calender in merry guise he spoke :  
“ I came because your horse would come ; and, if I well forebode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here—they are upon the road.”  
The calender, right glad to find his friend in merry pin,  
Returned him not a single word, but to the house went in.  
Whence straight he came with hat and wig ; a wig that flowed behind,  
A hat not much the worse for wear,—each comely in its kind.  
He held them up, and in his turn thus showed his ready wit,  
“ My head is twice as big as yours, they therefore needs must fit.  
But let me scrape the dirt away that hangs upon your face ;  
And stop and eat, for well you may be in a hungry case.”  
Said John, “ It is my wedding-day, and all the world would stare  
If wife should dine at Edmonton, and I should dine at Ware.”  
So turning to his horse, he said, “ I am in haste to dine ;  
’Twas for your pleasure you came here, you shall go back for mine.”

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast ! for which he paid full dear :  
For, while he spake, a braying ass did sing most loud and clear ;  
Whereat his horse did snort, as he had heard a lion roar,  
And galloped off with all his might, as he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away went Gilpin's hat and wig :  
 He lost them sooner than at first ; for why ?—they were too big.  
 Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw her husband posting down  
 Into the country far away, she pulled out half-a-crown ;  
 And thus unto the youth she said that drove them to the Bell,  
 " This shall be yours when you bring back my husband safe and well."  
 The youth did ride, and soon did meet John coming back again !  
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop, by catching at his rein ;  
 But, not performing what he meant, and gladly would have done,  
 The frightened steed he frightened more, and made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away went post-boy at his heels,  
 The post-boy's horse right glad to miss the lumbering of the wheels.  
 Six gentlemen upon the road, thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
 With post-boy scampering in the rear, they raised the hue and cry :—  
 " Stop thief ! stop thief !—a highwayman !" not one of them was mute :  
 And all and each that passed that way, did join in the pursuit.  
 And now the turnpike gates again flew open in short space ;  
 The tollmen thinking as before that Gilpin rode a race.  
 And so he did, and won it too, for he got first to town ;  
 Nor stopped till where he had got up he did again get down.  
 —Now let us sing, Long live the King, and Gilpin, long live he ;  
 And, when he next doth ride abroad, may I be there to see !

#### 28.—CUMNOR HALL.—*Mallet.*

The dews of summer night did fall, the moon (sweet regent of the sky)  
 Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall, and many an oak that grew thereby.  
 Now nought was heard beneath the skies ; the sounds of busy life were still,  
 Save an unhappy Lady's sighs, that issued from that lonely pile.  
 " Leicester," she cried, " is this thy love that thou so oft hast sworn to me,  
 To leave me in this lonely grove, immured in shameful privacy ?  
 No more thou com'st, with lover's speed, thy once-belovèd bride to see ;  
 But, be she alive, or be she dead, I fear, stern Earl ! 's the same to thee.  
 Not such the usage I received when happy in my father's hall ;  
 No faithless husband then me grieved, no chilling fears did me appal.  
 I rose up with the cheerful morn, no lark so blithe, no flower so gay ;  
 And, like the bird that haunts the thorn, so merrily sung the live-long day.  
 Say that my beauty is but small,—among court-ladies all despised !  
 Why didst thou rend it from that hall, where, scornful Earl, it well was  
 prized ?

And when you first to me made suit, how fair I was, you oft would say !  
 And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,—then left the blossom to decay !  
 Yes ! now neglected and despised, the rose is pale, the lily's dead ;  
 But he that once their charms so prized, is, sure, the cause those charms  
 are fled.

For know, when sickening grief doth prey, and tender love's repaid with  
 scorn,

The sweetest beauty will decay : what floweret can endure the storm ?

At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne, where every lady's passing rare ;  
 The eastern flowers, that shame the sun, are not so glowing, not so fair.  
 Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds where roses and where lilies vie,  
 To seek a primrose—whose pale shades must sicken when those gauds  
 are by ?

'Mong rural beauties I was one ; among the fields, wild flowers are fair ;  
 Some country swain might me have won, and thought my beauty passing  
 rare.

But, Leicester (or I much am wrong,) it is not beauty lures thy vows ;  
 Rather Ambition's gilded crown makes thee forget thy humble spouse.  
 Then, Leicester, why, again I plead (the injured surely may repine),  
 Why didst thou wed a country maid, when some fair princess might be  
 thine ?

Why didst thou praise my humble charms, and, oh ! then leave them to  
 decay ?

Why didst thou win me to thine arms, then leave—to mourn the live-  
 long day ?

The village maidens of the plain salute me lowly as they go :

Envious they mark my silken train, nor think a countess can have woe.

The simple nymphs ! they little know how far more happy's their estate ;

To smile for joy, than sigh for woe ; to be content, than to be great.

How far less bless'd am I than them, daily to pine and waste with care !

Like the poor plant, that, from its stem divided, feels the chilling air.

Nor, cruel Earl ! can I enjoy the humble charms of solitude ;

Your minions proud my peace destroy, by sullen frowns, or pratings rude.

Last night, as sad I chanced to stray, the village death-bell smote my ear ;

They winked aside, and seemed to say, ' Countess, prepare—thy end is  
 near !'

And now, while happy peasants sleep, here sit I lonely and forlorn ;

No one to soothe me as I weep, save Philomel on yonder thorn.

My spirits flag, my hopes decay ; still that dread death-bell strikes my ear ;

And many a boding seems to say, ' Countess, prepare—thy end is near.' "



Thus sore and sad that lady grieved in Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear ;  
 Full many a heartfelt sigh she heaved, and let fall many a bitter tear.  
 And ere the dawn of day appeared, in Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,  
 Full many a piercing scream was heard, and many a cry of mortal fear.  
 The death-bell thrice was heard to ring, an aerial voice was heard to call ;  
 And thrice the raven flapped his wing around the towers of Cumnor Hall.  
 The mastiff howled at village door, the oaks were shattered on the green ;  
 Woe was the hour—for never more that hapless Countess e'er was seen !  
 And in that manor, now no more is cheerful feast or sprightly ball ;  
 For, ever since that dreary hour, have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.  
 The village maids with fearful glance, avoid the ancient moss-grown wall ;  
 Nor ever lead the merry dance among the groves of Cumnor Hall.  
 Full many a traveller oft hath sighed, and pensive wept the Countess' fall ;  
 As wandering onward they've espied the haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

#### 24—THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.—*Hood.*

'Twas in the prime of summer time, an evening calm and cool,—  
 And four-and-twenty happy boys came bounding out of school :  
 There were some that ran, and some that leapt like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds, and souls untouched by sin ;  
 To a level mead they came, and there they drave the wickets in :  
 Pleasantly shone the setting sun over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about, and shouted as they ran,—  
 Turning to mirth all things of earth, as only boyhood can :  
 But the Usher sat remote from all—a melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart, to catch heaven's blessed breeze ;  
 For a burning thought was in his brow, and his bosom ill at ease :  
 So he leaned his head on his hands, and read the book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf, he turned it o'er, nor ever glanced aside,  
 For the peace of his soul he read that book in the golden eventide :  
 Much study had made him very lean, and pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome, with a fast and fervent grasp  
 He strained the dusky covers close, and fixed the brazen hasp :  
 " Oh heaven ! could I so close my mind, and clasp it with a clasp !"

Then, leaping on his feet upright, some moody turns he took,—  
 Now up the mead, then down the mead, and past a shady nook,—  
 And, lo ! he saw a little boy that pored upon a book !

"My gentle lad, what is't you read, romance, or fairy fable?  
Or is it some historic page, of kings and crowns unstable?"  
The young boy gave an upward glance,—“It is ‘The Death of Abel.’”

The Usher took six hasty strides, as smit with sudden pain,—  
Six hasty strides beyond the place, then slowly back again;  
And down he sat beside the lad, and talked with him of Cain;  
And, long since then, of bloody men, whose deeds tradition saves;  
Of lonely folk cut off unseen, and hid in sudden graves;  
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn, and murders done in caves;  
And how the Sprites of injured men shriek upward from the sod,—  
Ay, how the Ghostly Hand will point to show the burial clod;  
And unknown facts of guilty acts are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth beneath the curse of Cain,—  
With crimson clouds before their eyes, and flames about their brain:  
For blood has left upon their souls its everlasting stain!

“And well,” quoth he, “I know, for truth, their pangs must be extreme,—  
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—who spill life’s sacred stream!  
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought a murder in a dream!

One that had never done me wrong—a feeble man, and old;  
I led him to a lonely field,—the moon shone clear and cold:  
‘Now here,’ said I, ‘this man shall die, and I will have his gold!’

Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,—and one with a heavy stone,—  
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—and then the deed was done!  
There was nothing lying at my feet but lifeless flesh and bone!

Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone, that could not do me ill;  
And yet I feared him all the more, for lying there so still:  
There was a manhood in his look, that murder could not kill!

And lo! the universal air seemed lit with ghastly flame;—  
Ten thousand-thousand dreadful eyes were looking down in blame:  
I took the dead man by the hand, and called upon his name!

Oh me! it made me quake to see such sense within the slain;  
But when I touched the lifeless clay, the blood gushed out again!  
For every clot, a burning spot was scorching in my brain!

My head was like an ardent coal, my heart as solid ice;  
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew was at the Devil’s price:  
A dozen times I groaned; the dead had never groaned but twice!

And now, from forth the frowning sky, from the Heaven's topmost height,  
I heard a Voice—the awful voice of the blood-avenging Sprite :—  
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead, and hide it from my sight!'

I took the dreary body up, and cast it in a stream,—  
A sluggish water, black as ink, the depth was so extreme :—  
My gentle boy, remember this is nothing but a dream!

Down went the corse with a hollow plunge, and vanished in the pool;  
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands, and washed my forehead cool,  
And sat among the urchins young that evening in the school.

Oh Heaven! to think of their white souls, and mine so black and grim!  
I could not share in childish prayer, nor join in the Evening Hymn :  
Like a Devil of the Pit I seemed, 'mid holy Cherubim!

And peace went with them, one and all, and each calm pillow spread;  
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain that lighted me to bed;  
And drew my midnight curtains round, with fingers bloody red!

All night I lay in agony, in anguish dark and deep;  
My fevered eyes I dared not close, but stared aghast at Sleep :  
For Sin had rendered unto her the keys of Hell to keep!

All night I lay in agony, from weary chime to chime,  
With one besetting horrid hint, that racked me all the time;  
A mighty yearning, like the first fierce impulse unto crime!

One stern tyrannic thought, that made all other thoughts its slave;  
Stronger and stronger every pulse did that temptation crave,—  
Still urging me to go and see the Dead Man in his grave!

Heavily I rose up, as soon as light was in the sky,  
And sought the black accursèd pool with a wild misgiving eye ;—  
And I saw the Dead in the river-bed, for the faithless stream was dry.

Merrily rose the lark, and shook the dew-drop from its wing;  
But I never marked its morning flight, I never heard it sing:  
For I was stooping once again under the horrid thing.

With breathless speed, like a soul in chase, I took him up and ran,—  
There was no time to dig a grave before the day began :  
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves I hid the murdered man!

And all that day I read in school, but my thought was other-where;  
As soon as the mid-day task was done, in secret I was there—  
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves, and still the corse was bare!

Then down I cast me on my face, and first began to weep,  
For I knew my secret then was one that Earth refused to keep,  
Or Land, or Sea, though he should be ten thousand fathom deep.

So wills the fierce avenging Sprite, till blood for blood atones !  
Aye, though he's buried in a cave, and trodden down with stones,  
And years have rotted off his flesh—the world shall see his bones !

Oh me ! that horrid, horrid dream besets me now awake !  
Again, again, with a dizzy brain, the human life I take ;  
And my red right hand grows raging hot, like Cranmer's at the stake.

And still no peace for the restless clay will wave or mould allow ;  
The horrid Thing pursues my soul—it stands before me now !"...  
The fearful boy looked up and saw huge drops upon his brow !

That very night, while gentle sleep the urchin eyelids kiss'd,  
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn, through the cold and heavy mist ;  
And Eugene Aram walk'd between, with gyves upon his wrist.

25.—MAHMOUD.—*Leigh Hunt*

There came a man, making his hasty moan before the Sultan Mahmoud on his throne, and crying out—"My sorrow is my right, and I *will* see the Sultan, and to-night." "Sorrow," said Mahmoud, "is a reverend thing: I recognise its right, as king with king; speak on." "A Friend has got into my house," exclaim'd the staring man, "and tortures us: one of thine Officers;—he comes, the abhorr'd, and takes possession of my house, my board, my bed:—I have two daughters and a wife, and the wild villain comes and makes me mad with life." "Is he there now?" said Mahmoud. "No, he left the house when I did, of my wits bereft; and laugh'd me down the street, because I vow'd I'd bring the prince himself to lay him in his shroud. I'm mad with want—I'm mad with misery—and oh, thou Sultan Mahmoud, God cries out for thee!" The Sultan comforted the man and said, "Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread," (for he was poor,) "and other comforts. Go; and, should the wretch return, let Sultan Mahmoud know."

In two days' time, with haggard eyes and beard, and shaken voice, the suitor re-appeared, and said, "He's come!"—Mahmoud said not a word, but rose and took four Slaves, each with a sword, and went with the vexed man. They reach the place, and hear a voice, and see a female face, that to the window flutter'd in affright. "Go in," said Mahmoud, "and put out the light; but tell the females first to leave the room; and when the

drunkard follows them, we come." The man went in. There was a cry, and hark ! a table falls, the window is struck dark ; forth rush the breathless women, and behind with curses comes the Fiend in desperate mind. In vain : the sabres soon cut short the strife, and chop the shrieking wretch, and drink his bloody life. " Now *light* the light," the Sultan cried aloud. 'Twas done ; he took it in his hand, and bow'd over the corpse, and look'd upon the face ; then turn'd, and knelt beside it in the place, and said a prayer ; and from his lips there crept some gentle words of pleasure, and he wept !

In reverent silence the spectators wait, then bring him at his call both wine and meat ; and when he had refresh'd his noble heart, he bade his host be blest, and rose up to depart.

The man, amaz'd, all mildness now and tears, fell at the Sultan's feet with many prayers, and begg'd him to vouchsafe to tell his slave, the reason first of that command he gave about the light : then, when he saw the face, why he knelt down ; and, lastly, how it was that fare so poor as his detain'd him in the place. The Sultan said, with much humanity, " Since first I heard thee come, and heard thy cry, I could not rid me of a dread that one by whom such daring villanies were done, must be some lord of mine,—perhaps a lawless son. Whoe'er he was, I knew my task ; but fear'd a father's heart, in case the worst appear'd. For this I had the light put out. But when I saw the face, and found a stranger slain, I knelt, and thank'd the Sovereign Arbiter, whose work I had perform'd through pain and fear. And then I rose, and was refresh'd with food—the first time since thou cam'st and marr'd'st my solitude."

26.—COLIN AND LUCY.—*Tickell.*

Three times, all in the dead of night, a bell was heard to ring ;  
And shrieking at the window thrice, the raven flapped his wing.  
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew the solemn boding sound ;  
And thus, in dying words, bespoke the virgins weeping round :—

" I hear a voice you cannot hear, which says I must not stay ;  
I see a hand you cannot see, which beckons me away.  
By a false heart and broken vows, in early youth I die :  
Was I to blame, because his bride was thrice as rich as I ?

" Ah, Colin, give not her thy vows, vows due to me alone :  
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss, nor think him all thy own.  
To-morrow in the church to wed, impatient, both prepare !  
But know, fond maid, and know, false man, that Lucy will be there !

"Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear—this bridegroom blithe to meet!  
 He in his wedding trim so gay, I in my winding-sheet."  
 She spoke, she died; her corpse was borne the bridegroom blithe to meet—  
 He in his wedding trim so gay, she in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjurd Colin's thoughts? how were these nuptials kept?  
 The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead, and all the village wept.  
 Confusion, shame, remorse, despair, at once his bosom swell:  
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow—he shook, he groan'd, he fell.

27.—THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.—*Lamb.*

I have had playmates, I have had companions  
 In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;  
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
 Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;  
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:  
 Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—  
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:  
 Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;  
 Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces!

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;  
 Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,  
 Seeking to find the old familiar faces!

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
 Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?  
 So might we talk of the old familiar faces!

How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
 And some are taken from me; all are departed;  
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!

28.—THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.—*Thomas Hood.*

How hard, when those who do not wish to lend, thus lose, their books,  
 Are snared by anglers—folks that fish with literary Hooks,—  
 Who call and take some favourite tome, but never read it through;—  
 They thus complete their "set" at home, by making one at you.

I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft, last winter sore was shaken ;  
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left, nor could I save my "Bacon ;"  
And then I saw my "Crabbe," at last, like Hamlet, backward go ;  
And, as the tide was ebbing fast, of course I lost my "Rowe."

My "Mallet" served to knock me down, which makes me thus a talker .  
And once, when I was out of town, my "Johnson" proved a "Walker."  
While studying, o'er the fire, one day, my "Hobbes" amidst the smoke,  
They bore my "Colman" clean away, and carried off my "Coke."

They picked my "Locke," to me far more than "Bramah's-patent" worth,  
And now my losses I deplore, without a "Home" on earth.

If once a book you let them lift, another they conceal ;  
For though I caught them stealing "Swift," as swiftly went my "Steele."

"Hope" is not now upon my shelf, where late he stood clated ;  
But what is strange, my "Pope" himself is excommunicated.  
My little "Suckling" in the grave is sunk to swell the ravage ;  
And what was Crusoe's fate to save, 'twas mine to lose—a "Savage."

Even "Glover's" works I cannot put my frozen hands upon ;  
Though ever since I lost my "Foote," my "Bunyan" has been gone ;  
My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went oppressed ; my "Taylor," too, must fail ;  
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest, in vain I offered "Bayle."

I "Prior" sought, but could not see the "Hood" so late in front ;  
And when I turned to hunt for "Lee," O ! where was my "Leigh Hunt ?"  
I tried to laugh, old care to tickle, yet could not "Tickle" touch ;  
And then, alack ! I missed my "Mickle," and surely Mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed, my sorrows to excuse,  
To think I cannot read my "Reid," nor even use my "Hughes ;"  
My classics would not quiet lie, a thing so fondly hoped ;  
Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry, my "Livy" has eloped.

My life is ebbing fast away ; I suffer from these shocks,  
And though I fixed a lock on "Gray," there's gray upon my locks ;  
I'm far from "Young," am growing pale, I see my "Butler" fly ;  
And when they ask about my ail, 'tis "Burton," I reply.

They still have made me slight returns, and thus my griefs divide ;  
For O ! they cured me of my "Burns," and eased my "Akenside."  
But all I think I shall not say, nor let my anger burn ;  
For, as they never found me "Gay," they have not left me "Sterne."

## SONNETS FOR ADVANCED PUPILS.

### 1.—ON THE SONNET.—*Wordsworth.*

Scorn not the sonnet ; critic, you have frown'd,  
 Mindless of its just honours : with this key  
 Shakespeare unlock'd his heart ; the melody  
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;  
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;  
 Camoens soothed with it an exile's grief ;  
 The sonnet glitter'd a gay myrtle-leaf  
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crown'd  
 His visionary brow ; a glowworm lamp,  
 It cheer'd mild Spenser, call'd from fairy-land  
 To struggle through dark ways ; and when a damp  
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
 The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew  
 Soul-animating strains,—alas, too few !

### 2.—REMEMBRANCE.—*Shakespeare.*

When to the sessions of sweet, silent Thought I summon up remembrance of things past, I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought, and with old woes new-wail my dear time's waste ; then can I drown an eye, unused to flow, for precious friends hid in death's dateless night ; and weep afresh love's long-since-cancelled woe, and moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight. Then can I grieve at grievances foregone, and heavily from woe to woe tell-o'er the sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan, which I new pay as if not paid before : but if the while I think on thee, dear friend ! all losses are restored, and sorrows end.

### 3.—FORGETFULNESS IN DEATH.—*Shakespeare.*

No longer mourn for me, when I am dead, than you shall hear the surly sullen bell give warning to the world—that I am fled from this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell : nay, if you read this line, remember not the sand that writ it ; for I love you so, that I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot—if thinking on me then should make you woe. O if, I



say, you look upon this verse (when I perhaps compounded am with clay), do not so much as my poor name rehearse, but let your love even with my life decay ;—lest the wise world should look into your moan, and mock you with me after I am gone.

4.—SOUL AND BODY.—*Shakespeare.*

Poor Soul, the centre of my sinful earth, fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array ; why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth, painting thy outward walls so costly gay ? Why so large cost, having so short a lease, dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ? Shall worms, inheritors of this excess, eat up thy charge ? is this thy body's end ? Then, Soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss, and let that pine to aggravate thy store ; buy terms divine, in selling hours of dross ; within be fed, without be rich no more : so shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men ; and Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

5.—LOVE.—*Shakespeare.*

Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments. Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds, or bends with the remover to remove : O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark that looks on tempests, and is never shaken ; it is the star to every wandering bark, whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken. Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks within his bending sickle's compass come ; Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks, but bears it out, ev'n to the edge of doom. If this be error, and upon me proved, I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

6.—TO HIS LOVE.—*Shakespeare.*

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ? Thou art more lovely and more temperate : rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, and summer's lease hath all too short a date ; sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, and often is his gold complexion dimm'd ; and every fair from fair sometime declines, by chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd : but thy eternal summer shall not fade, nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ; nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade, when in eternal lines to time thou growest. So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see, so long lives this—and this gives life to thee !

7.—ON ARRIVING AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.—*Milton.*

How soon hath time, the subtle thief of youth, stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year ! My hasting days fly on with full career, but my

late spring no bud or blossom showeth. Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth, that I to manhood am arrived so near ; and inward ripeness doth much less appear, that some more timely-happy spirits endueth. Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow, it shall be still in strictest measure even to that same lot, however mean or high, towards which time leads me, and the will of heaven ; all is, if I have grace to use it so,—as ever in my Great Task-Master's eye.

8.—ON HIS BLINDNESS.—*Milton.*

When I consider how my light is spent, ere half my days, in this dark world and wide ; and that one talent (which is death to hide) lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent to serve therewith my Maker, and present my true account, lest He returning chide ;—"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?" I fondly ask : but Patience, to prevent that murmur, soon replies :—"God doth not need either man's work, or His own gifts : who best bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best : His state is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed, and post o'er land and ocean without rest ;—they also serve who only stand and wait."

9.—ON MRS. CATHERINE THOMPSON.—*Milton.*

When faith and love, which parted from thee never, had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God, meekly thou didst resign this earthly load of death, called life ; which us from life doth sever. Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour, stayed not behind, nor in the grave were trod ; but, as Faith pointed with her golden rod, followed thee up to joy and bliss for ever. Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best, thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams and azure wings, that up they flew so drest, and spake the truth of thee on glorious themes before the Judge ;—who thenceforth bid thee rest, and drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

10.—TO CYRIAC SKINNER.—*Milton.*

Cyriac, this three years' day, these eyes,—though clear to outward view of blemish or of spot,—bereft of light, their seeing have forgot ; nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year, or man, or woman. Yet I argue not against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot of heart or hope ; but still bear up, and steer right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask ? the conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied in liberty's defence,—my noble task ; of which all Europe talks from side to side. This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask, content, though blind, had I no better guide.

11.—TRUE BEAUTY.—*Spenser.*

Men call you fair, and you do credit it, for that yourself you daily such do see; but the true fair—that is, the gentle wit and virtuous mind—is much more praised of me. For, all the rest, however fair it be, shall turn to nought, and lose that glorious hue; but only that is permanent and free from frail corruption that doth flesh ensue. . . . That is true beauty that doth argue you to be divine, and born of heavenly seed; deriv'd from that fair Spirit, from whom all true and perfect beauty did at first proceed. He only fair, and what He fair hath made;—all other fair, like flowers untimely, fade.

12.—SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST.—*Drummond.*

The last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King, girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild; among that savage brood the woods forth bring, which he more harmless found than man, and mild; his food was locusts, and what there doth spring, with honey that from virgin-hives distill'd; parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing made him appear long since from earth exiled. There burst he forth: "All ye whose hopes rely on God, with me amidst these deserts mourn; repent, repent, and from old errors turn!"—Who listen'd to his voice? obey'd his cry? Only the echoes, which he made relent, rung from their flinty caves, "Repent! Repent!"

13.—THE APPROACH OF HOPE.—*Bowles.*

As one who, long by wasting sickness worn, weary has watched the lingering night, and heard, heartless, the carol of the matin bird salute his lonely porch,—now first at morn goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed; he the green slope and level meadow views, delightful bathed in slow ascending dews; or marks the clouds that, o'er the mountain's head, in varying forms, fantastic wander white; or turns his ear to every random song, heard the green river's winding marge along, the while each sense is steeped in still delight:—with such delight, o'er all my heart, I feel, sweet Hope! thy fragrance pure and healing incense steal.

14.—TO TIME.—*Bowles.*

O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence—lulling to sad repose the weary sense—the faint pang stealest unperceived away; on thee I rest my only hope at last; and think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear that flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear, I may look back on every sorrow past, and meet life's peaceful evening with a smile;—as some lone bird, at day's departing hour, sings

in the sunbeam of the transient shower, forgetful, though its wings are wet the while : yet, ah ! how much must that poor heart endure, which hopes from thee—and thee alone—a cure !

15.—FANCY IN NUBIBUS.—*Coleridge.*

Oh ! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease, just after sunset, or by moon-light skies, to make the shifting clouds be what you please ; or let the easily persuaded eyes own each quaint likeness, issuing from the mould of a friend's fancy ; or, with head bent low and cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold, 'twixt crimson banks ; and then a traveller go from mound to mound, through Cloudland—gorgeous land ! Or, listening to the tide, with closèd sight, be that blind bard, who, on the Chian strand, by these deep sounds possess'd with inward light, beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

16.—THE GOOD GREAT MAN.—*Coleridge.*

“ How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits honour and wealth, with all his worth and pains ! It seems a story from the World of Spirits when any man obtains that which he merits, or any merits that which he obtains.” . . . For shame, my friend ! renounce this idle strain ! What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain ? Wealth—title—dignity—a golden chain—or heap of corpses which his sword hath slain ? Goodness and Greatness are not means, but ends. Hath he not always Treasures, always Friends—the good great man ? Three Treasures—Love, and Light, and Calm Thoughts, equable as infant's breath ; and Three fast Friends, more sure than day or night—Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death.

17.—THE UNCHANGEABLENESS OF LOVE.—*Hartley Coleridge.*

Is love a fancy or a feeling ? No ! It is immortal as immaculate Truth. 'Tis not a blossom, shed as soon as youth drops from the stem of life ; for it will grow in barren regions, where no waters flow, nor ray of promise cheats the pensive gloom. A darkling fire, faint hovering o'er the tomb, that but itself and darkness naught doth show, is my love's being ; yet it cannot die, nor will it change, though all be changed beside ; though fairest Beauty be no longer fair, though vows be false, and Faith itself deny, though sharp Enjoyment be a suicide, and Hope a spectre in a ruin bare.

18.—TRUE LIBERTY.—*Hartley Coleridge.*

Say, what is Freedom ? What the right of souls, which all who know are bound to keep or die, and who knows not, is dead ? In vain ye

pry in musty archives or retentive scrolls, charters and statutes, constitutions, rolls, and remnants of the old world's history :—these show what has been, not what ought to be ; or teach at best how wiser Time controls man's futile purposes. As vain the search of restless factions, who, in lawless will, fix the foundations of a creedless church, a lawless rule,—an anarchy of ill. But what is Freedom? Rightly understood, a universal license to be good.

19.—TO SHAKESPEARE.—*Hartley Coleridge.*

The soul of man is larger than the sky, deeper than ocean, or abysmal dark of the unfathom'd centre. Like that ark which, in its sacred hold, uplifted high o'er the drown'd hills the human family, and stock reserved of every living kind ; so, in the compass of a single mind, the seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie to make all worlds. Great poet ! 'twas thy art to "know thyself;" and in thyself to be whate'er Love, Hate, Ambition, Destiny, or the firm fatal Purpose of the Heart, can make of Man. Yet thou wert still the same,—serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

20.—TO MARY UNWIN.—*Cowper.*

Mary ! I want a lyre with other strings,—such aid from heaven as some have feigned they drew,—an eloquence, scarce given to mortals, new and undebased by praise of meaner things ; that ere through age or woe I shed my wings, I may record thy worth with honour due, in verse as musical as thou art true, and that immortalizes whom it sings :—but thou hast little need. There is a Book by seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light, on which the eyes of God not rarely look ; a chronicle of actions just and bright :—there all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine ; and since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

21.—MODERN DEGENERACY.—*Wordsworth.*

O Friend ! I know not which way I must look for comfort, being, as I am, oppress'd to think that now our life is only drest for show ; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook, or groom !—We must run glittering like a brook in the open sunshine, or we are unblest ; the wealthiest man among us is the best : no grandeur now in Nature or in book delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense, this is idolatry ; and these we adore : plain living and high thinking are no more : the homely beauty of the good old cause is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence, and pure religion breathing household laws.

22.—TO THE PLANET VENUS (*Composed at Loch Lomond*)—*Wordsworth*.

Though joy attend thee, orient at the birth of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most to watch thy course when Daylight, fled from earth, in the gray sky hath left his lingering ghost;—perplex'd, as if between a splendour lost, and splendour slowly mustering. Since the Sun—the absolute, the world-absorbing One—relinquish'd half his empire to the host, embolden'd by thy guidance, holy star, holy as princely; who that looks on thee, touching, as now, in thy humility the mountain-borders of this seat of care, can question that thy countenance is bright, celestial Power! as much with love as light?

23.—TO MILTON.—*Wordsworth*.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour: England hath need of thee: she is a fen of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen, fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower, have forfeited their ancient English dower of inward happiness. We are selfish men: O, raise us up! return to us again! and give us manners, virtue, freedom, power! Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart: thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea, pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free; so didst thou travel on life's common way in cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart the lowliest duties on herself did lay.

24.—LONDON AT EARLY MORNING.—*Wordsworth*.

Earth has not anything to show more fair: dull would he be of soul who could pass-by a sight so touching in its majesty. This city now doth, like a garment, wear the beauty of the morning: silent, bare, ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie open unto the fields and to the sky, all bright and glittering in the smokeless air. Never did sun more beautifully steep in his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill; ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep! The river glideth at his own sweet will: dear God! the very houses seem asleep; and all that mighty heart is lying still!

25.—EVENING BY THE SEA.—*Wordsworth*.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free; the holy time is quiet as a nun breathless with adoration; the broad sun is sinking down in its tranquillity; the gentleness of heaven is on the Sea. Listen! the mighty being is awake, and doth, with his eternal motion, make a sound like thunder, everlastingly... Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here, if thou appear untouch'd by solemn thought, thy nature is not therefore less divine: thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year, and worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,—God being with thee, when we know it not.

26.—WORLDLINESS CONDEMNED.—*Wordsworth.*

The World is too much with us ; late and soon, getting and spending,  
 we lay waste our powers ; little we see in Nature that is ours ; we have  
 given our hearts away, a sordid boon ! This Sea that bares her bosom to  
 the moon—the winds that will be howling at all hours, and are up-  
 gather'd now, like sleeping flowers,—for this, for everything, we are out of  
 tune ; it moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be a Pagan suckled in a  
 creed outworn,—so might I, standing on this pleasant lea, have glimpses  
 that would make me less forlorn ; have sight of Proteus rising from the  
 sea, or hear old Triton blow his wreath'd horn.

27.—TO MY MOTHER.—*H. K. White.*

And canst thou, mother, for a moment think that we, thy children,  
 when old age shall shed its blanching honours on thy weary head, could  
 from our best of duties ever shrink ? Sooner the sun from his bright sphere  
 shall sink, than we ungrateful leave thee—in that day, to pine in solitude  
 thy life away, or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink. Banish the  
 thought ! Where'er our steps may roam, o'er smiling plains, or wastes with-  
 out a tree, still will fond memory point our hearts to thee, and paint the  
 pleasures of thy peaceful home ; while duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,  
 and smoothe the pillow of thy sinking age.

28.—THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Flowers ! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye fell on your gentle  
 beauty ; when from you that heavenly lesson for all hearts He drew, eternal,  
 universal as the sky ; then, in the bosom of your purity a voice He set, as  
 in a temple-shrine,—that life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by,  
 unwarn'd of that sweet oracle divine. And though too oft its low, celestial  
 sound, by the harsh notes of work-day Care is drowned, and the loud steps  
 of vain, unlistening Haste ; yet the great Ocean hath no tone of power  
 mightier to reach the soul in thought's hush'd hour, than yours, meek lilies,  
 —chosen thus and graced !

29.—SORROW.—*Aubrey de Vere.*

Count each affliction, whether light or grave, God's messenger sent  
 down to thee. Do thou with courtesy receive him : rise and bow, and, ere  
 his shadow pass thy threshold, crave permission first his heavenly feet to  
 lave. Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow no cloud of passion to  
 usurp thy brow, or mar thy hospitality ; no wave of mortal tumult, to  
 obliterate the soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be like joy—

majestic, equable, sedate; confirming, cleansing, raising, making free: strong to consume small troubles; to commend great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

80.—ENJOYMENT OF THE PRESENT.—*Trench.*

We live not in our moments or our years;—the Present we fling from us as the rind of some sweet Future, which we after find bitter to taste; or bind *that* in with fears, and water it beforehand with our tears—vain tears, for that which never may arrive; meanwhile, the joy, whereby we ought to live, neglected or unheeded, disappears. Wiser it were to welcome and make ours whate'er of good, though small, the Present brings—kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds, and flowers, with a child's pure delight in little things; and of the griefs unborn to rest secure—knowing that Mercy ever will endure.

81.—THE WALL-FLOWER.—*Doubleday.*

I will not praise the often flatter'd Rose, or virgin-like, with blushing charms half seen, or when, in dazzling splendour, like a queen, all her magnificence of state she shows; no, nor the nun-like Lily, which but blows beneath the valley's cool and shady screen; nor yet the Sun-flower, that, with warrior mien, still eyes the orb of glory where it glows; but thou, neglected Wall-flower! to my breast and muse art dearest, wildest, sweetest flower;—to whom alone the privilege is given proudly to root thyself above the rest, as Genius does; and, from thy rocky tower, lend fragrance to the purest breath of heaven.

82.—TO THE MOON.—*Charlotte Smith.*

Queen of the silver bow! by thy pale beam, alone and pensive I delight to stray, and watch thy shadow trembling in the stream, or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way. And, while I gaze, thy mild and placid light sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast; and oft I think, fair planet of the night! that, in thy orb, the wretched may have rest: the sufferers of the earth perhaps may go, released by death, to thy benignant sphere; and the sad children of despair and woe, forget, in thee, their cup of sorrow here . . . Oh, that I soon may reach thy world serene, poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene!

83.—THE EVENING CLOUD.—*Wilson.*

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun; a gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow: long had I watched the glory moving on, o'er the still



radiance of the lake below : tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow ! Even in its very motion there was rest ; while every breath of eve that chanced to blow, wafted the traveller to the beauteous west....Emblem, methought, of the departed Soul ! to whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given, and, by the breath of mercy, made to roll right onward to the golden gates of Heaven,—where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies, and tells to man his glorious destinies.

34.—THE HUMAN SEASONS.—*Keats.*

Four Seasons fill the measure of the year : there are four seasons in the mind of man : he has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear takes in all beauty with an easy span : he has his Summer, when luxuriously Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves to ruminate, and, by such dreaming high, is nearest unto heaven : quiet coves his soul has in its Autumn, when his wings he furleth close ; contented so to look on mists in idleness—to let fair things pass by, unheeded as a threshold-brook : he has his Winter, too, of pale misfeature, or else he would forego his mortal nature.

35.—COLUMBUS —*Tupper.*

Thy soul was nerved with more than mortal force, bold mariner upon a chartless sea ! with none to second, none to solace thee ; alone, who daredst keep thy resolute course through the broad waste of waters drear and dark, 'mid wrathful skies, and howling winds ; and worse—the prayer, the taunt, the threat, the muttered curse of all thy brethren in that fragile bark. For on thy brow, throbbing with hopes immense, had just Ambition set his royal mark, enriching thee with noble confidence ; that, having once thy venturous sails unfurled, no danger should defeat thy recompense—the god-like gift to man of half the world.

36 —THE CRUCIFIXION.—*Montgomery.*

I ask'd the Heavens :—"What foe to God hath done this unexampled deed ?"—The Heavens exclaim, "'Twas Man ; and we in horror snatch'd the sun from such a spectacle of guilt and shame." I ask'd the Sea ;—the Sea in fury boil'd, and answer'd with his voice of storms,—"'Twas Man ! My waves, in panic at his crime, recoiled, disclosed the abyss, and from the centre ran." I ask'd the Earth ;—the Earth replied, aghast, "'Twas Man !—and such strange pangs my bosom rent, that still I groan and shudder at the past." To Man—gay, smiling, thoughtless Man,—I went, and ask'd him next ;—he turn'd a scornful eye, shook his proud head, and deign'd me no reply.

87.—LOVE IN LIFE.—*Mrs. E. B. Browning.*

I once thought how Theocritus had sung of the sweet Years, the dear and wish'd-for Years, who, each one, in a gracious hand appears to bear a gift for mortals, old and young : and, as I mused it in his antique tongue, I saw, in gradual vision, through my tears, the sweet, sad Years—the melancholy Years—those of my own life,—who, by turns, had flung a shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware, so weeping, how a mystic Shape did move behind me, and drew me backward by the hair ; and a voice said in mastery, while I strove :—"Guess now who holds thee !" "Death !" I said. But there the silver answer rang :—"Not Death, but Love !"

88.—COMFORT.—*Mrs. E. B. Browning.*

Speak low to me, my Saviour ! low and sweet—from out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,—lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so, who art not miss'd by any that entreat. Speak to me, as to Mary at thy feet ; and, if no precious gums my hands bestow, let my tears drop like amber, while I go in reach of Thy divinest voice complete in humanest affection. Thus, in sooth, to lose the sense of losing ! As a child, whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore, is sung-to in its stead by mother's mouth—till, sinking on her breast, love reconciled, he sleeps the faster that he wept before.

89.—HOPE.—*Miss Williams.*

O, ever skilled to wear the form we love, to bid the shapes of fear and grief depart ;—come, gentle Hope ! with one gay smile remove the lasting sadness of an aching heart. Thy voice, benign enchantress ! let me hear ; say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom,—that Fancy's radiance, Friendship's precious tear, shall soften, or shall chase, Misfortune's gloom. But come not glowing in the dazzling ray, which once with dear illusions charmed my eye ; O, strew no more, sweet flatterer ! on my way the flowers I fondly thought too bright to die :—visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast, that asks not happiness—but longs for rest !

40.—THE NEGRO'S ESCAPE.—*W. Drennan.*

Night came : the Negro strained his wistful sight, round fields where once his childhood lov'd to roam ; then plunged beneath the dark wood's welcome dome, and sped on hastily ; till dawning light disclos'd an humble dwelling, with a slight mark on the door-post : when his breath could come, he tapped, and asked, "Is this the Wanderer's Home?" The bolt shot

back, and a kind voice said, "Right!" Its farewell tones were, "Follow the North Star!" And oft return'd those words as over broad savannahs, on, from fetter, lash, and scar, it beckon'd—that bright, holy thing afar His joy-thrill'd spirit oft it soothed, and awed, in after-life; to him, the eye of God!

41.—THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.—*Keats.* •

The poetry of earth is never dead: when all the birds are faint with the hot sun, and hide in cooling trees, a voice will run from hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead: that is the Grasshopper's; he takes the lead in summer luxury—he has never done with his delights; for, when tired out with fun, he rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed....The poetry of earth is ceasing never: on a lone winter evening, when the frost has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills the Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever; and seems, to one in drowsiness half lost, the Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

42.—TO BRITAIN (BY THE DUKE OF W——N).—*Bon Gaultier (Aylton).*

"Halt! Shoulder arms! Recover! As you were! Right wheel! Eyes left! Attention! Stand at ease!" . . . O Britain! O my country! words like these have made thy name a terror and a fear to all the nations. Witness Ebro's banks—Assaye—Toulouse—Nivelle—and Waterloo, where the grim despot muttered, "*Sauve qui peut!*" and Ney fled darkling—silence in the ranks! Inspired by these, amidst the iron crash of armies, in the centre of his troop, the Soldier stands—unmovable, not rash—until the forces of the foeman droop; then knocks the Frenchman to eternal smash, pounding them into mummy. "Shoulder, hoop!"

43.—VINDICATION OF THE SONNET.—*Wordsworth.*

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room; and hermits are contented with their cells; and students with their pensive citadels; maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom, sit blithe and happy; bees, that soar for bloom high as the highest peak of Furness Fells, will murmur by the hour in foxglove-bells: in truth, the prison unto which we doom ourselves no prison is: and hence to me, in sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground: pleased, if some souls (for such there needs must be) who have felt the weight of too much liberty, should find brief solace there,—as I have found.

# MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS IN BLANK VERSE

## FOR

### SENIOR PUPILS.

#### 1.—EVENING IN PARADISE.—*Milton.*

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray  
 Had in her sober livery all things clad ;  
 Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,  
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,  
 Were slunk—all but the wakeful nightingale ;  
 She, all night long, her amorous descant sung :  
 Silence was pleas'd. Now glow'd the firmament  
 With living sapphires : Hesperus, that led  
 The starry host, rode brightest ; till the Moon,  
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
 (Apparent queen !) unveiled her peerless light,  
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve :—"Fair Consort, the hour  
 Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,  
 Mind us of like repose ; since God hath set  
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men  
 Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep,  
 Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight, inclines  
 Our eyelids : other creatures all day long  
 Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest ;  
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
 Appointed—which declares his dignity,  
 And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways ;  
 While other animals unactive range,  
 And of their doings God takes no account.  
 To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east  
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,  
 And at our pleasant labour,—to reform  
 Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green ;

Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,  
That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,  
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease.  
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd:—  
"My Author and Disposer! what thou bidd'st  
Unargued I obey; so God ordains;  
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.  
With thee conversing, I forget all time;  
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.  
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,  
When first, on this delightful land, he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,  
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,  
And these—the gems of Heav'n!—her starry train:  
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun  
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;  
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night  
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,  
Or glittering starlight—without thee, is sweet!"

## 2.—EVE'S DREAM.—*Milton.*

O, sole in whom my thoughts find all repose, my glory, my perfection!  
glad I see thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night (such night till  
this I never pass'd!) have dream'd—if dream'd—not as I oft am wont, of  
thee, works of day past, or morrow's next design, but of offence and  
trouble, which my mind knew never till this irksome night: methought,  
close at mine ear, one called me forth to walk with gentle voice—I thought  
it thine; it said, "Why sleep'st thou, Eve? Now is the pleasant time,  
the cool, the silent; save where silence yields to the night-warbling bird,  
that now awake tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns full-orb'd  
the moon, and, with more pleasing light, shadowy sets off the face of things;  
in vain, if none regard: Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,—whom to behold

but thee, Nature's desire? in whose sight all things joy, with ravishment attracted by thy beauty still to gaze."...I rose as at thy call, but found thee not; to find thee, I directed then my walk; and on, methought, alone I passed through ways that brought me, on a sudden, to the tree of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd, much fairer to my fancy than by day: and as I wondering look'd, beside it stood one shaped and winged like one of those from Heaven by us oft seen: his dewy locks distilled ambrosia: on that tree he also gazed; and, "O fair plant!" said he, "with fruit surcharged, deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,—nor God, nor man? Is knowledge so despised? Or envy, or what reserve, forbids to taste? Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold longer thy offered good,—why else set here?" This said, he paus'd not; but, with venturous arm, he plucked, he tasted! Me damp horror chill'd at such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold: but he, thus overjoyed: "O fruit divine! sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropped; forbidden here, it seems, as only fit for Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men: and why not Gods of Men? since good, the more communicated, more abundant grows—the Author not impair'd, but honour'd more. Here, happy creature! fair, angelic Eve! partake thou also; happy though thou art, happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be: take this, and be henceforth among the Gods, thyself a Goddess—not to earth confined, but sometimes in the air, as we; sometimes ascend to Heaven, by merit thine, and see what life the Gods live there—and such live thou!" So saying, he drew nigh; and to me held, even to my mouth, of that same fruit held part which he had plucked: the pleasant savoury smell so quickened appetite, that I, methought, could not but taste! Forthwith, up to the clouds with him I flew, and, underneath, beheld the earth outstretched immense—a prospect wide and various. Wondering at my flight and change to this high exaltation, suddenly my guide was gone—and I, methought, sunk down and fell asleep; ...but O, how glad I wak'd to find this but a dream!

8.—MORNING HYMN OF ADAM AND EVE.—*Milton.*

These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!  
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these Heavens,  
To us invisible; or dimly seen  
In these Thy lowest works: yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine!  
Speak, ye, who best can tell,—ye sons of light—

Angels ! for ye behold Him ; and with songs  
And choral symphonies, day without night,  
Circle his throne, rejoicing. Ye, in Heaven,—  
On Earth, join, all ye Creatures, to extol  
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.  
Fairest of Stars ! last in the train of night,—  
If better thou belong'st not to the dawn,—  
Sure pledge of day ! that crown'st the smiling morn  
With thy bright circlet,—praise Him in thy sphere,  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
Thou Sun ! of this great world both eye and soul,  
Acknowledge Him thy greater ; sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.  
Moon ! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st  
With the fixed stars—fixed in their orb, that flies—  
And ye five other wandering fires, that move  
In mystic dance not without song,—resound  
His praise, who, out of darkness, called up light.  
Air, and ye elements ! the eldest birth  
Of Nature's womb ; that, in quaternion, run  
Perpetual circle, multiiform ; and mix  
And nourish all things—let your ceaseless change  
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
Ye Mists and Exhalations ! that now rise  
From hill or steaming lake, dusky, or gray,  
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,—  
In honour to the world's Great Author rise !  
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,  
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers—  
Rising or falling, still advance His praise.  
His praise, ye Winds ! that from four quarters blow,  
Breathe soft, or loud ! and wave your tops, ye Pines,  
With every Plant, in sign of worship wave !  
Fountains ! and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune His praise.  
Join voices, all ye living Souls ! ye Birds,  
That singing up to Heaven gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, His praise.  
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk

The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep !  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.

Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still  
 To give us only good ; and if the night  
 Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,  
 Disperse it—as now light dispels the dark.

4.—APOSTROPHE TO LIGHT.—*Milton.*

Hail, holy light ! offspring of heaven, first-born !  
 Or, of the Eternal, co-eternal beam ;  
 May I express thee, unblam'd ? since God is light,  
 And never, but in unapproach'd light  
 Dwelt from eternity ; dwelt then in thee,—  
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.

Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,  
 Whose fountain who shall tell ? Before the sun,  
 Before the heavens, thou wert ; and, at the voice  
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest  
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
 Won from the void and formless infinite.

Thee I revisit now, with bolder wing,  
 Escap'd the Stygian pool ; though long detain'd  
 In that obscure sojourn ; while, in my flight,  
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne,  
 With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,  
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night ;  
 Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down  
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,  
 Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,  
 And feel thy sovereign vital lamp ; but thou  
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;  
 So thick a drop-serene hath quench'd their orbs,  
 Or dim suffusion veiled. . . . Thus with the year  
 Seasonous return ; but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of even, or morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;



But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
 Surrounds me; from the cheerful ways of men  
 Cut off; and, for the book of knowledge fair,  
 Presented with a universal blank  
 Of Nature's works—to me expung'd and ras'd,—  
 And wisdom, at one entrance, quite shut out.  
 So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,  
 Shine inward, and the Mind through all her powers  
 Irradiate; there plant eyes! All mists from thence  
 Purge and disperse! that I may see, and tell,  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

5.—SAMSON'S LAMENTATION FOR HIS LOSS OF SIGHT.—*Milton.*

O loss of sight, of thee I most complain! Blind, among enemies! O worse than chains, dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age. Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct; and all her various objects of delight annulled, which might in part my grief have eased;—inferior to the vilest now become, of man or worm. The vilest here excel me; they creep, yet see: I, dark in light, exposed to daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong, within doors, or without; still, as a fool, in power of others, never in my own! Scarce half I seem to live! dead more than half! . . . O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon; irrecoverably dark; total eclipse, without all hope of day! O, first-created beam, and thou, great Word, "Let there be light,"—and light was over all;—why am I thus bereaved Thy prime decree? The sun to me is dark, and silent as the moon, when she deserts the night, hid in her vacant interlunar cave. Since light so necessary is to life, and almost life itself—if it be true that Light is in the Soul, she all in every part;—why was the sight to such a tender ball as the eye confin'd,—so obvious and so easy to be quench'd? and not, as feeling, through all parts diffused, that she might look at will through every pore? Then had I not been thus exiled from light; as in the land of darkness, yet in light; to live a life half dead, a living death, and buried; but, O yet more miserable! myself my sepulchre,—a moving grave! buried, yet not exempt—by privilege of death and burial—from worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs: but made hereby obnoxious more to all the miseries of life; life in captivity among inhuman foes! . . . Nor am I in the list of them that hope; hopeless are all my evils, all are remediless: this one prayer yet remains, might I be heard no long petition,—speedy death, the close of all my miseries, and the balm.

6.—HYMN ON THE SEASONS.—*Thomson.*

These, as they change, Almighty Father! these are but the varied God. The rolling year is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love. Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm; echo the mountains round; the forest smiles; and every sense, and every heart is joy. Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months, with light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year: and oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks; and oft—at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve, by brooks and groves—in hollow-whispering gales. Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined, and spreads a common feast for all that lives. In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled;—majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing, riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore, and humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Nature, attend! join, every living soul beneath the spacious temple of the sky; in adoration join; and, ardent, raise one general song! To Him, ye vocal gales, breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes: O talk of Him in solitary glooms! where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine fills the brown shade with a religious awe. And ye whose bolder note is heard afar, who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven the impetuous song, and say from whom you rage. His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills; and let me catch it as I muse along. Ye headland torrents, rapid, and profound; ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze along the vale; and thou, majestic main, a secret world of wonders in thyself, sound His stupendous praise—whose greater voice or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers, in mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts, whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints. Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave to Him; breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, as home he goes beneath the joyous moon. Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams, ye constellations! while your angels strike, amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. Great source of day! best image here below of thy Creator, ever pouring wide, from world to world, the vital ocean round; on nature write with every beam His praise. The thunder rolls: be hush'd, the prostrate world; while cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn. Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks, retain the sound: the broad responsive low, ye valleys, raise; for the great Shepherd reigns; and His unsuffering kingdom yet will come. Ye woodlands all, awake:—a boundless song burst from the groves! and when the restless day, expiring, lays

the warbling world asleep, sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm the listening shades, and teach the night His praise !

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles, at once the head, the heart, and tongue of all, crown the great hymn ! In swarming cities vast, assembled Men, to the deep organ join the long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear, at solemn pauses, through the swelling bass ; and, as, each mingling flame increases each, in one united ardour rise to heaven. Or, if you rather choose the rural shade, and find a fane in every sacred grove ; there let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay, the prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre, still sing the God of seasons, as they roll. For me, when I forget the darling theme, whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams, or Winter rises in the blackening east ; be my tongue mute ! may fancy paint no more, and, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes, rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam flames on the Atlantic isles ; 'tis nought to me : since God is ever present, ever felt, in the void waste, as in the city full ; and where He vital breathes there must be joy.—When even at last the solemn hour shall come and wing my mystic flight to future worlds, I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers, will rising wonders sing : I cannot go where Universal Love not smiles around, sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns ; from seeming evil still educing good, and better thence again, and better still, in infinite progression. But I lose myself in Him, in Light ineffable !...Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise !

#### 7.—THE GOLDEN AGE.—*Thomson*

The first fresh dawn then waked the gladdened race  
Of uncorrupted man, nor blushed to see  
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam.  
For, their light slumbers gently fumed away ;  
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,—  
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,  
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.  
Meantime the song went round ; and dance and sport,  
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole  
Their hours away : while, in the rosy vale,  
Love breathed his infant sighs, from anguish free.  
Nor yet injurious act nor surly deed,

Was known among those happy sons of Heaven ;  
 For reason and benevolence were law.  
 Harmonious Nature, too, looked smiling on :  
 Clear shone the skies, cooled with eternal gales,  
 And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun  
 Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds  
 Dropped fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead,  
 The herds and flocks, commixing, played secure.  
 This, when, emergent from the gloomy wood,  
 The glaring lion saw,—his horrid heart  
 Was meekened, and he joined his sullen joy.  
 For, music held the whole in perfect peace ;  
 Soft sighed the flute ; the tender voice was heard  
 Warbling the varied heart ; the woodlands round  
 Applied their choir ; and winds and waters flowed  
 In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

8. — NIGHT THOUGHTS.—*Young.*

The bell strikes "One!" We take no note of time,  
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue  
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,  
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
 It is the knell of my departed hours :  
 Where are they ? with the years beyond the flood.  
 It is the signal that demands despatch :  
 How much is to be done ! My hopes and fears  
 Rise up alarmed, and, o'er life's narrow verge,  
 Look down—on what ? a fathomless abyss,  
 A dread eternity,—how surely mine !  
 And can eternity belong to me,  
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?...

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
 How complicate, how wonderful, is man !  
 How passing wonder He who made him such !  
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes,  
 From different natures marvellously mixed !  
 Connection exquisite of distant worlds !  
 Distinguished link in being's endless chain,  
 Midway from nothing to the Deity !  
 A beam ethereal, sullied and absorbed !

Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine.  
Dim miniature of greatness absolute !  
An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !  
Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !  
A worm ! a god !...I tremble at myself,  
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,  
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,  
And wondering at her own :—how reason reels !  
O what a miracle to man is man !  
Triumphantly distressed ! what joy, what dread !  
Alternately transported and alarmed.  
What can preserve my life, or what destroy ?  
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;  
Millions of angels can't confine me there.

9.—ON DEATH.—*Young.*

Where the prime actors of the last year's scene, their port so proud,  
their buskin, and their plume ? How many sleep, who kept the world  
awake with lustre and with noise ! Has Death proclaimed a truce, and  
hung his sated lance on high ? 'Tis brandished still ; nor shall the pre-  
sent year be more tenacious of her human leaf, or spread of feeble life a  
thinner fall. . . Where is the dust that has not been alive ? The spade, the  
plough, disturb our ancestors : from human mould we reap our daily bread.  
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes, and is the ceiling of her  
sleeping sons. O'er devastation we blind revels keep ; whole buried towns  
support the dancer's heel. Nor man alone ; his breathing bust expires ;  
his tomb is mortal : empires die. Where now the Roman, Greek ? They  
stalk, an empty name ! yet few regard them in this useful light, though  
half our learning is their epitaph.—When down thy vale, unlocked by  
midnight thought, that loves to wander in thy sunless realms, O Death !  
I stretch my view,—what visions rise ! what triumphs, toils imperial, arts  
divine, in withered laurels glide before my sight ! What lengths of far-  
famed ages, billowed high with human agitation, roll along in unsubstan-  
tial images of air ! The melancholy ghosts of dead renown, whispering  
faint echoes of the world's applause, with penitential aspect, as they pass,  
all point at earth, and hiss at human pride—the wisdom of the wise and  
prancings of the great !

10.—A WINTER DAY—WALK AT NOON.—*Cowper.*

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds ;  
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased  
With melting airs, or martial, brisk or grave ;  
Some chord, in unison with what we hear,  
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.—  
How soft the music of those village bells,  
Falling at intervals upon the ear  
In cadence sweet ; now dying all away,  
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,  
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on !  
With easy force it opens all the cells  
Where Memory slept. Wherever I have heard  
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,  
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.

The night was winter in its roughest mood ;  
The morning sharp and clear. But now, at noon,  
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,  
And where the woods fence-off the northern blast,  
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,  
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue  
Without a cloud, and, white without a speck,  
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.  
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale ;  
And through the trees I view the embattled tower,  
Whence all the music. I again perceive  
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,  
And settle in soft musings as I tread  
The walk, still verdant, under oak and elms,  
Whose outspread branches over-arch the glade.  
The roof, though movable through all its length  
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed ;  
And, intercepting in their silent fall  
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.  
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.  
The redbreast warbles still, but is content  
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed :  
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light  
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes  
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,

That tinkle in the withered leaves below.  
 Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,  
 Charms more than silence. Meditation here  
 May think down hours to moments. Here the heart  
 May give a useful lesson to the head,  
 And Learning wiser grow without his books.  
 Knowledge, and Wisdom, far from being one,  
 Have oft-times no connection : Knowledge dwells  
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;  
 Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.  
 Knowledge,—a rude unprofitable mass,  
 The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,—  
 Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place,  
 Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.  
 Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much ;  
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

11.—A WINTER NIGHT—DOMESTIC AMUSEMENTS.—*Corper*

I crown thee king of intimate delights,  
 Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,  
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
 Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours  
 Of long, uninterrupted evening, know.  
 No rattling wheels stop short before these gates ;  
 No powdered pert, proficient in the art  
 Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors  
 Till the street rings ; no stationary steeds  
 Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,  
 The silent circle fan themselves, and quake :  
 But here the needle plies its busy task ;  
 The pattern grows ; the well-depicted flower,  
 Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,  
 Unfolds its blossom ; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,  
 And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,  
 Follow the nimble finger of the fair ;—  
 A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that blow  
 With most success when all besides decay.

The poet's or historian's page by one  
 Made vocal for the amusement of the rest ;  
 The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds

The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out ;  
 And the clear voice, symphonious, yet distinct,  
 And in the charming strife triumphant still,—  
 Beguile the night, and set a keener edge  
 On female industry ; the threaded steel  
 Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.

The volume closed, the customary rites  
 Of the last meal commence,—a Roman meal ;  
 Such as the mistress of the world once found  
 Delicious, when her patriots of high note,  
 Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,  
 And under an old oak's domestic shade,  
 Enjoyed,—spare feast !—a radish and an egg.

Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull ;  
 Nor such as with a frown forbids the play  
 Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth ;  
 Nor do we, madly, like an impious world,  
 Who deem religion frenzy, and the God  
 That made them an intruder on their joys,  
 Start at His awful name, or deem His praise  
 A jarring note ; themes of a graver tone,  
 Exciting oft our gratitude and love,  
 While we retrace, with Memory's pointing wand,  
 That calls the past to our exact review,  
 The dangers we have 'scaped—the broken snare—  
 The disappointed foe—deliverance found  
 Unlooked for—life preserved, and peace restored—  
 Fruits of Omnipotent Eternal Love !

“ O evenings worthy of the gods ! ” exclaimed  
 The Sabine bard. “ O evenings,” I reply,  
 “ More to be prized and coveted than yours,  
 As more illumined, and with nobler truths,  
 That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.”

12.—RETIREMENT.—*Conquer.*

’Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat, to peep at such a world : to see the stir of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ; to hear the roar she sends through all her gates at a safe distance, where the dying sound falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear. Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease the globe and its concerns, I seem advanced to some



secure and more than mortal height, that liberates and exempts me from them all. It turns submitted to my view—turns round with all its generations ; I behold the tumult, and am still. The sound of war has lost its terrors ere it reaches me ; grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride and avarice, that make man a wolf to man ; hear the faint echo of those brazen throats, by which he speaks the language of his heart, and sigh but never tremble at the sound. He travels and expatiates, as the bee from flower to flower, so he from land to land ; the manners, customs, policy of all, pay contribution to the store he gleans ; he sucks intelligence in every clime, and spreads the honey of his deep research at his return—a rich repast for me. He travels, and I too. I tread his deck—ascend his topmast—through his peering eyes discover countries—with a kindred heart suffer his woes, and share in his escapes ; while Fancy, like the finger of a clock, runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

18.—THE HAPPY MAN.—*Cowper.*

He is the Happy Man, whose life e'en now shows somewhat of that happier life to come ; who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state, is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose, would make his fate his choice ; whom peace, the fruit of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith, prepare for happiness,—bespeak him one content indeed to sojourn while he must below the skies, but having there his home. The world o'erlooks him in her busy search of objects, more illustrious in her view ; and, occupied as earnestly as she, though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world. She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not ; he seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain. He cannot skim the ground, like summer birds pursuing gilded flies ;—and such he deems her honours, her emoluments, her joys. Therefore, in Contemplation is his bliss, whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth she makes familiar with a world unseen, and shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.

14.—ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—*Cowper.*

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
 (Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,  
 Yet wanting sensibility), the man  
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
 An inadvertent step may crush the snail  
 That crawls at evening in the public path ;  
 But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,  
 Will step aside, and let the reptile live.

The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight  
 And charged with venom, that intrudes,  
 A visitor unwelcome, into scenes  
 Sacred to neatness and repose,—the bower,  
 The chamber, or the hall,—may die :  
 A necessary act incurs no blame.  
 Not so, when held within their proper bounds,  
 And, guiltless of offence, they range the air,  
 Or take their pastime in the spacious field :  
 There they are privileged. And he that hurts  
 Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong ;  
 Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,  
 Who, when she form'd, designed them an abode.  
 —The sum is this : If man's convenience, health,  
 Or safety interfere, his rights and claims  
 Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.  
 Else they are all—the meanest things that are—  
 As free to live, and to enjoy that life,  
 As God was free to form them at the first,  
 Who in His sov'reign Wisdom made them all.

Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons  
 To love it too. The spring-time of our years  
 Is soon dishonoured and defiled, in most,  
 By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand  
 To check them. But alas ! none sooner shoots,  
 If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,  
 Than Cruelty—most devilish of them all !  
 Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule  
 And righteous limitation of its act,  
 By which Heaven moves, in pardoning guilty man ;  
 And he that shows none (being ripe in years,  
 And conscious of the outrage he commits),  
 Shall seek it—and not find it in his turn.

15.—A STORM AT SEA.—*Carrington.*

The evening winds shrieked wildly : the dark cloud  
 Rested upon the horizon's hem, and grew  
 Mightier, and mightier, flinging its black arch  
 Around the troubled offing ; till it grasped,  
 Within its terrible embrace, the all

That eye could see of Ocean. *There arose,*  
Forth from the infinite of waters, *sounds*  
Confused, appalling; from the dread lee-shore  
There came a heavier swell,—a *lengthened roar*,—  
Each moment deeper,—rolling on the ear  
With most portentous voice. Rock howled to rock,  
Headland to headland, as the Atlantic flung  
Its billows shoreward; and the feathery foam  
Of twice ten thousand broken surges, sailed  
High o'er the dim-seen land. The startled gull,  
With scream prophetic, sought his savage cliff;  
And e'en the bird that loves to sail between  
The ridges of the sea, with hurried wing  
Flew from the blast's fierce onset.

One—far off—

One hapless ship was seen upon the deep,  
Breasting the western waters: nothing lived  
Around her; all was desert: for the storm  
Had made old Ocean's realm a solitude,  
Where man might fear to roam And there she sat,  
A lonely thing amid the gathering strife,  
With pinions folded—not for rest!—prepared  
To struggle with the tempest!

And it came,

As night abruptly closed. Nor moon nor star  
Looked from the sky; but darkness, deep as that  
Which reigned over the primeval chaos, wrapped  
That fated bark,—save when the lightning hissed  
Along the bursting billow. Ocean howled  
To the high thunder; and the thunder spoke  
To the rebellious Ocean, with a voice  
So terrible, that all the rush and roar  
Of waves were but as the meek lapse of rills,  
To that deep, everlasting peal, which comes  
From thee, Niagara,—wild flinging o'er  
Thy steep the waters of a world. Anon,  
The lightnings glared more fiercely, burning round  
The glowing offing, with unwonted stay;  
As if they lingered o'er the dark abyss,

And raised its veil of horror, but to show  
 Its wild and tortured face. And then, the winds  
 Held oft a momentary pause,  
 As spent with their own fury ; but they came  
 Again with added power ; with shriek and cry,  
 Almost unearthly, as if on their wings  
 Passed-by the Spirit of the Storm.

They heard,  
 Who rode the midnight mountain-wave ! The voice  
 Of Death was in that cry unearthly. Oft,  
 In the red battle had they seen him stride  
 The glowing deck, scattering his burning hail,  
 And breathing liquid flame ; until the winds,  
 The very winds grew faint, and on the waves  
 Rested the columned smokes : but on that night  
 He came with tenfold terrors ; with a power  
 That shook at once heaven earth , his ministers  
 Of vengeance round him—the great wind, the sea,  
 The thunder, and the fatal flash ! Alas !  
 Day dawned not on the mariner !...ere morn  
 The lightning lit the seaman to his grave,  
 And the fierce sea-dog feasted on the dead !

16.—TRUE HAPPINESS.—*Pollock.*

True Happiness hath no localities,  
 No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.  
 Where duty goes, she goes ; with justice goes ;  
 And goes with meekness, charity, and love.  
 Where'er a tear is dried ; a wounded heart  
 Bound up ; a bruised spirit with the dew  
 Of sympathy anointed ; or a pang  
 Of honest suffering soothed ; or injury,  
 Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven :  
 Where'er an evil passion is subdued,  
 Or virtue's feeble embers found ; where'er  
 A sin is heartily abjured and left—  
 There is a high and holy place—a spot  
 Of sacred light—a most religious fane,—  
 Where Happiness, descending, sits and smiles !

17.—FRIENDS.—*Pollock.*

Some I remember, and will ne'er forget ; friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too, friends given by God in mercy and in love ; my counsellors, my comforters, and guides, my joy in grief, my second bliss in joy ; companions of my young desires ; in doubt my oracles, my wings in high pursuit. O, I remember, and will ne'er forget, our meeting spots, our chosen sacred hours, our burning words that utter'd all the soul, our faces beaming with unearthly love ; sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope exulting, heart embracing, heart entire ! As birds of social feather helping each his fellow's flight, we soar'd into the skies, and cast the clouds beneath our feet,—and earth, with all her tardy leaden-footed cares ; and talk'd the speech, and ate the food of heaven ! These I remember, these selectest men, and would their names record ; but what avails my mention of their names ? Before the Throne they stand illustrious 'mong the loudest harps, and will receive thee glad, my friend and theirs ;—for all are friends in Heaven, all faithful friends ; and many friendships in the days of Time begun, are lasting there, and growing still ; so grows ours evermore, both theirs and mine.

18.—JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.—*Watts.*

She stood before her father's gorgeous tent, to listen for his coming.... The wind bore-on the leaden tramp of thousands. Clarion-notes rang sharply on the ear at intervals ; and the low mingled din of mighty hosts returning from the battle, poured from far—like the deep murmur of a restless sea. Jephthah led his warriors on through Mizpeh's streets. His helm was proudly set ; and his stern lip curled slightly, as if praise were for the hero's scorn. His step was firm, but free as India's leopard ; and his mail, whose shekels none in Israel might bear, was lighter than a tassel on his frame. His crest was Judah's kingliest, and the look of his dark lofty eye might quell a lion. He led on ; but thoughts seemed gathering round which troubled him. The veins upon his forehead were distinctly seen ; and his proud lip was painfully compressed. He trod less firmly ; and his restless eye glanced forward frequently, as if some ill he dared not meet were there. His home was near ; and men were thronging, with that strange delight they have in human passions, to observe the struggle of his feelings with his pride. He gazed intensely forward !

—A moment more, and he had reached his home ; when lo ! there sprang one with a bounding footstep, and a brow like light, to meet him. Oh ! how beautiful ! her dark eye flashing like a sun-lit gem ; and her luxuriant hair—'twas like the sweep of a swift wing—in visions ! He stood

still, as if the sight had withered him. She threw her arms about his neck—he heeded not! She called him “Father”—but he answered not! She stood and gazed upon him. Was he wroth? There was no anger in that bloodshot eye. Had sickness seized him? She unclasped his helm, and laid her white hand gently on his brow. The touch aroused him. He raised up his hands, and spoke the name of God in agony! She knew that he was stricken then, and rushed again into his arms, and with a flood of tears she could not stay, she sobbed a prayer that he would tell her of his wretchedness. He told her...and a momentary flush shot o’er her countenance: and then, the soul of Jephthah’s daughter awakened, and she stood calmly and nobly up, and said, “’Tis well; and I will die.”... And when the sun had set, then she was dead—but not by violence.

#### 19.—AMBITION.—*Willis.*

What is Ambition? ’Tis a glorious cheat!  
 It seeks the chamber of the gifted boy,  
 And lifts his humble window, and comes in.  
 The narrow walls expand, and spread away  
 Into a kingly palace; and the roof  
 Lifts to the sky; and unseen fingers work  
 The ceiling with rich blazonry, and write  
 His name in burning letters over all.  
 And ever as he shuts his wildered eyes,  
 The Phantom comes! and lays upon his lips  
 A spell that murders sleep—and in his ear  
 Whispers a deathless word—and on his brain  
 Breathes a fierce thirst no waters will allay.  
 —He is its slave henceforth. His days are spent  
 In chaining down his heart, and watching where  
 To rise by human weaknesses. His nights  
 Bring him no rest in all their blessed hours;  
 His kindred are forgotten or estranged;  
 Unhealthful fires burn constant in his eye;  
 His lip grows restless, and its smile is curled  
 Half into scorn; till the bright, fiery Boy,—  
 That ’twas a daily blessing but to see,  
 His spirit was so bird-like and so pure,—  
 Is frozen, in the very flush of youth,  
 Into a cold, care-fretted, heartless Man.

Then, what is its reward? At best, name!  
 Praise—when the ear has grown too dull to hear;  
 Gold—when the senses it should please are dead;  
 Wreaths—when the hair they cover has grown gray;  
 Fame—when the heart it should have thrilled is numb.  
 All things but *love*, when *love* is all we want:  
 —And close behind comes Death! and, ere we know  
 That even these unavailing gifts are ours,  
 He sends us, stripped and naked, to the grave.

20.—THE SEASON'S DIFFERENCE.—*Alex. Smith.*

The lark is singing in the blinding sky;  
 Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom Sea  
 Is toying with the Shore, his wedded bride;  
 And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,  
 He decorates her tawny brow with shells—  
 Retires a space to see how fair she looks—  
 Then, proud, runs up to kiss her! All is fair—  
 All glad, from grass to sun! . . . Yet more I love  
 Than this, the shrinking day, that sometimes comes  
 In Winter's front; so fair 'mong its dark peers  
 It seems a straggler from the files of June,  
 Which in its wanderings had lost its wits,  
 And half its beauty; and, when it return'd,  
 Finding its old companions gone away,  
 It join'd November's troop, then marching past;  
 And so the frail thing comes, and greets the world  
 With a thin crazy smile, then bursts in tears,—  
 And all the while it holds within its hand  
 A few half-wither'd flowers. I love and pity it!

21.—A WINTER NIGHT.—*Shelley.*

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh  
 Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's car,  
 Were discord to the speaking quietude  
 That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,  
 Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
 Seems like a canopy which Love has spread  
 To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,  
 Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;

Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,  
 So stainless, that their white and glittering spires  
 Tinge not the moon's pure beam ; yon castled steep,  
 Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower  
 So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it  
 A metaphor of peace ;—all form a scene  
 Where musing Solitude might love to lift  
 Her soul above this sphere of earthliness ;  
 Where Silence, undisturb'd, might watch alone—  
 So cold, so bright, so still.

22.—FABLE IS LOVE'S WORLD.—*Coleridge (from Schiller).*

Oh, never rudely will I blame this faith in the might of stars and angels ! 'Tis not merely the human being's pride that peoples space with life and mystical predominance ; since, likewise, for the stricken heart of Love, this visible nature and this common world are all too narrow ; yea, a deeper import lurks in the legend told my infant years, than lies upon that truth we live to learn. For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place : delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans, and spirits ; and delightedly believes divinities, being himself divine. The intelligible forms of ancient poets, the fair humanities of old religion, the power, the beauty, and the majesty, that had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain, or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring, or chasms and watery depths ; all these have vanish'd. They live no longer in the faith of reason ! But still the heart doth need a language,—still doth the old instinct bring back the old names ; and to yon starry world they now are gone, spirits or gods, that used to share this earth with man as with their friend ; and, to the lover, yonder they move, from yonder visible sky shoot influence down : and even at this day 'tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great, and Venus who brings everything that's fair !

23.—THANKSGIVING FOR FLOWERS.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

O Father ! Lord ! the All-beneficent ! I bless Thy name, that Thou hast mantled the green earth with flowers, linking our hearts to Nature ! By the love of their wild blossoms, our young footsteps first into her deep recesses are beguiled, her minster cells—dark glen and forest bower, where, thrilling with its earliest sense of Thee, amidst the low, religious whisperings, the shivery leaf sounds of the solitude, the spirit wakes to worship, and is made Thy living temple. By the breath of flowers, Thou callest us from city throngs and cares, back to the woods, the birds,



the mountain-streams, that sing of Thee! back to free childhood's heart, fresh with the dews of tenderness! Thou bidd'st the lilies of the field with placid smile reprove man's feverish strivings, and infuse through his worn soul a more unworldly life, with their soft, holy breath. Thou hast not left his purer nature, with its fine desires, uncared-for in this universe of Thine! The glowing rose attests it, the belov'd of poet-hearts; touch'd by their fervent dreams with spiritual light, and made a source of heaven-ascending thoughts. E'en to faint age Thou lend'st the vernal bliss: the old man's eye falls on the kindling blossoms, and his soul remembers youth and love, and hopefully turns to Thee, who call'st earth's buried germs from dust to splendour;—as the mortal seed, shall, at Thy summons, from the grave spring up to put on glory, to be girt with power, and filled with immortality. Receive thanks, blessings, love, for these, Thy lavish boons, and, most of all, their heavenward influences, O Thou that gav'st us flowers!

24.—EARTHLY GLORIES EVANESCENT.—*Wordsworth.*

So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and dies, all that this world is proud of. From their spheres the stars of human glory are cast down; perish the roses and the flowers of kings, princes, and emperors; and the crowns and palms of all the mighty, withered and consumed! Nor is power given to lowliest innocence long to protect her own. The man himself departs; and soon is spent the line of those who, in the bodily image—in the mind, in heart or soul, in station or pursuit—did most resemble him. Degrees and ranks, fraternities and orders—heaping high new wealth upon the burthen of the old, and placing trust in privilege confirm'd and re-confirm'd—are scoff'd at with a smile of greedy foretaste, from the secret stand of Desolation aim'd: to slow decline those yield, and these to sudden overthrow: their virtue, service, happiness, and state expire; and Nature's pleasant robe of green—Humanity's appointed shroud—enwraps their monuments and their memory.

25.—DARKNESS—*Byron.*

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.  
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars  
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
Rayless, and pathless; and the icy earth  
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air:  
Morn came, and went—and came, and brought no day;  
And men forgot their passions in the dread  
Of this their desolation: and all hearts

Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light !

And they did live by watchfires ; and the thrones,  
The palaces of crownèd kings, the huts,  
The habitations of all things that dwell,  
Were burnt for beacons ; cities were consumed ;  
And men were gathered round their blazing homes,  
To look once more into each other's face.

Happy were those who dwelt within the eye  
Of the volcanoes, and their mountain torch !  
A fearful hope was all the world contained ;  
Forests were set on fire ; but hour by hour  
They fell and faded, and the crackling trunks  
Extinguished with a crash—and all was black !

The brows of men, by the despairing light,  
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
The flashes fell upon them ! some lay down  
And hid their eyes and wept ; and some did rest  
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled ;  
And others hurried to and fro, and fed  
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up  
With mad disquietude on the dull sky—  
The pall of a past world ; and then again  
With curses cast them down upon the dust,  
And gnashed their teeth, and howled ; the wild birds shrieked,  
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
And flap their useless wings ; the wildest brutes  
Came tame and tremulous ; and vipers crawled,  
And twined themselves among the multitude,  
Hissing, but stingless ;—they were slain for food :  
And War, which for a moment was no more,  
Did glut himself again : a meal was bought  
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart  
Gorging himself in gloom. No love was left ;  
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,  
Immediate and inglorious. And the pang  
Of famine fed upon all entrails :—men  
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh ;  
The meagre by the meagre were devoured ;  
Even dogs assailed their masters,—all save one,  
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept

The birds and beasts and famished men at bay,  
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead  
Lured their lank jaws ! himself sought out no food.  
But, with a piteous and perpetual moan  
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand  
Which answered not with a caress—he died !

The crowd was famished by degrees ; but two  
Of an enormous city did survive,  
And they were enemies : they met beside  
The dying embers of an altar-place,  
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things  
For an unholy usage ; they raked up,  
And, shivering, scraped, with their cold skeleton hands,  
The feeble ashes ; and their feeble breath  
Blew for a little life, and made a flame  
Which was a mockery ; then they lifted up  
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld  
Each other's aspect—saw, and shrieked,—and died !—  
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,—  
Unknowing who he was, upon whose brow  
Famine had written fiend !

The world was void—  
The populous and the powerful were a lump,  
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—  
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.  
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,  
And nothing stirred within their silent depths :  
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,  
And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as they dropped,  
They slept on the abyss without a surge :  
The waves were dead ; the tides were in their grave,—  
The moon, their mistress, had expired before ;  
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,  
And the clouds perished : Darkness had no need  
Of aid from them—She was the universe.

26.—A GIRL READING.—*Alexander Bell.*

See Beauty, fairer still by filial love, the minister of ease to waning life !  
 The aged sire, his sense of vision lost, in darkness sits, his grandchild by  
 his side. His eyes no more can view corrupted earth, which has for him  
 one only blessing left. She, self-devoted, knows no other care than this—  
 the comfort of the aged sire. She reads the Word of God. O sweet and  
 low the tuneful softness of her mellow voice ! 'Tis God's own instrument  
 reveals His will. O richer far are its harmonious notes, than stringèd harp,  
 or dulcet lute, or reed, or aught of art musician's skill can frame ; more  
 captivating to the charmèd ear than were the fabled strains of Orpheus' lyre !  
 Her attitude—her air—is simple grace. Upon her lips, and in her features,  
 beams intelligence, with modesty combin'd. Her respiration, undulating,  
 flows in sounds salubrious. Each lineament is placid on the mind-illumin'd  
 face. While thus engag'd, the pious maiden seems, in figure and in deed,  
 of those bright forms that sometimes deign'd to visit holy men, and cheer  
 them in their heavy pilgrimage.

27 —ENID AND GERAINT.—*Tennyson.*

Then rode Geraint into the castle court,  
 His charger trampling many a prickly star  
 Of sprouted thistle, on the broken stones.  
 He looked, and saw that all was ruinous :  
 Here, stood a shattered archway, plumed with fern ;  
 And here, had fallen a great part of a tower,  
 Whole ; like a crag that tumbles from the cliff ;  
 And, like a crag, was gay with wilding flowers :  
 And high above, a piece of turret stair—  
 Worn by the feet that now were silent—wound,  
 Bare to the sun ; and monstrous ivy-stems  
 Clasped the gray walls, with hairy-fibred arms,  
 And sucked the joining of the stones, and looked  
 A knot—beneath, of snakes ; aloft, a grove.  
 And, while he waited in the castle-court,  
 The voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter, rang  
 Clear through the open casement of the hall,  
 Singing ; and,—as the sweet voice of a bird,  
 Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,  
 Moves him to think what kind of bird it is  
 That sings so delicately clear, and make  
 Conjecture of the plumage and the form,—

So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint ;  
 And made him like a man abroad at morn,  
 When first the liquid note, belov'd of men,  
 Comes flying over many a windy wave,  
 To Britain ; and in April, suddenly,  
 Breaks from a coppice gemmed with green and red ;  
 And he suspends his converse with a friend,  
 Or, it may be, the labour of his hands,  
 To think, or say, " There is the nightingale ! " ...  
 So fared it with Geraint, who thought and said,  
 " Here, by Heaven's grace, is *the one voice for me !* "

It chanced the song that Enid sung, was one  
 Of Fortune and her Wheel ; and Enid sang—

" Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud ;  
 Turn thy wild wheel, through sunshine, storm and cloud ;  
 Thy wheel and thee, we neither love nor hate.

" Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown ;  
 With that wild wheel, we go not up or down ;  
 Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

" Smile, and *we* smile, the lords of many lands ;  
 Frown, and we smile, the lords of our own hands ;  
 For man is man, and master of his fate.

" Turn, turn, thy wheel, above the starving crowd :  
 Thy wheel and thou, are shadows in the cloud ;  
 Thy wheel and thee, we neither love nor hate."

" Hark ! by the bird's song, you may know the nest,"  
 Said Yniol ; " enter quickly." Entering then—  
 Right o'er a mount of newly-fallen stones—  
 The dusky-raftered, many cobwebb'd hall,  
 He found an ancient Dame, in dim brocade ;  
 And near her, like a blossom vermeil-white,  
 That lightly breaks a faded flower-sheath,  
 Moved the fair Enid, all in faded silk—  
 Her daughter. In a moment thought Geraint,  
 " Here, with Heaven's will, is *the one maid for me !* "

## SELECTIONS FROM DRAMATIC POETRY

FOR

## ADVANCED STUDENTS.

1 - HELENA'S REPROACH TO HERMIA.—*Shakespeare.*

Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid! have *you* conspired, have you with these contrived, to bait me with this foul derision? Is all the counsel that we two have shared, the sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent, when we have chid the hasty-footed time for parting us—O, is it all forgot? All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence? We, Hermia, like two artificer gods, created with our needles both one flower, both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion, both warbling of one song, both in one key; as if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds had been incorporate. So we grew together, like to a double cherry; seeming parted, but yet a union in partition;—two lovely berries moulded on one stem: so, with two seeming bodies, but one heart. And will you rend our ancient love asunder, to join with men in scorning your poor friend? It is not friendly! 'tis not maidenly! Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it—though I alone do feel the injury!

2.—A WIFE'S DUTY.—*Shakespeare.*

Thy husband is thy life, thy lord, thy keeper, thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee, and for thy maintenance; commits his body to painful labour, both by sea and land; to watch the night in storm, the day in cold,—while thou liest warm at home, secure and safe; and craves no other tribute at thy hands, but love, fair looks, and true obedience,—too little payment for so great a debt! Such duty as the subject owes the prince, even such a woman oweth to her husband: and when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour, and not obedient to his honest will, what is she but a foul contending rebel, and graceless traitor to her loving lord? I am ashamed that women are so simple, to offer war where they should kneel for peace; or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,—when they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

8.—JULIET TAKING THE OPIATE.—*Shakespeare.*

Farewell !—Heaven knows when we shall meet again. I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins, that almost freezes up the heat of life : I'll call them back again to comfort me ;—Nurse !—What should she do here ? My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—Come, phial.—What if this mixture do not work at all ? Must I, of force, be married to the Count ? No, no ;—this dagger shall forbid it ! . . . What if it be a poison, which the friar subtly hath ministered to have me dead ; lest in this marriage he should be dishonoured, because he married me before to Romeo ? I fear, it is : and yet, methinks, it should not, for he hath still been tried a holy man :—I will not entertain so bad a thought ! . . . How it, when I am laid into the tomb, I wake before the time that Romeo come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point ! Shall I not then be stifled in the vault, to whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in, and there die strangled ere my Romeo come ? Or, if I live, is it not very like, the horrible conceit of death and night, together with the terror of the place,—as in a vault, an ancient receptacle, where, for these many hundred years, the bones of all my buried ancestors are packed ; where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth, lies festering in his shroud ; where, as they say, at some hours in the night spirits resort ;—alack, alack ! it is not like, that I, so early waking,—what with loathsome smells ; and shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth, that living mortals, hearing them, run mad ; oh ! if I wake, shall I not be distraught, environed with all these hideous fears ? and madly play with my forefathers' joints ? and pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ? and, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone, as with a club, dash out my desperate brains ? Oh, look ! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost seeking out Romeo !—Stay, Tybalt, stay !—Romeo, I come !—This do I drink to thee.

4.—THE LADY'S SOLILOQUY IN COMUS.—*Milton.*

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,—my best guide now : methought it was the sound of riot and ill-managed merriment,—such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe, stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds ; when, for their teeming flocks and granges full, in wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan, and thank the gods amiss. I should be loth to meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence of such late wassailers ; yet, O ! where else shall I inform my unacquainted feet in the blind mazes of this tangled wood ? My brothers—when they saw me wearied out with this long way, resolving here to lodge under the spreading favour of these pines—stept, as they said, to the next thicket-side, to bring me berries.

or such cooling fruit as the kind hospitable woods provide. They left me then, when the gray-hooded even, like a sad votarist in palmer's weed, rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain. But where they are, and why they came not back, is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest they had engaged their wandering steps too far; and envious darkness, ere they could return, had stole them from me: else, O thievish night, why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end, in thy dark lantern thus close up the stars, that Nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps with everlasting oil, to give due light to the misled and lonely traveller? This is the place, as well as I may guess, whence even now the tumult of loud mirth was rife, and perfect in my listening ear; yet nought but single darkness do I find. What might this be? A thousand fantasies begin to throng into my memory, of calling Shapes and beckoning Shadows dire, and aery tongues that syllable men's names on sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses. These thoughts may startle well, but not astound, the virtuous mind, that ever walks attended by a strong siding champion, Conscience. O, welcome, pure-eyed Faith! white-handed Hope, thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings! and thou, unblemished form of Chastity! I see ye visibly, and now believe that He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill are but as slavish officers of vengeance, would send a glistening guardian, if need were, to keep my life and honour unassail'd.

##### 5.—COMUS AND THE LADY.—*Milton.*

[The Dialogue is preceded by the Lady's Song. See page 161.]

*Comus.* Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould breathe such divine enchanting ravishment? Sure something holy lodges in that breast, and with these raptures moves the vocal air to testify his hidden residence. How sweetly did they float upon the wings of silence through the empty-vaulted night; at every fall smoothing the raven down of darkness, till it smiled! I have oft heard my mother Circe, with the Syrens three, amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades, culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs; who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul, and lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept, and chid her barking waves into attention, and fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause; yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense, and in sweet madness robb'd it of itself; but such a sacred and home-felt delight, such sober certainty of waking bliss, I never heard till now. I'll speak to her, and she shall be my queen . . . Hail, foreign wonder!—whom, certain, these rough shades did never breed,—unless the goddess that in rural shrine dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song forbidding every bleak unkindly fog to touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.



*Lady.* Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise that is address'd to unattending ears. Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift how to regain my severed company, compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo to give me answer from her mossy couch.

*Comus.* What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus ?

*Lady.* Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

*Comus.* Could that divide you from near-ushering guides ?

*Lady.* They left me weary on a grassy turf.

*Comus.* By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why ?

*Lady.* To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

*Comus.* And left your fair side, all unguarded, lady ?

*Lady.* They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

*Comus.* Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

*Lady.* How easy my misfortune is to hit !

*Comus.* Imports their loss beside the present need ?

*Lady.* No less than if I should my brothers lose.

*Comus.* Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom ?

*Lady.* As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

*Comus.* Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox in his loose traces from the furrow came, and the swink'd hedger at his supper sat ; I saw them—under a green mantling vine, that crawls along the side of yon small hill—plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots. Their port was more than human as they stood : I took it for a faery vision of some gay creatures of the element that in the colours of the rainbow live, and play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck, and as I pass'd, I worshipp'd. If those you seek, it were a journey like the path to heaven to help you find them.

*Lady.* Gentle villager, what readiest way would bring me to that place ?

*Comus.* Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

*Lady.* To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose, in such a scant allowance of star-light, would overtask the best land-pilot's art, without the sure guess of well-practised feet.

*Comus.* I know each lane, and every alley green, dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood, and every bosky bourn from side to side,—my daily walks and ancient neighbourhood ; and if your stray attendants be yet lodged, or shroud within these limits, I shall know, ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark from her thatch'd pallet rouse ; if otherwise, I can conduct you, lady, to a low but loyal cottage, where you may be safe till further quest.

*Lady.* Shepherd, I take thy word, and trust thy honest-offered cour-

tesy; which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds, with smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls and courts of princes, where it first was named, and yet is most pretended: in a place less warranted than this, or less secure, I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.—Eye me, bless'd Providence, and square my trial to my proportion'd strength!—Shepherd, lead on.

FOUR SELECTIONS FROM THE "HONEYMOON."—*Tobin*

6.—FIRST SELECTION.

[Two Speakers—The Duke Aranza and Juliana.]

SCENE—*A Cottage with humble furniture.*

*Duke.* You are welcome home.

*Juliana.* Home! You are merry; this retired spot would be a palace for an owl!

*Duke.* 'Tis ours.

*Jul.* Ay, for the time we stay in it.

*Duke.* Nay, indeed, this is the noble mansion that I spoke of!

*Jul.* This!—You are not in earnest, though you bear it with such a sober brow?—Come, come, you jest!

*Duke.* Indeed I jest not; were it ours in jest, we should have none, wife.

*Jul.* Are you serious, sir?

*Duke.* I swear, as I'm your husband,—and no duke!

*Jul.* No duke?

*Duke.* But of my own creation, lady.

*Jul.* Am I betray'd?—Nay, do not play the fool! It is too keen a joke.

*Duke.* You'll find it true.

*Jul.* You are no duke, then?

*Duke.* None.

*Jul.* [*Aside*] Have I been cozen'd? And have you no estate, sir? No palaces, nor houses?

*Duke.* None but this:—a small snug dwelling, and in good repair.

*Jul.* Nor money, nor effects?

*Duke.* None that I know of.

*Jul.* And the attendants who have waited on us—

*Duke.* They were my friends; who, having done my business, are gone about their own.

*Jul.* [*Aside*] Why, then, 'tis clear.—That I was ever born!—What are you, sir?

*Duke.* I am an honest man—that *may* content you! Young, nor ill-favour'd—should not that content you? I am your husband, and that *must* content you.

*Jul.* I will go home !

*Duke.* You are at home, already.

*Jul.* I'll not endure it !—But remember this—Duke, or no duke, I'll be a duchess, sir !

*Duke.* A duchess ! You shall be a queen,—to all who, by their courtesy, will call you so.

*Jul.* And I will have attendance !

*Duke.* So you shall—when you have learned to wait upon yourself !

*Jul.* To wait upon myself ! Must I bear this ? I could tear out my eyes that bade you woo me, and bite my tongue in two for saying “yes !”

*Duke.* And if you should, 'twould grow again.—I think, to be an honest yeoman's wife, (for such, my would-be duchess, you will find me), you were cut out by nature.

*Jul.* You will find then, that education, sir, has spoiled me for it.—Why ! do you think I'll work ?

*Duke.* I think 'twill happen, wife.

*Jul.* What ! rub and scrub your noble palace clean ?

*Duke.* Those taper fingers will do it daintily.

*Jul.* And dress your victuals (if there be any) ?—Oh ! I could go mad !

*Duke.* And mend my hose, and darn my nightcaps neatly ; wait, like an echo, till you're spoken to—

*Jul.* Or like a clock, talk only once an hour ?

*Duke.* Or like a dial ; for that quietly performs its work, and never speaks at all.

*Jul.* To feed your poultry and your hogs !—Oh ! monstrous ! And when I stir abroad, on great occasions, carry a squeaking tithe-pig to the vicar ; or jolt with higglers' wives the market trot, to sell your eggs and butter !

*Duke.* Excellent ! How well you sum the duties of a wife ! Why, what a blessing I shall have in you !

*Jul.* A blessing !

*Duke.* When they talk of you and me, Darby and Joan shall be no more remembered.—We shall be happy !

*Jul.* Shall we ?

*Duke.* Wondrous happy ! Oh, you will make an admirable wife !

*Jul.* I'll not bear it ! I'll to my father's !—

*Duke.* Gently ! you forget—you are a perfect stranger to the road.

*Jul.* My wrongs will find a way, or make one.

*Duke.* Softly ! You stir not hence, except to take the air ; and then—  
I'll breathe it with you.

*Jul.* What, confine me ?

*Duke.* 'Twould be unsafe to trust you yet abroad.

*Jul.* Am I a truant school-boy?

*Duke.* Nay, not so; but you must keep your bounds.

*Jul.* And if I break them, perhaps you'll beat me—

*Duke.* Beat you! The man that lays his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness, is a wretch whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward. I'll talk to you, lady, but not beat you.

*Jul.* Well, if I may not travel to my father, I may write to him, surely!—And I will—if I can meet within your spacious dukedom three such unhop'd-for miracles at once, as pens, and ink, and paper.

*Duke.* You will find them in the next room.—A word, before you go.—You are my wife, by every tie that's sacred; the partner of my fortune and my home—

*Jul.* Your fortune!

*Duke.* Peace!—No fooling, idle woman! Beneath the attested eye of Heaven I've sworn to love, to honour, cherish, and protect you. No human power can part us. What remains then? To fret, and worry, and torment each other, and give a keener edge to our hard fate by sharp upbraidings, and perpetual jars?—or, like a loving and a patient pair (waked from a dream of grandeur, to depend upon their daily labour for support,) to soothe the taste of fortune's lowliness with sweet content, and mutual fond endearment?...Now to your chamber—write whate'er you please;—but pause before you stain the spotless paper, with words that may inflame, but cannot heal!

*Jul.* Why, what a patient worm you take me for!

*Duke.* I took you for a wife; and, e'er I've done, I'll know you for a good one.

#### 7.—SECOND SELECTION.

*The Cottage as before.*

[Three Speakers—the Duke, Juliana, and Lopez.]

*Duke.* Nay, no resistance! For a month, at least, I am your husband.

*Jul.* True!—And what's a husband?

*Duke.* Why, as some wives would metamorphose him, a very miserable ass, indeed!

*Jul.* True, there are many such.

*Duke.* And there are men, whom not a swelling lip, or wrinkled brow, or the loud rattle of a woman's tongue—or, what's more hard to parry, the warm close of lips that from the inmost heart of man plucks out his stern

resolves—can move one jot from the determined purpose of his soul, or stir an inch from his prerogative : ere it be long, you'll dream of such a man.

*Jul.* Where, waking, shall I see him ?

*Duke.* Look on me ! Come to your chamber !

*Jul.* I won't be confined.

*Duke.* Won't !—Say you so ?

*Jul.* Well, then, I do request you won't confine me.

*Duke.* You'll leave me ?

*Jul.* No, indeed ! As there is truth in language, on my word I will not leave you.

*Duke.* You've deceived me once—

*Jul.* And, therefore, do not merit to be trusted. I do confess it :—but, by all that's sacred, give me my liberty, and I will be a patient, drudging, most obedient wife !

*Duke.* Yes ; but a grumbling one ?

*Jul.* No ; on my honour I will do all you ask, ere you have said it.

*Duke.* And with no secret murmur of your spirit ?

*Jul.* With none, believe me !

*Duke.* Have a care ! For if I catch you on the wing again, I'll clip you closer than a garden hawk, and put you in a cage, where day-light comes not ; where you may fret your pride against the bars, until your heart break. [*A knocking is heard.*] See who's at the door !—

[*LOPEZ, a peasant, enters.*]

My neighbour Lopez !—Welcome, sir ! my wife.—A chair ! [*Juliana throws down a chair.*] Your pardon—you'll excuse her, sir—a little awkward, but exceeding willing. One for your husband ! Hem ! Pray be seated, neighbour ! Now, you may serve yourself, wife.

*Jul.* I thank you, sir, I'd rather stand.

*Duke.* I'd rather you should sit.

*Jul.* If you will have it so. [*Aside*].—Would I were dead ! [*She sits.*]

*Duke.* Though now, I think again, 'tis fit you stand, that you may be more free to serve our guest.

*Jul.* Even as you command. [*She rises.*]

*Duke* [*to Lopez*]. You will eat something ?

*Lopez.* Not a morsel, thank ye.

*Duke.* Then, you will drink ?—A glass of wine, at least ?

*Lopez.* Well, I am warm with walking, and care not if I do taste your liquor.

*Duke.* You have some wine, wife ?

*Jul.* I must e'en submit! [*She goes out.*]

*Duke.* This visit, sir, is kind and neighbourly.

*Lopez.* I came to ask a favour of you. We have to-day a sort of merry-making on the green hard by—'twere too much to call it a dance—and as you are a stranger here—

[*JULIANA re-enters with a Horn of Liquor.*]

*Duke.* Your patience for a moment. [*Taking the wine.*] What have we here?

*Jul.* 'Tis wine!—you called for wine?

*Duke.* And did I bid you bring it in a nut-shell?

*Lopez.* Nay, there is plenty!

*Duke.* I can't suffer it: you must excuse me.—When friends drink with us, 'tis usual, love, to brink it in a jug, or else they may suspect we grudge our liquor. You understand?—A jug!

*Jul.* I shall remember. [*She goes out again.*]

*Lopez.* I am ashamed to give you so much trouble.

*Duke.* No trouble; she must learn her duty, sir; I'm only sorry you should be kept waiting.

[*JULIANA re-enters with a Jug of Wine*]

*Duke.* Now we shall do! [*L'ours out some.*] Why, what is this?

*Jul.* Wine, sir.

*Duke.* This wine?—'Tis foul as ditch-water!—Did you shake the cask?

*Jul.* [*Aside.*] What shall I say?—Yes, sir.

*Duke.* Why, do you think, my love, that wine is physic that must be shook before 'tis swallow'd?—Come, try again!

*Jul.* I'll go no more! [*She puts down the wine on the ground.*]

*Duke.* You won't? [*He shows her the key of her room.*] You had forgot yourself, my love.

*Jul.* Well, I obey! [*She takes up the wine and goes out.*]

*Duke.* Was ever man so plagued! I'm ashamed to try your patience, sir: but women, like watches, must be set with care, to make them go well.

[*JULIANA re-enters with another Jug of Wine.*]

*Duke* [*Pouring out*]. Ay, this looks well!—Come, sir, your judgment?

*Lopez.* 'Tis excellent!—But, as I was saying, to-day we have some country pastimes on the green.—Will it please you both to join our simple recreations?

*Duke.* We will attend you.

*Lopez.* We shall expect you presently; till then, good-even, sir.

*Duke.* Good-even, neighbour. [*Lopez goes out.*] Go and make you ready.

*Jul.* I take no pleasure in these rural sports.

*Duke.* Then you shall go to please your husband.—Hold! I'll have no glittering gewgaws stuck about you, to stretch the gaping eyes of idiot wonder, and make men stare upon a piece of earth, as on the star-wrought firmament;—no feathers to wave as streamers to your vanity—nor cumbersome silk, that with its rustling sound makes proud the flesh that bears it. She's adorn'd amply, that in her husband's eye looks lovely—the truest mirror that an honest wife can see her beauty in!

*Jul.* I shall observe, sir.

*Duke.* I should like well to see you in the dress I last presented you.

*Jul.* The blue one, sir?—

*Duke.* No, love, the white.—Thus modestly attired, a half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair, with no more diamonds than those eyes are made of, no deeper rubies than compose thy lips, nor pearls more precious than inhabit them; with the pure red and white which that same Hand which blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks; this well-proportion'd form (think not I flatter) in graceful motion to harmonious sounds, and thy free tresses dancing in the wind;—thou'lt fix as much observance, as good wives can meet without a blush.

### 8.—THIRD SELECTION.

[Three Speakers—the Duke, Juliana, and her father, Balthazar.]

SCENE—*The Cottage as before.*

*Duke.* Come, no more work to-night! It is the last that we shall spend beneath this humble roof: our fleeting month of trial being past, to-morrow you are free.

*Jul.* Nay, now you mock me, and turn my thoughts upon my former follies. You know, that, to be mistress of the world, I would not leave you.

*Duke.* No!

*Jul.* No, on my honour.

*Duke.* I think you like me better than you did!—and yet 'tis natural: come, come, be honest; you have a sort of hankering,—no wild wish, or vehement desire; yet a slight longing, a simple preference—if you had your choice,—to be a duchess, rather than the wife of a low peasant?

*Jul.* No, indeed: sometimes in my dreams, I own,—you know we cannot help our dreams!—

*Duke.* What then?

*Jul.* Why, I confess, that sometimes, in my dreams, a noble house and

splendid equipage, diamonds and pearls, and gilded furniture, will glitter, like an empty pageant, by me ; and then I'm apt to rise a little feverish. But never do my sober waking thoughts—as I'm a woman worthy of belief—wander to such forbidden vanities. Yet, after all, it was a scurvy trick—your palace, and your pictures, and your plate, your fine plantations, your delightful gardens, that were a second Paradise—for fools ; and then your grotto, so divinely cool ; your Gothic summer-house, and Roman Temple—'twould puzzle much an antiquarian to find out their remains !

*Duke.* No more of that !

*Jul.* You had a dozen spacious vineyards, too,—alas ! the grapes are sour ;—and, above all, the Barbary courser, that was breaking for me—

*Duke.* Nay, you shall ride him yet.

*Jul.* Indeed !

*Duke.* Believe me, we must forget these things.

*Jul.* They are forgot ; and, from this time, we'll think of them no more, but when we want a theme to make us merry.

[BALHAZAR, *Juliana's father*, comes in suddenly.]

*Jul.* How ! My father !

*Duke.* Signior Balthazar ! You are welcome, sir, to our poor habitation.

*Bal.* Welcome ? Villain ! I come to call your dukeship to account, and to reclaim my daughter.

*Duke.* You will find her reclaimed already, or I've lost my pains.

*Bal.* Let me come at him !

*Jul.* Patience, my dear father !

*Duke.* Nay, give him room. Put up your weapon, sir—'tis the worst argument a man can use ; so let it be the last ! As for your daughter, she passes by another title here, in which your whole authority is sunk—my lawful wife.

*Bal.* Lawful !—His lawful wife ! I shall go mad ! Did not you basely steal her, under a vile pretence ?

*Duke.* What I have done I'll answer to the law. Of what do you complain ?

*Bal.* Why, are you not a most notorious self-confess'd impostor ?

*Duke.* True ! I am somewhat dwindled from the state in which you lately knew me ; nor alone should *my* exceeding change provoke your wonder,—you'll find your daughter is not what she was.

*Bal.* How, Juliana ?

*Jul.* 'Tis, indeed, most true. I left you, sir, a froward foolish girl,



full of capricious thoughts and fiery spirits, which, without judgment, I would vent on all ; but I have learned this truth indelibly,—that modesty, in deed, in word, and thought, is the prime grace of woman ; and with that, more than by frowning looks and saucy speeches, she may persuade the man that rightly loves her.

*Bal.* Amazement ! Why, this metamorphosis exceeds his own !—What spells, what cunning witchcraft has he employed ?

*Jul.* None ; he has simply taught me to look into myself : his powerful rhetoric hath with strong influence impress'd my heart, and made me see at length the thing I have been,—and what I am, sir.

*Bal.* Are you then content to live with him ?

*Jul.* Content ? I am most happy !

*Bal.* Can you forget your crying wrongs ?

*Jul.* Not quite : they sometimes serve us to make merry with.

*Bal.* How like a villain he abused your father ?

*Jul.* You will forgive him that, for my sake.

*Bal.* Never !

*Duke.* Why, then, 'tis plain you seek your own revenge, and not your daughter's happiness.

*Bal.* No matter. I charge you, on your duty as my daughter, follow me !

*Duke.* On a wife's obedience, I charge you, stir not !

*Jul.* You, sir, are my father ; at the bare mention of that hallow'd name, a thousand recollections rise within me to witness you have ever been a kind one : this is my husband, sir !

*Bal.* Thy husband ? Well—

*Jul.* 'Tis fruitless now to think upon the means he used—I am irrevocably his : and when he pluck'd me from my parent tree to graft me on himself, he gather'd with me my love, my duty, my obedience ; and, by adoption, I am bound as strictly to do his reasonable bidding now, as once to follow yours.

*Duke.* Most excellent !

*Bal.* Yet I will be revenged !

*Duke.* You would have justice ?

*Bal.* I will.

*Duke.* Then forthwith meet me at the Duke's.

*Bal.* What pledge have I for your appearance there ?

*Duke.* Your daughter, sir.—Nay, go, my Juliana ! 'tis my request :—within an hour at farthest, I shall expect to see you at the palace,

*Bal.* Come, Juliana,—You shall find me there, sir,

*Duke.* Look not thus sad at parting, Juliana ; all will be well.

*Jul.* I hope it may !

*Duke.* The duke shall right us all, without delay.

9.—FOURTH SELECTION.

[Three Speakers—the Duke, Juliana, and Balthazar.]

SCENE—*The Palace.*

*Duke.* Now, sir, your business with me ?

*Bal.* How ?

*Jul.* Amazement !

*Duke.* I hear you would have audience.

*Bal.* Of the Duke, sir !

*Duke.* I am the Duke.

*Bal.* The jest is somewhat stale, sir.

*Duke.* You'll find it true.

*Bal.* Indeed ! I think you would not trifle with me now ?—

*Duke.* I am the Duke Aranza. And what's my greater pride, this lady's husband ; whom, having honestly redeem'd my pledge, I thus take back again. You now must see the drift of what I have been lately acting, and what I am. And though, being a woman giddy with youth and unrestrained fancy, the domineering spirit of her sex I have rebuked too sharply ; yet 'twas done as skilful surgeons cut beyond the wound—to make the cure complete.

*Bal.* You have done most wisely, and all my anger dies in speechless wonder.

*Duke.* What says my Juliana ?

*Jul.* I am lost, too, in admiration, sir : my fearful thoughts rise, on a trembling wing, to that rash height, whence, growing dizzy once, I fell to earth. Yet since your goodness, for the second time, will lift me, though unworthy, to that pitch of greatness, there to hold a constant flight, I will endeavour so to bear myself, that, in the world's eye, and my friend's observance—and, what's far dearer, your most precious judgment—I may not shame your dukedom.

*Duke.* Bravely spoken ! Why, now you shall have rank and equipage—servants, for you can now command yourself—glorious apparel, not to swell your pride, but to give lustre to your modesty. All pleasures, all delights, that noble dames warm their chaste fancies with, in full abundance shall flow upon you ; and it shall go hard but you shall ride the Barbary courser too.

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